THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 191, No. 42. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

APRIL 19, 1919

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

EASTER 1919

The Nash Perfected Valve-in-head Motor

THE NASH SIX

AMONG the specific mechanical superiorities of the Perfected Valve-In-Head Motor of the Nash Six may be mentioned that its valve mechanism is encased and self-lubricating.

Perfected Valve-in-Head Motor —A Distinct Nash Achievement

IT is unusually powerful, economical and quiet. This is what owners throughout the country say of the Perfected Valve-In-Head Motor of the Nash Six.

To the recognized advantages of the Valve-In-Head type of motor, Nash engineers added certain definite refinements and perfections which make this efficient power-plant a distinct Nash achievement.

Severe service emphasizes the capacity for good performance of this motor and proves the Nash Six to be a most wise motor car investment.

Nash Passenger Cars—5-Passenger Car $1490; 4-Passenger Sport Model $1595
2-Passenger Roadster $1490; 6-Passenger Sedan $2250
4-Passenger Coupé $2250; 7-Passenger Car $1640
Above prices F. O. B. Kenosha

In addition to Nash passenger cars there is a full line of Nash trucks including the famous Nash Quad

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, Including the Famous Nash Quad

The Nash Motors Limited, Toronto, Ont., Distributors of Nash Cars and Trucks for the Dominion of Canada

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

"The Home-Coming"

AFTER the home-coming the first consideration is to get back into civilian clothes and to work. An exceptional suit is wanted, for in civilian life the "doughboy" wants to be as well dressed as the General, and he has the opportunity. To produce exceptional clothes requires exceptional methods. Small details are big things in making Society Brand Clothes. The trimmings, linings, buttons, are matched or contrasted with the woolens. In the general construction each garment is tailored separately according to exacting specifications, wherein even the threads for the various operations indicate the standard of excellence.

Every tailor is trained to observe the niceties of workmanship that give a suit character and make the stylish lines as lasting as the all-wool fabric.

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers
In Canada, SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, Limited
CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

This sign identifies the "Style Headquarters" in your town. It's the right store to go to for the smart things in men's wear.

STYLE HEADQUARTERS
WHERE Society Brand Clothes ARE SOLD

...home with them, and others ate ...t on the spot.

In some of the villages where our men are billeted they have community wash troughs. They are several feet long, and about two feet wide, with a partition running down the center. In the morning our soldiers will wash their hands and faces on one side of the trough while French civilians perform their ablutions on the other. Private _____ was thus engaged today when his cake of Ivory soap started to slip from a slanting board into the water. A mademoiselle on the other side made a frantic grab and recovered the soap, thinking that it would disappear into the opaque depths of the trough. B_____ then deliberately tossed the soap into the water. "Il flotte," screamed mademoiselle delightedly, unconsciously paraphrasing a well-known advertisement. She had never seen soap behave in that way before.

As I strolled into a neighboring village the ...

—*From "Intimate Notes on the Firing Line," in Los Angeles Times, Sept. 27, 1918.*

"It Floats!"

Suppose you were to see Ivory Soap for the first time—wouldn't you be amazed and delighted to find it always floating conveniently at hand in washbowl, dishpan or tub?

IVORY SOAP. . . . .

. . . 99 44/100 % PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST. 1837 ·

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1919, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 191 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 19, 1919 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 42

THE BUSHER REËNLISTS

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHI, Dec. 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I was down to see the Dr. for the last time today as he said they wasn't no use in me comeing down there again as my arm is just as good is new though of course its weak yet on acct. of being in a sling all this wile and I haven't used it and I suppose if it was my right arm it would take me a long wile to get it strenthened up again to where I could zip the old ball through there the way like I use to but thank god its the left arm that the Dutchmens shot full of holes. But at that it wouldn't make no differents if it was the left arm or the old souper either one as I have gave up the idear of going back in to the old game.

I bet you will be surprised to hear that Al as I am still a young man just a kid you might say compared to some of the other birds that is still pitching yet and getting by with it and I figure that if I would stick in the game my best yrs. is yet to come. But that isn't the point Al but the point is that after a man has took part in the war game all the other games seems like they was baby games and after what I went through acrost the old pond how could a man take any interest in baseball and it would be like as if a man set up all night in a poker game with the sky for the limit and when they come home their wife asked them to play a hand of jack straws to see which one of them had to stick the ice card in the window. No man can do themself justice Al if you don't take your work in ernest whether its pitching baseball or takeing a bath.

Besides that Al I figure that even a man like I am that's put up like a motor Laura you might say can't last forever in baseball and why not quit wile you are young and have still got the old ambition to start out in some other line of business that a man can last in it all their life and probably by the time I got to be the age where I would half to give up pitching if I stuck at it, why by that time I can work myself up to the head of some business where I would be drawing $15000.00 per annum or something and no danger of getting kicked out of it when the old souper finely lays down on me.

And besides that when a man has got a wife and 2 kiddies that the whole 3 of them has got the world beat why should I go out and pitch baseball and be away from home ½ the yr. around where if I hooked up good in some business here in Chi I wouldn't never half to leave except maybe a run down to N. Y. city once or twice a yr. So in justice to them and myself I don't see nothing to it only give up the game for good in all and get in to something permerant.

Well Al I suppose you will be saying to yourself that I haven't never had no experience in business and what kind of business could I get in to that would pay me the right kind of money. Well old pal if you will stop and think I haven't never tackled no job yet where I didn't make good and in the 1st. place it was pitching baseball and I hadn't only been pitching a little over 2 yrs. when I was in the big league and then come the war game and I was made a corporal a few wks. after I enlisted and might of stayed a corporal or went higher yet only I would rather pal around with the boys and not try and lord it over them and you can bet it won't be no different in whatever business I decide to take up because they isn't nothing that can't be learned Al if a man goes at it the right way and has got something under their hat besides scalp trouble.

As for getting in to the right kind of a place I guess I can just about pick out what kind of a place I want to start in at as everybody that reads the papers knows who I am and how I went in the war wile most of the other baseball boys kept the home fires burning though I had a wife and a kid to look out for besides the baby that came since I went in and for all as I knew might of been here a long wile before that. So it looks like when I make it up in my mind what business I want to tackle I can just go to whoever is at the head of the business and they will say "You bet your life we will find a place for you after what you done both in baseball and for the stars and stripes." Because they won't no real man turn a soldier down Al a specially 1 that erned his wound stripe acrost the old pond.

So they won't be no trouble about me landing when I decide what I want to go in to and the baseball men can offer me whatever kind of a contract they feel like and I will give them 1 of my smiles and tell them they are barking the wrong tree.

Regards to Bertha. Your pal, JACK.

CHI, Dec. 8.

FRIEND AL: Well Al this is a fine burg where a lot of the business men don't know they's been a war or read the papers or nothing only set in front of the cash register and watch how the money rolls in or else they must of bet 20 cents on the Kaiser and have got a gruge against the boys that stopped him.

The other night I was with a couple of friends of mine that's White Sox fans and we was histing a few and 1 of them is asst. mgr. down to 1 of the big dept. stores so I told him I was going to quit the game and try and bust in to some business where I could work up to something worth wile and he says they was shy of a floor man down to their store and he would speak to the mgr. about me and if I come down maybe I could land the job, as the floor man has to be a man that can wear clothes and carry themself as most of the customers is ladys and you half to give them a smile and make them feel at home and the job pays pretty good jack. Well I didn't think much of the job only this bird is a kind of an admire of mine on acct. of baseball so I didn't want

All of Florrie's Friends Sent Something to Little Al and They Also Sent the Baby a Load of Play Things That Meant as Much to Her as the Hit and Run

to be nasty to him so I went down there yesterday and he introduced me to the mgr. and his name is suppose to be Kelly but I guess Heinz would be closer to what his name is. Well he asked me had I had any experience in dept. stores and I said yes I had had all the experience I wanted the times I had been in there with Florrie shoping and my feet was still sore yet where all the women in Chi had used them for a parade grounds. So he said he meant did I ever have any experience working in a store so I said do I look like a counter jumper or something? I said "I have had the kind of experience that I guess a whole lot of men would give their right eye if they could brag about it, playing in the big league in baseball and the big league in war and I guess that's enough of experience for a man of my age." So he said "Well our floor men is not suppose to hit the customers with a bat or tickle them with a bayonet either one so I don't see how we can use you right now." So I said "I have got a charge acct. here and here is where my wife does pretty near all her shoping." So he said "Well if we was to give jobs to all our customers why as soon as they had all reported for work in the A. M. we could close the doors and get along without a floor man." Well Al all as I could do was walk away from him as I couldn't very well take a wallop at his jaw on acct. of his asst. being my pal.

Well as long as I was down town I thought I might as well look up some of my other friends so I happened to remember a pal of mine that use to work in the Gas Co. so I dropped in there and asked for him but he wasn't there no more so I asked for whoever was in charge and they showed me to an old bird that must of began to work for them the day they struck gas and I told him my name and who I was and he said about the only thing open was meter readers so I said "Read them yourself" and come away.

That's the kind of birds we have got here Al but they can't all be that way and the next time I will wait for them to come to me before I go around and lay myself libel to insults from a bunch of pro German spys or whatever you have a mind to call them.

Well they's a saloon on Adams St. that it use to be a big hang out for the fans so I dropped in there before I started home but they wasn't nobody in there that I knew them or they knew me and the bunch that was in there didn't even know their own name but they was all trying to sing tenor and that's about the way it is in all the saloons you drop in to these days and they all seem to think that every day is June 30. Well I couldn't stand for the noise and everybody with their arm around each other tearing off Smiles so I come home and Florrie asked me how I had came out and I told her and she says it looked like I better go back in to baseball. So I said if I do go back it will be because they give me a $5000.00 contract in the stead of the $2500.00 I was getting when I quit and enlisted and between you and I Al that's the lowest figure I would sign up for and of course I wouldn't have no trouble getting that if I give Comiskey the word that I was thinking about pitching baseball again. But nothing doing in baseball for me Al when I know I can get in to some big business with a future in it and won't never half to worry about my arm or catching cold in it or nothing and be home every night with the kiddies. But if I did sign up to a $5000.00 contract in baseball it would mean our income would be around $8000.00 per annum as Florrie is kicking out pretty close to $250.00 per mo. clear profit in her beauty parlor.

Well Florrie said if I couldn't get no $5000.00 from the White Sox or find no job that suited me she would give me a job herself so I said "What doing pairing finger nails over in your studio?" So she said "No indeed I would hire you as nurse for little Al and the baby in place of the one we have got." So I said I wouldn't mind being a nurse for little Al as I and him can have a fine time playing together and I would make a man out of him but I wouldn't sign no contract to take care of little Florrie for no amt. of money as it would mean I would half to stay awake 24 hrs. per day as this little bird don't never close her eyes and I only wished they was a few umpires like her in the American League and maybe a man could get something like a square deal. I have often heard people that had babys brag about how good they was and slept all the wile except when they was getting their chow but little Florrie ain't no relation to them or neither is little Al as he was just as bad when he was a baby and when I hear these storys about these here perfect babys I begin to think that the husbands and wifes that owns them is the same kind that never had a cross word since they been married.

But jokeing to 1 side Al I don't see how the Swede stands it being up all day and then up again all night and sometimes I wished I could help her out by walking the floor with the kid nights but the Dr. said I wasn't to do nothing that might strain my bad arm till I was sure it was O. K. Your pal, JACK.

CHI, Dec. 12.

FRIEND AL: Well Al yesterday was the American League meeting and I happened to be down town so I dropped in to the hotel where the meeting was at just to see some of the boys as they's always a bunch of them hangs around in the hopes that 1 of the club owners will smile at them or something and any way I dropped in the lobby and the 1st. bird I seen was Bobby Roth that was with us a few yrs. ago and played the outfield for Cleveland last yr. So I says "Hello Bobby." So he said "Hello Jack." Well it was the 1st. time I seen him since I quit baseball for the army but I guess he hadn't never heard that I was in the war or something and any way he didn't say nothing about it but finely he said he supposed I would be back with the White Sox next yr. so then I told him I had made it up in my mind to quit the game and go in to business and he said he was sorry to hear it. So I said "Yes you are because when you was with the Cleveland club I always made you look like a monkey." So he said "I never had a chance to hit against you as they had me batting 4th. at Cleveland and by the time it come my turn to hit you was took out of the game." So I said "Yes I was" and he didn't have nothing more to say.

Well I walked around a wile and run in to some of the other boys Artie Hofman and Charley O'Leary and Jim Archer and Joe Benz but not a 1 of them mentioned about the war or me being over there and I finely figured it out that it was a kind of a sore subject with them so I walked away from them and all of a sudden I seen Rowland the mgr. and I thought sure he would ask me about signing up but I guess Bobby or somebody must of tipped him off about me going in to business so he didn't want to take a chance of me turning him down or maybe he thought he would have a better chance of landing me if he didn't say nothing at this time but just sent me a big fat contract when the time comes. Any way we didn't talk contract but he had heard about me getting shot in the left arm and he mentioned about it and smiled and said it was lucky I wasn't a left hander so you see he has got me on his mind and I suppose the contract will come along in a few days and then I will half to send it back to them and tell them I am through even if the contract meets my figure which is $5000.00 because I wouldn't go back and pitch baseball even for that amt. when I can go in to business and maybe not do that well right at the start but work myself up in to something worth wile.

Well after I left Rowland I bumped in to Hy Pond that I was with him down in the Central League and he asked me to come in and have a drink so I went with him and histed a couple beers but it was a mad house and besides wile we was over there takeing the fight out of the Germans the people that stayed home done the same thing to the beer and the way they have got it fixed now you could drink all they have got left without feeling like shock troops so finely I told Hy to make my excuses to the boys and I come along home.

Well I have had 2 or 3 pretty good chances so far to break in to some line of business and 1 of them was an ad I seen in the paper today where they wanted a young man of good appearances to represent them in Detroit with $5000.00 per annum to start out but they didn't say what line of business it was and besides I don't feel like moveing to Detroit so I decided to not answer the ad but wait till something showed up where I could stay here in Chi as they's no use of a man rushing in to something blind folded you might say when all as I half to do is play the waiting game and let them come to me with all their offers and then pick out the one that suits me best. Get them bidding against each other for you is the system Al.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, Dec. 23.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I just come back from down town where I and Florrie has been all P. M. buying xmas presents and she has been saying ever since I come back from France how lonesome she was all the wile I was away but from the number of xmas presents she had to buy for people I never seen or heard of they couldn't of been more than a couple hours of the time I was over there when she wasn't busy saying please to meet you. But whenever I would raise a holler about the jack she was spending she would swell up and tell me she would pay for it out of her own money so of course I couldn't say nothing though when the bills comes in they will be addressed to me and her check book will of probably got hailed away with the garbage.

Well when we got through buying for the city directory she said she was through except for the baby as she had fixed up for little Al last time she was down so she asked me what could I suggest for little Florrie so I said why get her a new rattle as what else is they for a 6 mos. old baby so she said the baby wasn't going to be 6 mos. old all her life. How is that for a bright remark Al but of course a woman can't expect to have the looks and everything else with it, but any way she said she had a idear that she heard about a friend of hers doing it that had a little baby girl and that was to start a pearl necklace for her and 1st. buy the chain and a few pearls and then add a couple pearls every yr. so as when she got old enough to wear it she would have something.

Well I said why not wait till some xmas when we have got a little more jack say in 7 or 8 yrs. and then get enough pearls to make up for the yrs. we passed up and then give them to the little girl and tell her we started buying them before she was a yr. old and she wouldn't know the differents and in the

(Continued on Page 147)

Whenever I Would Raise a Holler About the Jack She Was Spending She Would Swell Up and Tell Me She Would Pay for it Out of Her Own Money

THE CAT OF THE STARS

By Sinclair Lewis

THE fatalities have been three thousand, two hundred and ninety-one, to date, with more reported in every cable from San Coloquin, but it is not yet decided whether the ultimate blame is due to the conductor of Car 22, to Mrs. Simmy Dolson's bland selfishness, or to the fact that Willis Stodeport patted a sarsaparilla-colored kitten with milky eyes.

It was a hypocritical patting. Willis had been playing pumpum-pullaway all afternoon, hence was hungry, and desirous of winning favor with his mother by his nice attitude toward our dumb friends. Willis didn't actually care for being nice to the dumb friend. What he wanted was cookies. So slight was his esteem for the kitten—whose name was Adolphus Josephus Mudface—that afterward he took it out to the kitchen and tried to see if it would drown under the tap of the sink.

Yet such is the strange and delicate balance of Nature, with the lightest tremor in the dream of a terrestrial baby affecting the course of suns ten million light-years away, that the patting of Adolphus Josephus Mudface has started a vicious series of events that will be felt forever in star beyond mounting star. The death of exiled Napoleon made a few old men stop to scratch their heads and dream. The fall of Carthage gave cheap bricks to builders of mud huts. But the false deed of Willis Stodeport has changed history.

Mrs. Simmy Dolson was making an afternoon call upon the mother of this portentous but tow-headed Willis, who resides upon Scrimmins Street, in the Middle-Western city of Vernon. The two matrons had discussed the price of butter, the iniquities of the fluffy-headed new teacher in Public School 17, and the idiocy of these new theories about bringing up young ones. Mrs. Dolson was keeping an ear on the car line, for the Oakdale cars run only once in eighteen minutes, and if she missed the next one she would be too late to prepare supper. Just as she heard it coming, and seized her hat, she saw young Willis edge into the room and stoop to pat the somnolent Adolphus Josephus Mudface.

With a hatpin half inserted Mrs. Dolson crooned, "My, what a dear boy! Now isn't that sweet!"

Willis' mother forgot that she had intended to have words with her offspring in the matter of the missing knob on the flour bin. She beamed, and to Willis she gurgled, "Do you like the kittie, dearie?"

"Yes, I love our kittie; can I have a cookie?" young Machiavelli hastened to get in; and Aldebaran, the crimson star, throbbed with premonition.

"Now isn't that sweet!" Mrs. Dolson repeated—then remembered her car and galloped away.

She had been so delayed by the admiration of daily deeds of kindness that when she reached the corner the Oakdale car was just passing. It was crowded with tired business men in a fret to get home to the outskirts of Vernon, but Mrs. Simmy Dolson was one of those plump, amiably selfish souls who would keep a whole city waiting while she bought canary seed. She waved at the car and made deceptive motions of frantic running.

The conductor of the car, which was Number 22, was a kind-hearted family man, and he rang for a stop halfway down the block. Despite the growling of the seventy passengers he held the car till Mrs. Dolson had wheezed aboard, which made them two minutes late. That was just enough to cause them to miss the switch at Seven Corners; and they had to wait while three other cars took the switch before them.

By that time Car 22 was three and three-quarter minutes late.

Mr. Andrew Discopolos, the popular proprietor of the Dandy Barber Shop, was the next step in the tragedy. Mr. Discopolos was waiting for this same Oakdale car. He had promised his wife to go home to supper, but in his bacchanalian soul he desired to sneak down to Barney's for an evening of poker. He waited one minute, and was tremendously moral and determined to eschew gambling. He waited for two minutes, and began to see what a martyr he was. There would never be another Oakdale car. He would have to walk home. His wife expected too darn much of him, anyway! He waited for three minutes, and in rose tints and soft gold he remembered the joys of playing poker at Barney's.

Seven seconds before the delayed Oakdale car turned the corner Mr. Discopolos gave up the struggle, and with outer decorum and inner excitement he rushed up an alley, headed for Barney's. He stopped at the Southern Café for a Denver sandwich and cuppacoffee. He shook for the cigars at the Smoke House, and won three-for's, which indicated to him how right he had been in not going home. He reached Barney's at seven-thirty. He did not leave Barney's till one-thirty in the morning, and when he did leave he was uncertain of direction, but very vigorous of motion, due to his having celebrated the winning of four dollars by buying a quart of rye.

Palmer McGee Was One of Vernon's Most Promising Young Men and His Club-Grill Manners Were as Accurate as His Knowledge of Traffic Routing

Under a dusty and discouraged autumn moon Mr. Discopolos weaved home. Willis Stodeport and Mrs. Simmy Dolson and the conductor of Car 22 were asleep now; even the disreputable Adolphus Josephus Mudface had, after a charming fight behind the Smiths' garbage can, retired to innocent slumbers on the soft folds of the floor mop, in the corner of the back porch where he was least likely to be disturbed by mice. Only Mr. Discopolos was awake, but he was bearing on the torch of evil destiny; and on one of the planets of the sun that is called Procyon there were floods and earthquakes.

When Mr. Discopolos awoke in the morning his eyes were filmy and stinging. Before he went to his shop he had three fingers of pick-me-up, which so exhilarated him that he stood on the corner, swaying and beaming. Normally he had pride in his technic as a barber, but now all his more delicate artistry was gone in a roving desire for adventure. With a professional eye he noted the haircut of a tough young man loafing in front of the drug store. It was a high haircut, leaving the neck and the back of the head bald clear up to the crown. "Be a joke on some fellow to cut his hair that way!" giggled Mr. Discopolos.

It was the first time in a year that he had needed, or taken, a drink before afternoon. Chuckling Fate sent to him the next torchbearer, Mr. Palmer McGee.

Palmer McGee was one of Vernon's most promising young men. He lived at the University Club; he had two suits of evening clothes; and he was assistant to the president of the M. & D. R. R. He was a technical-school graduate and a Spanish scholar, as well as a business-system expert; and his club-grill manners were as accurate as his knowledge of traffic routing.

To-day was his hour of greatness. He had, as the result of long correspondence, this morning received a telegram inviting him to come to New York to see the president and directors of the Citrus and Southern Steamship Company about the position of Buenos Aires manager for the company. He had packed in ten minutes. But he had an hour before his train, with the station only twenty minutes away by trolley. Instead of taking a taxi he exuberantly walked from the club to Selden Street to catch a car.

One door from the corner he beheld the barber shop of Mr. Discopolos, which reminded him that he needed a haircut. He might not have time to get one in New York before he saw the steamship directors. The shop was bright, and Mr. Discopolos, by the window in a white jacket, was clean and jolly.

Palmer McGee popped into the shop and caroled "Haircut; medium." Magnetized by Mr. Discopolos' long light fingers he closed his eyes and dreamed of his future.

About the middle of the haircut the morning's morning of Mr. Discopolos rose up and jostled him and dimmed his eyes, with the result that he cut too deep a swath of hair across the back of Mr. McGee's sleek head. Mr. Discopolos sighed, and peeped at the victim to see if he was aware of the damage. But Mr. McGee was sitting with eyes tight, lips apart, already a lord of ocean traffic, giving orders to Singhalese planters and to traders in the silent northern pines.

Mr. Discopolos remembered the high-shaved neck of the corner loafer, and imitated that model. He ruthlessly concealed the too-deep slash by almost denuding the back of Mr. McGee's head. That erstwhile polite neck stood out as bare as an ostrich.

Being an artist, Mr. Discopolos had to keep the symmetry—the rhythm—correct, so he balanced the back by also removing too much hair from in front—from above Mr. McGee's Yalensian ears.

When the experiment was complete Mr. McGee looked like a bald young man with a small wig riding atop his head. He looked like a wren's nest on top of a clothes pole. He looked painstakingly and scientifically skinned. At least it was thus that he saw himself in the barber's mirror when he opened his eyes.

He called on a number of deities; he said he wanted to assassinate Mr. Discopolos. But he hadn't time for this work of mercy. He had to catch his train. He took his maltreated head into a taxi, feeling shamefully that the taxi driver was snickering at his haircut.

Left behind, untipped and much berated, Mr. Discopolos grumbled, "I did take off a little too much; but rats, he'll be all right in couple of weeks. What's couple of weeks? Believe I'll go get a drink."

Thus, as ignorant as they of taking any part in a progressive tragedy, Mr. Discopolos joined Willis Stodeport, Adolphus Josephus, Mrs. Dolson and the too-generous conductor of Car 22, in the darkness of unimportance, while Palmer McGee was on the Pullman—and extremely wretched.

He fancied that everyone from the porter to the silken girl across the aisle was snickering at his eccentric coiffure. To Mr. McGee queerness of collar or hair or slang was more wicked than murder. He had rigidly trained himself to standards in everything. There were, for example, only three brands of whisky on which a gentleman could decently get edged. He was the most dependable young man in the general offices of the M. & D. R. R., and before that he had been so correctly pleasant to the right fellows and so correctly aloof with the wrong fellows, so agreeably pipe-smoking and laudatory of athletics that he had made both junior and senior societies at Yale. He had had no experience to teach him to bear up under this utter disgrace of a variation from the standard of haircutting.

As the train relentlessly bore him on toward New York he now and then accumulated courage to believe that his haircut couldn't be so bad as he knew it was. He would stroll with noble casualness into the smoking compartment, and the instant it was free of other passengers he would dart at the mirror. Each time he made the same quaking discovery that he was even more ridiculous than he remembered.

By day, trying to read or scan the scenery or impress fellow smokers; by night, folded in his swaying berth—he could think of nothing else. He read only one paragraph of the weighty book which all persons carry on all Pullmans in the hope that they will be forced to finish it because they have nothing else to read. He grew more

(Concluded on Page 127)

SIMONETTA

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MY BROTHER, who was on the Stock Exchange with him, introduced me to Geoffrey Thurston on the crowded deck of the Pentelic just before she sailed. We secured seats at the same table and had the deck steward put our steamer chairs together. He was a well-built chap of two-and-thirty; with a complexion that told of clean living and intelligent exercise—one of those men that one likes to like.

He never read and he seldom spoke. I often would glance up from my book and see Thurston's eyes roving over the gray-blue Atlantic with a curious alertness. It struck me once that he probably looked at the ticker tape in the same way—as if he not only saw but listened with his eyes. This turned my thoughts toward Wall Street, and as my book was dull I decided to talk.

"The stock-market game must be very hard to beat," I said invitingly.

"Um-m-m-m!"

It might have meant anything. To me it meant nothing. He kept on looking at the waves as if they were asking questions which he was answering. I took up my book again.

On the very next day I happened to listen in the smoking room to a tall, thin man with foxy eyes and a foxy nose who was said to be a successful stock speculator.

His remarks contained so much stupidity that when I found myself beside Thurston a little later I observed: "I've come to the conclusion that to beat the Wall Street game does not require brains."

Thurston said "Um-m-m-m!"

I walked away.

The morning after we left the Azores as we sat together in our accustomed silence the thought suddenly struck me that Thurston not only had made money in Wall Street, which was remarkable, but had kept his mouth shut about it, which was unbelievable.

I asked him point-blank: "I understand you beat the Wall Street game. Did you?"

"Well," he said, half apologetically, half defiantly, "well, I had to."

"Needed the money?"

"Needed it quickly," he corrected.

"And you got it?"

He nodded.

"Big?"

He waved his hand carelessly. But I knew he meant it to mean "Enough!"

I thought I'd be as laconic as he, so I asked, "One?"

He shook his head.

I raised my eyebrows.

He held up two fingers.

"Do you mean millions?" I asked wonderingly.

He shook his head.

"Two hundred thousand?"

He nodded.

I sat up suddenly in the steamer chair, and after the custom of the infernal things mine tipped. I slid to the deck and the back of the chair struck me a smart blow on the top of my head.

Thurston rose quickly and unstrickenly helped me to my feet and said "Come!"

I went.

He took me to his stateroom and gave me a drink of the best rye whisky I ever tasted. My respect went toward him in becoming measure. But I asked no more questions.

At Naples he told me he was going straight to Florence. So was I. We went together. Just before we arrived I asked him where he would stop and he said "Grand Hotel de' Medici."

"I Am Not a Rich Man, But I Would Wager Five Thousand Lire That It Is a Portrait of the Bella Simonetta by Botticelli"

I told him I would, also, and it was at the hotel office—where the dwarf-like proprietor addressed him most effusively—that I learned he did not intend to stay in Florence very long. But even before he went to his room he sat down and wrote a note and was assured that it would be taken without delay to the Church of Santa Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi.

I said to him that after I had washed up I was going to the Uffizi for a quick glance at some of my favorites, and asked if he would care to join me. He nodded, and ten minutes later we were on our way to the gallery. He had the exquisite politeness of doing things you wished him to do in such a fashion that it never got on your conscience or on your nerves.

It was plain that he did not care for pictures. I was standing by Titian's Flora, and I said to him: "One of my favorites."

He nodded exoneratingly, and politely hid a yawn. It was the same with the Giorgiones, and with the Raphaels in the Tribuna.

"You must have seen these pictures before?" I remarked.

He nodded.

"Know them by heart, I suppose?"

Again he nodded.

"Do you want to show me your favorite?"

He nodded twice, quickly.

"Lead me to it," I said.

He walked—and I followed—straight into the Botticelli room. Before the Birth of Venus he stopped, and I instantly perceived that he had forgotten me. His face was aglow with pleasure, as though he had unexpectedly come upon a very dear friend whom he had hoped to meet later. And staring unblinkingly at the picture he murmured in a voice that vibrated like a harp string:

"'The sorrow on her face was at the thought of the whole long day of love yet to come!'"

"What?" I gasped.

He did not hear me. I saw him nod, as though he were agreeing with something that the picture said to him. And then he spoke, a smile on his face:

"'She holds in her hand the "Desire of all the Nations"; and her choice is on her face!'"

His eyes were sweeping the picture, noting every bit of color, inventorying every brush stroke, taking account of every beautiful line.

You might have thought he was studying a contour map. I was never trained to look at pictures that way. No such luck!

I think I grunted to myself, one of my innumerable bad habits. He turned and looked straight into my eyes. And I saw that still he did not see me.

A crowd of compatriots—alas, all young!—trooped in noisily. A young Adonis stared at Botticelli's Venus, put his arm through the arm of a far more beautiful Venus of his own, pushed forward and, speaking through his nose, remarked "*Oh, là-là!*"

His Venus giggled.

"There's nothing to these old masters. Don't you agree with me? Honest!"

But she felt the reproving gaze of a tall, thin woman with goggles who was chaperoning the party, and would not tell the truth.

Thurston came to with a slight shudder and said to me: "Let's get out of here. Quickly!"

His voice had the peculiarly cold quality that marks all the really dangerous degrees of anger in gray-eyed people.

To divert his thoughts I said: "Botticelli grows on one the more one studies him. I love the Venus."

"And I ——"

He ceased with an effect of having checked himself on the very brink.

"And you what?" I prompted.

"I married her!"

"You mean your wife resembles ——"

"No. I mean that she was a picture by Botticelli when I first saw her. That's why I made a couple of hundred thousand in Wall Street last month. There were other pictures of her. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't!" I said indignantly.

"Old fifteenth-century portrait. Same face as on Venus here. Same as the Veritas yonder. But painted from life. These were painted from sketches. So of course I fell in love."

"But you said you married her!"

"I did."

"Married by a priest?"

"Of course!"

"But if she was a painting ——"

"Well, I was sure she was the girl I wished to marry. I had been wishing to marry anyhow, off and on, for about a year. But now I wished it with all my might. So I did!"

"Didn't she first have to become flesh and blood?" I asked very meekly.

He laughed indulgently.

I said less meekly: "Look here, Thurston, I can see you are not jesting; but surely you don't expect me to believe that the portrait turned into flesh and blood, do you?"

"I mean that I married her!"

"Whom do you mean by 'her'?"

"Simonetta, of course."

He was frowning earnestly. To make sure I persisted: "The supposed original of Botticelli's Venus, and of so many of his paintings?"

"I mean," he answered slowly, "that I married the original of my Botticelli, my Simonetta, of whom that Venus there is a pale and slanderous likeness. She is now Mrs. Geoffrey Thurston."

I looked at him and he looked at me, and I could see that he was not only sane, but worse; perfectly serious. A sane man who says an insane thing seriously is very trying to the patience.

I reached my limit, so I said to him as impressively as I could: "Listen to me carefully, because I am not going to repeat. Unless you tell me the story of your marriage to Simonetta in full, without skipping a word, I tell you frankly you and I had better part company here. If you don't tell me, how can I be sure that you are not a ——"

"Lunatic?" he prompted. You could see that he did not defend himself.

"Call it a spiritualist," I compromised.

"Are you really interested?" He looked surprised rather than skeptical.

"Am I!"

I saw that he was still serious—there are such people!—and I shouted "Yes!"

"Then of course I'll tell you the story. Why, I'd—I'd love to tell it to you if you don't think it will bore you. Of course she uses the vernacular of Sandro's time, though she can talk English pretty well, and ——"

"Give it to me in English."

We returned to the hotel, and in his room, overlooking the Arno, he told me his story. He made me live it and I saw people and things with his eyes until it became my story. Long afterward I asked him how he managed to tell it as he did, and he replied very simply:

"Of course you could wish to hear it only if you were my friend. And you could be my friend only if you liked me as much as I liked you. As soon as I was certain of it I didn't have to be ashamed of this or careful about that. So—don't you see?—the story just told itself. I gave it as I remembered it; and you got it as it happened!"

II

THURSTON'S father had been a retired commission merchant. Much of his business, inherited from his father-in-law, was with the Netherlands.

The Thurstons were Catholics, and to that fact and to chance Thurston attributed the transformation of Thurston *père* from a retired business man into a tireless collector of paintings.

He went in for the Flemish primitives. He saw the Virgin and the saints as the men of Flanders did, and not as the Italians. He understood Van Eyck and Van der Weyden and Memling, but he did not see his soul reflected in Benozzo Gozzoli or Orcagna or Masaccio.

So old Thurston collected to his heart's content, in France and Belgium and Spain and Italy and Holland, buying good ones and bad ones—though he said there were no bad ones, because even among the unknown artists there was the same sincerity as in the masters, and what he bought was the effluvia of devout souls rather than so many inches of painted wood or distorted perspective, or even beautifully executed hands.

Mrs. Thurston died when Geoffrey was a boy of eight, and old Thurston compelled the youngster to accompany him on all his picture hunts and on his pilgrimages to museums and galleries, public and private. His schooling in art Geoffrey thus got from his father, and his humanities from a former Church of England clergyman by the name of Willoughby, who was a convert to Catholicism.

To old Thurston business, life, art, literature—everything ceased in 1492, when a discordant note was introduced into the concert of the spheres by Christopher Columbus. Thurston, senior, never forgave the Genoese for that unfortunate voyage.

Geoffrey explained:

"My father disliked both modern things and Italian things so violently and unreasonably that by a common enough reaction I began to take pleasure in saying I liked what he didn't. And in order to emerge victorious from discussions, I, boylike, read up on the Tuscan, Umbrian, Lombard and Venetian quattrocentists. I not only learned Italian but talked it, in season and out. I even used to practice writing it—translating editorials from the New York papers into Dantesque Italian. At twenty I knew dozens of Florentine authors by heart. After my father's death I went into a Wall Street office. I could imagine no better way to knock off the fetters forged by the nomadic life I had led. No man minds being different, but every man decidedly minds being thought a damned freak."

Geoffrey did not find money making difficult enough to be exciting; nor were his economic necessities sufficiently urgent to compel him to increase his fortune very materially. Old Thurston had left enough for every comfort. Indeed, Geoffrey made an arrangement with his partners by which his interest in the firm was slightly smaller than his share of the capital entitled him to, but allowed him to take a long holiday every year. Whenever the stock market settled down to what promised to be a protracted period of dullness young Thurston went either out West to hunt big game or to Italy to find a life radically different from the life of the ticker district.

In the spring of 1910 he found himself in Florence, a New Yorker, fairly well-to-do, thirty-one years of age, in good health and vaguely restless. He admits that he had observed for some time past an increasing tendency to dislike the feeling that the world was a hotel room. He developed a desire to see his road, if not clear to the end at least to that milestone round which might cluster a group of children to whom he could pass on his own views of life and his father's collection of Flemish primitives. He began to see futility in all efforts to accumulate money with which to buy anything but nursery supplies. He discovered, as time went on, that it was not children that he loved but little Thurstons. But though he knew exactly what he wished each of the Thurston children to be he was not so clear about Mrs. Thurston.

He did not dramatize his life with her. Whenever he dreamed it was to see himself walking in the garden paths of his country estate with a manly little chap's hand in each of his own and two manly bigger boys walking ahead. Sometimes they whistled and occasionally they cracked jokes. But he never once saw himself strolling in the moonlight in the same garden paths with his arm about a shapely waist or finding pleasure in sharing silences in the tea house.

"Which shows," he said, "that I was an ass, like all men before it comes to them."

Geoffrey had finished dining at the Grand Hotel de' Medici on the Lung 'Arno. It was an April evening, cool, with a cheerful flood of moonlight outside and a cheerful waste of electric light inside.

"The hotel," Thurston said, "was infested by the worst type of tourist—the dreadful kind that boasts at the top of the voice of not being in Europe to get angry over penny graft on the part of the guides. I may also add that I had been pestered by picture dealers and owners of masterpieces, though I had been so nonextravagant as almost to be taken for a German in disguise. How in blazes the picture dealers in Italy discover that you have money is beyond me. I suspect that if they take a long breath they can scent money through thirty-five thicknesses of wool and leather. After displaying their Raphaels and Titians and a Tintoretto or two they stopped showing me the stock goods and took to driving me, with much mystery, to old palaces where aged countesses apprehensively showed me conventional fake quattrocentist panels. These I promptly spotted, for my father had been a good teacher. But instead of amusing me the confounded picture brokers irritated me until my anger embraced every other living beast as well."

On this night Geoffrey was sitting in a comfortable chair in what in America would be the lobby of the hotel. He was smoking wrathfully, determined not to be soothed by his cigar. For the first time in his life he was dissatisfied with Florence the fair. But because his discontent counseled him to go away he resolved to stay—if only to curse

(Continued on Page 49)

"As Thou Gavest Advice, Advice to Thee Shall be Given. Thus: Buy Not the Portrait!"

Paderewski, Pianist and Premier

By RUPERT HUGHES

STATES cannot be saved by sonatas nor factions quieted by fugues."

So wrote a New York editor of the "king of the piano." Another referred to his return to Poland as "the Paderewski adventure."

It goes against the grain of a good many people to accept a musician as a statesman. This is due to ignorance of two things: The qualities that make up a musician and the qualities that make up a statesman.

Music is a great deal more than emotion and manual dexterity. The successful composition of it—and Paderewski is rated as one of the greatest of living composers—requires a skill in a branch of higher mathematics, an architectural gift, a special technical education, a sense of the public soul, and above all a distinct personal magnetism. The final test, as in all arts and businesses, is personality.

Real success lies not in catering to an existing market but in creating something that will make its own market and then seeing that it does. This is true whether one manufactures a breakfast food, Shakspere's plays, a political theory or a new style in hats.

There is a great deal of good business required in the conduct of a successful artistic career and high qualities of imagination and artistic feeling are required in a successful business career. This is better recognized in Europe than in this country, where despite the fact that many of our artists are among the leading financial giants of the nation it is still considered freakish to go into music, fiction, painting or the movies, instead of something substantial and certain, like the law, hardware, shoes, poultry and eggs or politics.

Paderewski started in life as a poor boy, compelled to earn his own living at the age of thirteen. In perfecting himself for his conquest of life he practiced fifteen to seventeen hours a day. After a comparatively brief period his annual earnings amounted to, say, five per cent on a capital of about four million dollars. This without any cheapening of his wares or any truckling to low popular tastes. And the practical corner grocer who hopes to come out even next year and the editorial writer at forty dollars a week shake their heads and say: "Those crazy pianists haven't got horse sense enough to run anything serious!"

Paderewski chose a hard field for success. The piano was so abused that it had almost lost the right to be called a musical instrument. Thousands of men, women and children were trying to beat a living out of it who would have done better with carpets. Along came Paderewski, and stepped to the fore as a world figure, sweeping Europe and America like wildfire, and taking in as a soloist more money than an entire grand-opera cast and chorus with an orchestra of a hundred, and scenery.

I knew a man who ran at the first sound of a piano; yet he paid two dollars for the privilege of standing on one foot against a back wall for two hours to hear Paderewski, and counted it one of the great treats of his life. Paderewski included the laity with the professional musicians in his triumphs, and only a gigantic personality could have achieved it.

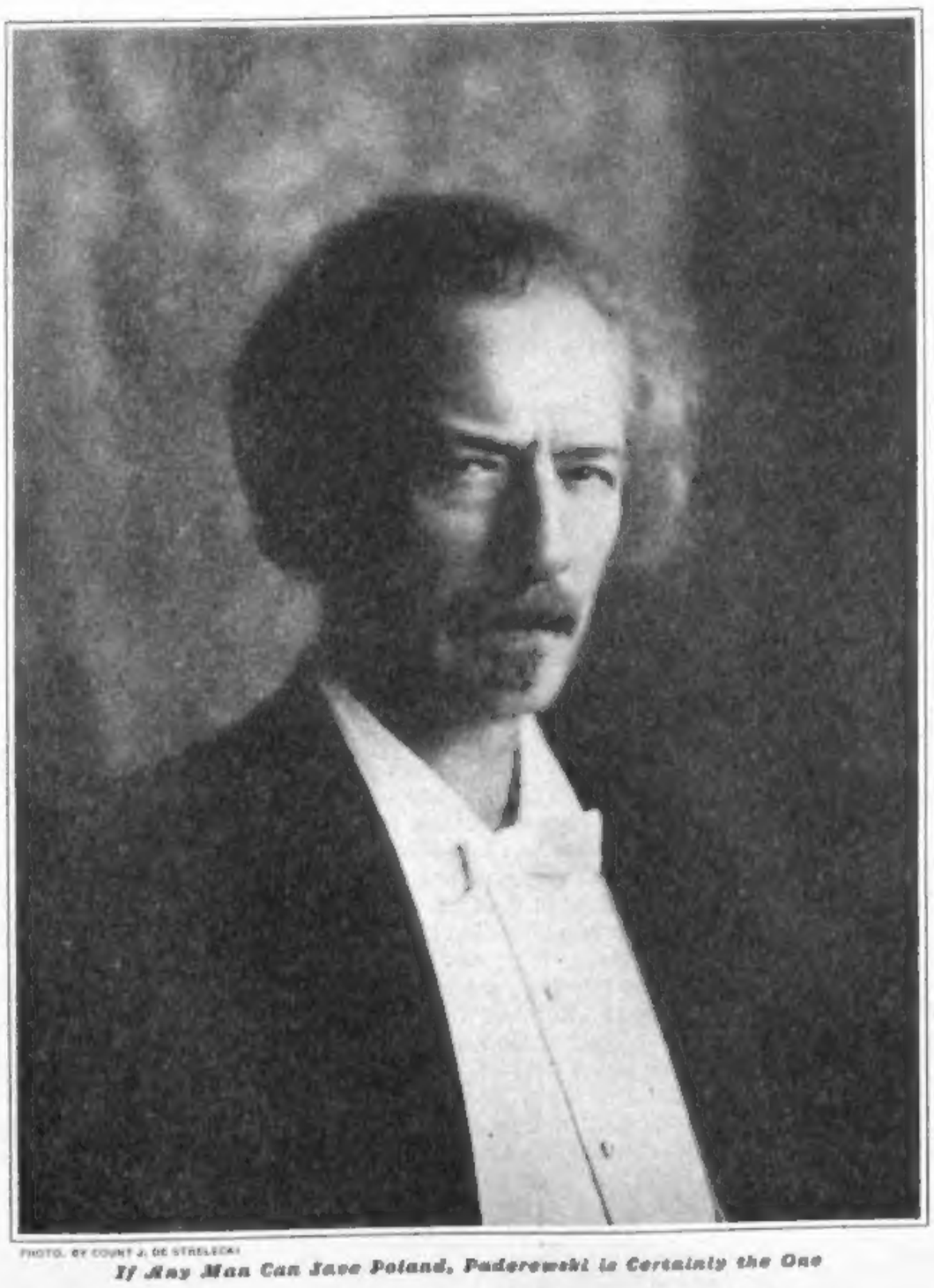


PHOTO. BY COUNT J. DE STRELECKI

If Any Man Can Save Poland, Paderewski is Certainly the One

Linguist, Orator and Stylist

BUT Paderewski has not relied on his piano to inspire his people; in fact, at the outbreak of war he was so overcome by the frightful suffering of his nation, already torn in three parts and subject to every cruelty for a century and a half, that he did not touch his piano for months. He resumed it only because of its tremendous earning power at a time when Poland needed financial help. He gave it up again as soon as his amazing personal following turned toward him as an inspired and inspiring political leader.

On April 7, 1917, at Pittsburgh, Paderewski offered the United States the services of 100,000 Poles and 500 trained officers. The Government declined the offer lest it form a precedent, but consented to the raising of a volunteer army under French auspices, stipulating that only men exempt from the draft should be accepted.

The Polish Military Commission raised 30,000 men and shipped 25,000 to France, where they proved themselves as heroic in battle as Polish traditions promised. To them were added 5000 Poles taken from the German Army as prisoners. In the United States Army there were 220,000 Poles, volunteers and draft men.

In European Poland the trained soldiers amounted to 2,750,000. During the collapse of the Russian Army they served as a backbone and staved off absolute disaster during Korniloff's retreat. Later, Polish armies maintained themselves for a long time in separate districts where none dared molest them. The Polish Army in France is commanded by General Haller and Poland is calling for it to help in the battle against Bolshevists and Germans.

Paderewski knows history, historical geography, political ethnology, agrarian problems, financial administration and statesmanship as few men know them. He has a phenomenal memory for dates and statistics. He is an extraordinary linguist.

As an orator he has an eloquence that is nothing short of incendiary, though he had to practice elocution to overcome a slight defect; he was tongue-tied. He has written addresses in an English that any stylist might envy for their Grecian purity of diction and their superb appeal. He has a prophetlike manner of delivery that sets his audiences aflame. He spoke at one great banquet of 15,000 people with such fervor that they threw their plates into the air. This was breaking them up with a vengeance.

In the inevitable confusion of Polish parties and factions, here and in Poland and in France, he is the one man who stands above factions, reconciling all and counting all inferior to the supreme cause of national independence with a Washingtonian loftiness.

Speaking of Washington and of music, the father of this country wrote to a composer regretfully: "I can neither sing one of the songs nor raise a single note on an instrument." He loved music, however, and bought for his wife's granddaughter Nelly a "forte piano," then a very new instrument, as well as an imported harpsichord for which he paid a thousand dollars. He loved to hear Nelly Custis sing and play.

The letter quoted above was written to Francis Hopkinson, who, in spite of being the first important American composer, an inventor of musical instruments and a performer, was also a member of the Continental Congress and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Thomas Jefferson, who stands fairly high as a statesman, was a good singer and an expert violinist and spent much time playing to the accompaniments of his wife. Jefferson while in Paris corresponded with Hopkinson on musical topics and took an interest in placing there Hopkinson's improvement on harpsichord jacks. He discussed it with Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who was not only a writer of very witty musical criticisms but also a performer on the "sticcado" and the inventor of an instrument which he called the "armonica." This ingenious adaptation of the then popular "musical glasses" made a sensation, and at least one woman toured Europe giving concerts on it. Both Mozart and Beethoven wrote special compositions for Poor Richard's invention.

The founder of the late and unlamented Prussian power was Frederick the Great, who played the flute like a professional and left a hundred and twenty compositions for it. He practiced four hours a day on his flute and later took up the piano clavier.

And then of course there was King David, who won his first preferment on the piano of his day, the harp, and might properly be styled a court musician. According to 1 Chronicles 15, David when he came to the throne organized a large orchestra with three leaders, each of whom founded a school of music.

Music and Morale

THE singer Farinelli after heaping up a fortune became a sort of vocal prime minister to one of Spain's few really good kings, Ferdinand VI, and his influence is praised by all historians.

Chopin, also, like David and Farinelli, used his music to calm the hysteria of a ruler. The Grand Duke Konstantin, governor of Poland, suffered from crises of temper, and his wife often sent for Chopin to play the piano in the next room. The first notes of it always ended the attack. Music indeed is one of the best escape valves humanity has found for hysteria. Music is also one of the greatest stimulants of patriotism, and the Spartans borrowed a singer of Athens once to improve the morale of their armies.

But it is sheer foolishness to maintain that a man's world-wide triumph as a musician would of itself unfit him for a career as a publicist of another sort. Statesmanship is a gift apart from a man's regular profession, and it is largely successful through its ability to compel the national heart. Plato gave music a high place in his ideal state and was eager that it should be kept on a noble plane, since, he said, "there is no corruption of manners in a republic so great as that which follows a gradual declination from a prudent and modest music."

As a musician Paderewski never played the public anything but the best. His daily standard was the music of the chastest of all composers, Bach. Paderewski at the piano was always the very picture of repose. He could smite a terrific blow with his powerful arms and he swept his public into frenzies of enthusiasm, but he was always solemn and without affectation.

His hair, of course, was notorious and was accounted an affectation. But it was certainly good business, and his own. The only hair I ever saw that beat it for profuseness was the huge mane of the old Indian fighter and Civil War general, Black Jack Logan. Curiously enough, I once saw General Logan when he was a candidate for the Vice Presidency take the violin on which a little girl had played to him in a Western parlor and play it like a madman, pounding the carpet with his foot and shouting directions to imaginary dancers of an old-fashioned hoedown. Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill and Samson also wore their hair long.

Much sensation used to be caused by the mob of women that stormed like bacchantes about Paderewski's feet demanding encores. But after all George Washington used to be similarly hounded; and he would dance all night so that "all the ladies might get a touch of him."

I don't know whether Paderewski dances or not—George Washington was a fanatic on the subject, and on one occasion danced with General Greene's wife for "upward of three hours without once sitting down"; and once in compliment to him the French officers took the instruments from the musicians and played while Washington danced the first set at Rochambeau's ball in Newport.

But in billiards Paderewski shares Washington's enthusiasm—and Herbert Spencer's. Washington loved billiards almost as well as cards, and he lost a good deal of money at both.

Paderewski, I am told, would play all night if he could keep the marker or a friendly competitor awake.

As Paderewski made himself one of the wealthiest of Poles, so Washington was one of the richest men in the United States.

What would be thought nowadays of intrusting the destinies of "the pee-pul" to a rich man?

Paderewski, like Washington, is also an expert on farming. He has a great estate in Switzerland, at Morges, and he owns two ranches at Paso Robles, California—one called Saint Helena and one Saint Ignacio, after the name-day saints of his wife and himself. He is an expert on oil production as a business, and a student of scientific agriculture.

Like Washington, Paderewski is a specialist in livestock. While he was in Ireland once, according to J. C. Hadden, he bought some swine that he fancied from a farmer there and sent them to his place in Switzerland. The next week the farmer took more of the drove to market and boasted that he had just "sold tin of the same lot to Mr. Paderewski, the great Polish pig dealer."

Hostile American Criticism

WASHINGTON had, in spite of the icy traditions, a ferocious temper, and he swore with tremendous violence. If Paderewski has a bad temper I never saw it, though I saw waves of scarlet run up his neck and over his face when a maladroit officer tactlessly and I think unjustifiably defended a certain American professor who had gone to Paderewski's headquarters and told him he had no standing, no rights and no authority—in spite of his official recognition by the United States Government. This professor continues to write of Paderewski as if he were some cheap political upstart trying to throttle the liberties of the Polish people.

Either he or one of his school went so far as to refer to Paderewski's magnificent achievement in raising a volunteer army of Poles and sending it to France with the enthusiastic cooperation of the French, Canadian and American Governments in the following astounding terms:

"How many people in this country showed any concern when our official Government in Washington failed to interfere with the creation here in America of a Polish expeditionary force which was frankly a partisan army? Very few."

This same editorial accused the intriguing French and the American genius for invisible government of being "determined to make a mockery of the principle of self-determination," and of a "natural inability to believe that a moderate socialist government, such as that of General Pilsudski, could possibly succeed in creating a strong nation." It referred to "the wishes of the Polish people" as opposed to "interested cliques in Paris."

But it did not explain why Polish exiles in Paris were not so much "Polish people" as those who stayed at home; it did not foresee Paderewski's couperation with Pilsudski or his acceptance by an overwhelming majority. Paderewski would not vote at this election because he had been a nonresident for so many years.

Of the members for the Constituent Assembly the bourgeois parties won four hundred and twenty seats, the socialists eighty and the Jewish parties twelve.

The papers, be it further remembered, which objected to Paderewski's being allowed to raise a partisan army to fight Germany with, also objected to the Americans' being allowed to raise a partisan army to fight Germany with. If their high ideals had been followed Europe would now be prostrate before the benevolent Kaiser, and Poland a further victim of German tyranny.

This election, on January 26, 1919, was another answer to the peculiar people who insist that the Poles do not want Paderewski and his "partisans." Eyewitnesses from America describe the election as perfectly orderly, without one outbreak. This is more than can be said of the average American or English election. The polls were open from eight A. M. Archbishop Kakewski stood in line for nearly an hour, at the heels of a socialist and in front of a woman active in Jewish charities. General Pilsudski also stood in line for some time.

Paderewski issued a statement: "How united Poland is at present is best shown by the result of the election, which was against the Socialists, and it is a matter of record that not a single person was injured. Poland has at last got her foot on the first rung of the ladder. Her prosperity is much nearer than our enemies would have the world believe."

On February 21, 1919, the Allies meeting at the Quai d'Orsay, Paris, decided to recognize the Polish Government and Paderewski as its head. On the day before at Warsaw the Polish National Assembly held its second important meeting. General Joseph Pilsudski formally turned over his authority as dictator and had it returned to him confirmed, pending the election of a president under the Constitution to be adopted. Vitto, the leader of the peasants, sat in peasant's costume with the Archbishop Theodorowicz of Lemberg, and Seida, the Posen leader.

General Pilsudski in his speech expressed a modest fear that he was of too arbitrary a temperament for a rôle requiring the conciliatory attributes of a statesman.

Premier Paderewski called for a large army and compulsory service in order to check Bolshevism. He called for efforts to promote the welfare of laborers and give them better homes. Land must be made over to peasants who had none, and more to those who had too little. Equal rights must be given to all Poles, and freedom of speech guaranteed.

The campaign for presidency is said to be in full swing, with keen rivalry between the adherents of these two men. Pilsudski as a brave warrior has much in his favor, but Paderewski has also a tremendous following. But whatever the outcome there is a splendid augury for Poland in the union in the same government of two men so differing in politics, so much alike in patriotism.

I have not seen the campaign literature. Doubtless the Pilsudski supporters deal with Paderewski as ungently as American newspapers have done with their candidates. So Washington was treated by many prominent Americans, some accusing him of selfish ambition, destructive political ideals; and others accusing him of spineless incompetence. Washington was called a rebel and a traitor by the loyalist Americans known as Tories. By other Americans he was called "damnably deficient." It was stated that he ought to "make way for a general." He was accused of "such blunders as might have disgraced a soldier of three months' standing." His probity was sneered at, and even Thomas Jefferson wrote that he hoped his "honesty and his political errors may not furnish a second occasion to exclaim 'Curse on his virtues, they've undone his country.'"

Mr. Bache, a contemporary editor, spoke of "his stately journeyings through the American continent on search of personal incense"; and a Mr. Callender wrote that "the extravagant popularity possessed by this citizen reflects the utmost ridicule on the discernment of America."

Finally Tom Paine, who had once praised him, accused him of "encouraging and swallowing the greatest adulation," of being so "treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life" that "the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor; whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any."

Paderewski Talking to the Foreman of His California Ranch

The Polish Relief Society Organized by Madame Paderewski

Madame Paderewski and a Polish Soldier

Freneau's Abuse of Washington

THE critics of Paderewski will have to do some tall criticizing to immortalize themselves in rivalry with those stout haters who are quoted now because they drove Washington into frenzies of wrath by their sneers and slanders.

It was constantly alleged that Paderewski counted on being king of Poland. The same thing was stated of Washington. Our first significant American poet, Freneau, in fact, so misunderstood Washington and his motives and so abused him as almost to madden him.

Thomas Jefferson wrote Madison: "I think he feels these things more than any person I ever met with." And in a later account of him we read of a cabinet meeting where Freneau's charges were discussed:

The Presidt was much inflamed, got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself, ran on much on the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him, defied any man on earth to produce a single act of his since he had been in the govmt which was not done on the purest motives, that he had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning his office, & that was every

(Continued on Page 88)

A LOVE STORY

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

I ASKED a young lady friend what in her opinion was the greatest thing in the world. She answered without pause: "Love." I had hesitated myself before Laughter and Hope

"What do you mean by love?" I inquired.

Whereat her cheeks turned quite unnecessarily pink and she said "Why—just love, of course!"

Which was not particularly illuminating I had heard of the thing before but wanted to make sure. So I set out to gather definitions and opinions. Noah Webster, prolix soul, offers ten, and from other sources I gathered more.

"Love," says Ye Ladye's Boke of the Affections—London, 1750—"is ye passion betweene ye opposite sexes. It hath ye softness of ye summer zephyr; ye fierceness of ye tiger's claw. It feedeth upon smiles and ye soft loke; it dieth and languisheth upon frowns and hardy words. All men seek it. Where it cometh not easily into an heart, it may be persuaded by ye love philtre."

As for opinions:

"Love!" says Sol Collins, producer and head of the Solco Fillum Concern. "Sure, you've got to have it. Public wants it strong. Young love preferred; little ingénue type, with mattress-stuffing headdress, lots of tulle, Easter lilies, white pigeons, close-up and fade-out of long kiss. Gets 'em strong."

"Love," says the editor of Starchy Stories, returning my manuscript, "is the thing people want to read about. Starchy Stories is only buying stories with a strong love interest, young love preferred. We regret that the inclosed is not available."

Alas! Alas! Love. Young love! Are we all eighteen or fifty? I see a woman with a gold star in her window.

"Love," she says, "is giving. It is pain, joy, bliss, anguish in one."

And somehow her words make me think of Norah West, and of that old-world legend which epitomizes Norah's story.

There was a son, you will remember, who loved his mother much. The love between them was strong as any. But on a day he came to love another—as was natural and fitting. And this woman, having a small soul, must be sure, quite sure she had vanquished the first.

"If you love me," she said, "bring me your mother's heart."

And as was natural and fitting—he ran away at once and slew his mother and hastened to bear her still beating heart to his beloved. And on the way he tripped and fell down, the heart falling from his hand and bounding rudely on the earth. Whereupon it cried out to him, piteously, "Oh, my son, my son, hast thou hurt thyself?"

"You are the Most Beautiful Girl in the World," He Said; "I Could Look at You Forever"

Norah West's parents came out of Ireland, so Norah was by way of being an Irish colleen—a big handsome girl, with red lips; big blue eyes with broad black brows; the full high breast of a Juno; the biggest hands and feet a woman ever owned, considered merely as hands and feet; but viewed as appendages of big Norah, who scratched six feet closely, they were all in key. In her growing years Norah was like a big clumsy puppy, gawky, almost unwieldy. There was no covering her ankles, her mother said, for her long legs sprang away from the edge of her frock overnight, and her size and strong muscles made her a jest and byword among her playmates. "Goliath" they called her in her little town, for whenever she mingled in the school yard or played with her mates she outtopped all the others. She was head and shoulders above her companions in any grade at school, and when the minister asked a question or two of the Sabbath class he always pitched them at Norah, showing so conspicuously.

She had few girl friends and as she entered the teens no boy friends at all. For youth is painfully conservative and seeks the type. Norah was too different, too bizarre, for all her frank smile and warm color.

So at sociables or village picnics she early began "looking after the little ones," that altruistic occupation ceded to spinsters and other unwanted also-rans. While her peers were engaged at playing copenhagen, standing, a line of febrile clutching potential kissees, inside the fatal rope while some rural young Lothario tried his fortune as a slapping master, Norah would be found swinging the village babies on the wooden swings or attending them on small personal expeditions; clicking croquet balls with deaf old Mr. Willowby Mason or helping Mrs. Squire Peterson make the coffee.

Yet she never failed to go to the picnics—attracted, I suppose, by the candle flame, hoping, hapless moth, that the unforeseen might happen. Her face was always bright and rosy, her muslin dress—she had made it herself—neatly washed and ironed; but the unforeseen kept jealously to itself. Once or twice she had insinuated herself naïvely in the copenhagen line or on some matronly invitation accepted the preliminaries of some one or other of the eternal kissing games in vogue. But the Lotharios all passed her by. At sixteen she had come firmly to believe that she was of earth's predestined unchosen.

There were times when it depressed her, times when she had even wept about it; but tears mend nothing. So gradually Norah acquired philosophy and accepted her *métier*. She worked steadily at her schoolbooks, read the circulating library, learned to sew and keep house exquisitely, and—when she passed a mirror in a shop window—to turn her head resolutely.

She was eighteen years old when she met Roscoe Leith over in old man Blatchford's apple orchards.

Norah's father was a carpenter. He owned a small cottage, had set up and maintained a respectable sized trade, but he had three sons coming on and Norah was not really needed at home, and so when Mrs. Martha Blatchford stopped in one day with regard to new scantlings and mentioned the need of help—the orchards groaning under fruit and pickers being scarce—quite naturally her father suggested Norah, if the girl was willing. Norah was more than willing. She had finished school and expected to prepare herself for teaching, but in the meantime—summer and early autumn—she could help with the fruit.

So she went over to the Blatchfords and the very next day went into the orchards.

They were very large orchards, with low umbrella-shaped trees speckled in the sun with amber and ruby globes. It was flawless September weather, warm and spicy sweet, with a smoke of wild aster trailing outside the fence in the lane; a ruffled carpeting of green and russet sedges and wild grass, starred here and there with piles of motley-tinted windfalls. There were three or four other pickers, but none taller, stronger or swifter at the apple picking than Norah.

She had been there just a week when Roscoe Leith came to stay overnight.

There was a three-bar gate at the top of the orchard and Leith came down that afternoon and leaned against it, and looked over and saw Norah.

"Pomona!" he said, and whistled.

It was true. Norah had just turned away from the foot of a tree, with a flat wicker basket of ruddy apples in her hands. The muscles in her round bare arms pulled and tautened over it. Her forearms were bronzed by the sun, but the upper arm under the rolled sleeve was white as milk. She had caught her underlip between her teeth and puffed out her round cheeks with effort. The sun spattered her with little gold leaf shadows, turned her apples to copper globes. In her looped-up dress, with a blue cotton handkerchief tied over her head, she was something out of an old-world print—a Breton goddess of prune hook and garden shears. Leith stared his fill.

He was a good-looking unknown young man going through the country selling The Devil in Human Guise, The Bible Mirror, With Custer at Big Horn, on the installment plan. He went about in a Jenny Lind with a roan nag and was very dashing and sophisticated compared with the young men thereabout, wearing burnsides and golf stockings. Also he kept his nails in nice points, and eschewing pipe or cigar smoked the deadly cigarette—the "coffin nail" of the late seventies—in an amber holder.

Norah had not taken more than a glance at him, men ordinarily not being interested in her; but after supper that evening he came over to where she was sitting by the guelder-roses with Mrs. Blatchford and Molly Pink and asked her to take a little walk in the lane with him.

And when she came up to bed presently a miracle had happened. She had drunk of the ancient elixir and had come upon her inheritance. For a man had singled her out for his attention, had called her beautiful, had spoken of seeing her to-morrow.

It was intoxicating. She pressed her cold hands against her flaming cheeks, then stared into her glass. Where was this beauty Roscoe Leith had spoken of? Oh, it was there, there! She saw things in her face she had never seen before—naturally. She could scarcely say her prayers or the psalm her mother had reared her to recite. She lay a long time awake on her pillow, trembling at this new ecstasy. Day was coming and the larks had begun to flute with clear silver call before she slept.

She sang as she dressed that morning—with a lusty, free, young, untrained soprano—"How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord"; and when she came downstairs and kindly Mrs. Blatchford gave her a friendly significant little nod the quick color leaped and reddened in her face.

It flamed there often now; for there was no mistaking Leith's interest, and even the Blatchfords, good souls,

made lively, broad little jests about it. They liked Roscoe Leith. They did not know much of his antecedents, but he had been through that territory before and he was amiable, well dressed and polite. He seemed to be making good money, and had a witty ready tongue. He had spent his childhood in the West, he said; had a mother out there now. Once he showed Norah her picture.

Mrs. Blatchford was his champion sworn and did everything to abet them. He stayed on, and now every evening after supper they walked together and on Sunday afternoon climbed the autumn hillsides, and Leith talked to Norah, apostrophized her—made love to her.

"You are the most beautiful girl in the world," he said; "I could look at you forever."

Norah drank of his words. It was like the music of the spheres. She was not a vain girl, but she had been denied so long. She felt a doglike gratitude to him; she would have walked upon her knees for him; could have kissed his hands

She did better than this—literally. She became actually beautiful. For love gave her a new radiance, lit a torch in her.

It was on a mid-October evening that Roscoe asked her to marry him. There was no question of Norah's answer. The little dream of teaching school had long been laid by. Instead, visions of a small flat in Sandby, the big town -nearly a city—thirty miles away. Visions of baking little cakes and little puddings, of broiling little steaks in a paradise of new tin pans and shining scuttles. Blue gingham and a polished cookstove. A canary trilling in a gilt-wire cage. A tiny parlor with a green sofa, an easy-chair for Roscoe, his desk, his books—mostly samples of The Devil, Bible Mirror, Custer, and so on.

Norah bought white India silk and made herself a wedding dress, trimmed with knife plaiting; and wearing her mother's brooch—a lady's hand in mother-of-pearl clasping a spray of gold flowers—and carrying a bouquet of pink roses and sweet alyssum bordered by geranium leaves, she was married to Roscoe.

They had quite a wedding. The Blatchfords gave the young people a barrel of winter apples and a pair of fine hams and a butter dish shaped like a Saracen's head. Norah's Sabbath-school class presented a pickle jar; her father gave her twenty-five dollars, and there was a legion of fruit knives, pictures, vases, tidies.

And Norah went away in a shower of rice, thrilling with joy on the arm of Roscoe. They were to go immediately to Sandby and stay a week at the Sandby Imperial Hotel while they picked out a flat and the tin pans and coal scuttles.

Norah had never stayed in a hotel in her life. Certainly she had never seen such elegance before. The Sandby Imperial was magnificent! Red-velvet carpet running through all the corridors, with a shining nickel cuspidor every six yards or so; a Niagara Falls of ornate Nottingham at each bedroom window; richly somber black-walnut presses and bedstead; a hand mirror of ormolu with a gilt Love on its back—Roscoe had ordered the bridal suite

It all lifted Norah into the seventh heaven, and elevated Roscoe to a pitch where she could only worship rapturously. To see him striding carelessly about the bridal suite scattering ashes on the carpet, ringing up the black bell boy for ice water, scolding because of its temperature one would never think he traveled round in a country rig selling books on the installment plan for a living!

Norah could not say her prayers coherently.

"O God . . . I love him so . . . so happy . . . bless him and keep him."

She was that sort.

"Happy, darling?" Roscoe would ask He knew all about it, but I suppose it delighted him to hear her poor faltering words.

They set up in the little flat. They had the green sofa and the canary, and Norah cooked and sewed for her lord. Days when he went out selling books in near-by towns she almost suspended breath—marked time until his return. Sundays she put on her wedding bonnet and went to stroll with him. Sometimes people turned round to look at her happy rosy face, but Norah always thought they were admiring Roscoe.

After the first month or two Roscoe went out a great deal evenings, but this Norah felt was only right. He'd been a man of the world and couldn't be expected to give up his billiards or pool or a little poker just for evenings at home talking to her, playing casino or going to Professor Dolph Dingle's singing school.

By Christmas he was almost never at home for an evening, and as spring came on he developed a strange restlessness, distinct nerves. He mentioned shortage of funds, and when April came and the roads dried Norah was glad for his sake that he could start out on a driving trip. He was to be gone several weeks, working Elm and Merriam Counties. He declared it would do him a world of good—he needed a change.

He was gone four weeks, but when he came back Norah could see he had not improved much. He seemed abstracted, preoccupied; and something laid a sudden frigid hand on her heart—a vague thought shaped itself: "He's getting tired of me!" She did her best to entertain him, but it was plain that he was glad to start out again.

She was keeping much at home now, but she made all sorts of high resolves for later on—how she would read and improve herself—grow clever; how she would make new frocks to beautify herself.

He had written only twice on the first trip; now he told her frankly it was probable he might not write at all. His address would be uncertain, and letters following after were easily lost. But he begged her to take good care of herself and said that he wouldn't be long, probably not more than six weeks. He was going way up in Seymour County this time.

"Take care of yourself and be my good girl," he said. "You'll have money enough to manage till I come back."

He kissed her then—more lingeringly than he had done in some time. "Roscoe," she whispered, "say you love me. Don't stay long."

"Oh, I'll be back soon," he promised.

That was in June.

But August came in, and still he had not returned. Norah had explained to her landlady, to whom they owed money, and to a neighbor or two that he was detained by his many orders. But the little cold hand that clutched her heart was tightening its hold.

She was sitting sewing in her hot little upstairs sitting room one scalding afternoon when a woman was brought up to her door—a young, rather good-looking woman, cheaply clad, with a worn hard face.

"I want to find the woman who calls herself Mrs. Roscoe Leith," she said abruptly.

"I am Mrs. Leith," Norah answered.

The young woman stepped inside, stared at Norah, stared about the close little room.

"Where is Roscoe Leith?" she asked bitterly

"He is away on a business trip. He has been away some time. I—I'm expecting him any day."

The young woman curled her lip.

"Keep on expecting," she said.

Then suddenly she cried out: "Oh, shame on him! Shame on him! Why, you're a nice girl!" And sitting down she suddenly broke into noisy bitter crying.

Norah could not grasp it, not at first; not even when the young woman put the documents into her hands—the wedding certificate with its priority of date; Roscoe's pictures; the love letters, one of them written since her own wedding.

"He left me two years ago—same as you; but I got track of him," the other said. "Some people here in Merriam County wrote me. He's a cool hand. He was paying attention to a girl up there. He's probably jumped the state by this time."

All this time Norah had not spoken—had not even cried out. She sat listening to it numbly, watching a bar of sunlight creep over the window sill, touch her little strawberry emery, her little shears. She noted the form of a tiny rust spot on one scissor blade, saw there were seven little green leaves on the emery. Her heart did not seem to move.

After some time the young woman went away, but Nora sat on and on, staring, one word—meaningless—revolving in her head like a pinwheel of fire: Bigamy.

But as dusk came on she began to remember, to plan in dumb fashion. She got up and took her own traveling bag from a closet, packed it with a few bare necessities, a little bundle of white sewing. She threw on an old dark cape she owned and took the key of the flat and what money she had to the landlady all but the price of a ticket home.

Her mother was setting bread in the kitchen late that evening when she heard the door open and saw Norah come in.

"Well, well," she cried, "coming so late at night! And how's my big girl?"

But Norah could not speak. She leaned against the door, with white and frozen face; then: "Mother," she said, "I have nowhere else to go. Mother—I'm not ——" Then she slid quietly to the floor and fainted.

It was a dreadful blow. The carpenter and his wife were proud respectable people. Now it was as though a plague of Egypt had fallen on the household. Twenty added years wrote themselves on the father's face; the mother kept to herself, weeping. Norah did not weep. She seemed to have frozen out of all human semblance. She had too fine a physique to suffer much actual inroad, but what spirit she had had seemed to have vanished. She went out only in the evening, and then village folk saw her, wearing her long cape, going up to sit on the old wall by the mill pond.

Once old Doc Buell brought her home in his phaeton.

"Norah," he had said, "God knows it's no fault of yours, girl. You mustn't brood that way. Live and be happy! You'll soon have something to live for."

"No," said Norah; "I don't want to live. I want to die."

But Norah did not die. There came a rimed and frosty night in November when Doc Buell was summoned hastily; when Life knocked thunderously at the portal of the carpenter's house; when, after hours, it triumphed and swept imperiously to its accomplishment.

The little old doctor bent proudly over the new habitant.

"He's a beauty, Norah!" he said. "Going to be a handsome strapper like his mammy."

Norah's head turned away indifferently, but waking later, in the gray morning, she saw that she was alone.

A clothes basket had been set on a chair beside her bed. A tiny threadlike cry issued from it, and Norah, rising on elbow, lifted the tiny creature out, opened its blanket and looked at it. What a little thing was this

(Continued on Page 37)

As Soon as He Was Old Enough Sammy Trotted With His Mother to the Factory

Anne Tucker Meets the Great

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

ON BOARD THE MAURETANIA, LEAVING NEW YORK HARBOR.

DEAREST MARGIE: Here I am, keeping my promise to write to you during my first hours on shipboard. But it is not easy, for I am so excited that my pen actually trembles in my hand.

My idea is to make this letter a sort of daily journal—what my wonderful chief, Mr. Parsons, would call a running record of our experiences—and to mail it to you as soon as we reach the other side. That will give you the complete story of this historic voyage; and by writing every night I can get it all in, instead of leaving out half of it in the rush of the last day. Then you will treasure it, I know, and when I come home again I can make a copy of it to refer to in future years. For while I am sure that no single detail of the journey will dim in my memory as long as life endures, it will be interesting to read the record over and over, and lend parts of it to serious-minded friends who will appreciate it.

It is hard to write, partly because of the trembling I spoke of, but more because even yet I can't feel certain that I, Anne Tucker, of Watkins Center, New Hampshire, am actually on this mighty ship, on my way to the greatest peace conference in the history of the world. It is too much like a dream. I dare not pinch myself for fear I'll wake up; and if I should wake up and find myself in Watkins Center, I'd die!

I Can't Feel Certain That I, Anne Tucker, of Watkins Center, New Hampshire, Am Actually on This Mighty Ship, on My Way to the Greatest Peace Conference in the History of the World

Not, of course, because I don't appreciate our community, for you know I do. But it is a strange fact, which I have never admitted before, that even when I may have seemed most enthusiastic about Watkins Center I really wanted to get out of it. I have always felt in me an upward urge toward something bigger and more vital than life gave me there. I have always known my chance for bigger things would come. You see how frank I am with you, my dear. So when Mr. Parsons took a cottage there for the summer and asked me to act as his secretary while he was in our little town, I knew that the door had opened. That's why I worked day and night, as you know I did, though you couldn't understand it at the time. I was determined to make myself absolutely indispensable to Mr. Parsons, so he would offer me a situation in Boston when he went back. But never, in my wildest imaginings, did I dream that he would take me to Europe!

When he first spoke of it I couldn't answer him, simply because my breath had stopped. So he actually thought I didn't want to go—and he began to explain all the advantages! The more he talked the more breathless I got, and he thought I was getting more and more reluctant. If it hadn't been Mr. Parsons I should have thought he was almost obtuse—but you know what I think of Mr. Parsons' mind. It is the only really great mind with which I have ever come in contact; and though sometimes its strange workings confuse and even puzzle me, I have never lost my reverent awe of it.

He told me that his wife would look after me on shipboard and in Paris, and that she knew many of the young men secretaries and would introduce them to me, so that I could have the pleasant time a "pretty young girl ought to have." Those were his exact words, so I do not hesitate to quote them to you, my treasured friend. Then he begged me not to be nervous about mines, as there were none left to explode. As if I were afraid of mines or of anything else! I would float to Europe on a mine, if there was no other way to go. Before I could get out a word he talked salary, and offered me twice as much as I expected. Little did he dream that I would gladly have gone for nothing.

At last I managed to say I would go, and he looked as if a weight had rolled off his mind. I guess it had, too, for the poor dear doesn't know a thing about his files. The next minute he was writing out a big check and telling me to run down to Boston with his wife and get everything I needed.

While I am writing so confidentially, dearest Margie, I will admit that there had been moments when I was almost critical of Mr. Parsons. You see, he was the only distinguished man I had ever met, and I had expected him to be distinguished all the time. So it was a shock to me when I found him so much like other men in daily life—cross at breakfast, and irritable at the telephone, and forgetful, and vain of his hands and feet, which are quite nice but nothing extra, and expecting one to know what he means when he makes vague gestures. But from the moment he asked me to go to the Peace Conference and take charge of his files, I put aside all carping thoughts. I realized that only a truly great man could put over an enterprise like my going in such a brief and simple way. Any man in Watkins Center would have discussed it for months. So here we are, slipping out to sea; and when I tell you the names of some of the distinguished men and women who are on this boat you simply won't believe me.

To begin with, there are dozens of great Americans who are part of our history, and famous editors, and men and women authors going over to write up the Peace Conference. Then there are European statesmen, and cabinet ministers and ex-ambassadors, who came to America for conferences and are going home on our ship. I have just been looking over the passenger list and it reads like the all-star cast of a new play. It is simply too thrilling to find one wonderful name after another and realize that I shall see those men and women every day, and watch them eat and take naps and—perhaps—even catch an occasional precious word they utter.

So far I only know three persons—Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and Captain Arthur Belden. Captain Belden is Mr. Parsons' first secretary. Officially, I am his second secretary. Really I am his stenographer and file clerk, in charge of the two cases of documents he brought along. They are in my stateroom, and Mr. Parsons thinks they are the most important things on the ship. He asks about them several times every day, as if they were twins.

Captain Belden has been fighting in France, and has only just been discharged and come back to his work with Mr. Parsons. I never met him till yesterday, when I joined the Parsons in Boston. He was wounded twice, once at Château-Thierry, and the second time, very badly, in the Argonne Forest. He is very handsome, tall and straight and dark, but a little pale, and terribly serious. Mr. Parsons says he is twenty-six, which is only six years older than I am, but he looks more than thirty. He has the distinguished service cross and the croix de guerre with palm, and he won't tell how he got them. He still limps a little, but the doctors say he will soon walk as well as ever. He doesn't like to talk about the war, and when he talks at all his words confuse me strangely. When we were alone for a little while yesterday I asked him for some friendly hints about the voyage, and admitted that I was very young and inexperienced. He looked at me for an instant, and then told me to try to act as if I had an uncle living in Boston. He said he thought that would help me very much; but when I asked him just how I could convey the idea he seemed confused.

You know Mrs. Parsons, so I need not describe her. She has not been well for several months, but we hope the voyage will set her up. So far it hasn't. She began to get seasick on the train, got worse on the ferry, and was terribly ill in her stateroom half an hour after we sailed.

I said I knew only three persons on the boat. I really know four—for now, Margie darling, comes the first big thrill in this letter. My roommate is Katharine Lambert, the world-famous author! When I saw her name with mine on our cabin door I simply could not believe my eyes. I stood and stared at it till my head swam, and while I was staring she opened the door from inside and came out. I knew her at once by pictures I've seen in newspapers and magazines. But she is a lot older than in the pictures. She is a pale blond woman, whose every feature shows that she has lived. Just now she was looking terribly tense, and her expression did not change when I explained that I was to share the stateroom with her.

She took me in with one long look and then stepped back into the room.

"Oh," she said, "you're the Tucker girl. I was just going to see the purser about these berths. I simply can't climb in and out of an upper. What are you staring at?"

I realized then that I was staring, and staring hard. But I simply could not help it. It was so wonderful to hear Katharine Lambert speak and to know that she was speaking to me! I drew a deep breath and told her so, and I added that she could have both berths if she wanted them, for I had read all her books and simply loved them.

By the time I got through she was smiling, a sad, sweet smile. She told me she had a "beastly headache," and I mixed her a dose of medicine on the spot and made her drink it. Then I took her up on deck and got her into her steamer chair, and rolled her up in rugs and brought her a book and two magazines, and made her give me her keys so I could unpack her steamer trunk and arrange all her things. She was just too lovely about it. She did not make the slightest protest, but did exactly as I said, and let me straighten her collar and button her steamer coat and wrap her up as if she were a baby.

When I got back to the stateroom I unpacked for her and arranged everything beautifully. She had lovely clothes and toilet articles, and it was a privilege to put them in all the best places. When I had tucked my own things neatly out of sight in the drawer that was left, I went up on deck and found her reading. She greeted me with a wonderful smile.

"I feel better," she said right away. "The air is reviving me. Where's your steamer chair?"

I told her it was on the other side of the deck

"Have the steward bring it here," she said, "and put it beside mine."

Yes, Margie, she said those very words. Of course I was completely overwhelmed, but I stammered that I ought not to do that, for she would surely have all she wanted of me in our stateroom.

"Nonsense," she said very decidedly. "Have your chair brought here at once. If you don't it would be just my luck to have that place taken by some idiot who would bore me to death."

So picture me, Margie dear, writing this in a steamer chair next to Katharine Lambert, so close to her that our elbows often touch. It is too splendiferous. I can't believe that it is happening. A little later, when I know her better, I shall ask her how she thinks of all the things she writes. There is so much I want to ask her—for of course she knows everything.

THE SAME DAY. 5 P. M.

YES, Margie darling, I must go on to-day. Things are so thrilling that I can hardly wait to put them down. While I was writing the foregoing lines a man suddenly stopped at Mrs. Lambert's chair. I could tell by their talk that they were old friends, and in a few minutes she actually introduced him to me. You would not guess in a thousand years who he is, so I will tell you at once. He is Lord Oxford, once Foreign Minister of England. You know our newspapers have been full of him. He has been in America only two weeks, on a special mission, and is rushing back to the Peace Conference.

He is wonderful to look at, slender and erect and white-haired and pink-cheeked. He has pale-blue eyes and a charming manner and he might be anywhere between sixty and eighty. When Mrs. Lambert introduced us he looked at me with his pale-blue eyes, that have queer

moving lights in them, and smiled very graciously. Mrs. Lambert explained that I was her "little roommate," and he said "Quite so" in a beautiful voice with a slight drawl. Then he dropped into the vacant chair on her other side, and I—yes, Margie—I confess, I listened to what they said.

Of course I knew it couldn't be anything confidential; and besides, though I was not talking myself, I was really in the talk, you see. I knew it would be simply wonderful to hear an ex-Foreign Minister of England and a world-famous authoress exchange viewpoints, as Mr. Parsons says; so I strained my ears. But for some reason they did not talk about the great and vital issues of our mission. Mrs. Lambert told him she had an abominable headache, and he said he hadn't had anything else since he landed on our hospitable shores. He said he had tried all our national dishes, and he told what each dish had done to his stomach. He said that one day after he had eaten huge quantities of buckwheat cakes and sausages he had almost hoped to escape his present earthly responsibilities, but that an American doctor had dragged him back to life by the use of an infernal invention which exceeded any German atrocity he had ever heard of. Mrs. Lambert sympathized deeply with him and told him what agreed with her, and not to eat the fish on shipboard, and he solemnly promised that he would not. It was strange indeed to hear them talking so simply when they know so much.

When the Foreign Minister had left, Captain Belden came to my chair to say that Mrs. Parsons was really very sick and that a trained nurse on the ship was looking after her. I presented him to Mrs. Lambert, and he talked to us both for a few minutes. Then he asked me to take a brisk walk, which I did. While we were swinging round and round I told him about Mrs. Lambert and Lord Oxford, but he did not get excited.

He merely uttered another of his strange and inexplicable remarks. He said: "When you know those Johnnies as well as I do you'll get over expecting anything from them but hot air!"

I left him at Mrs. Parsons' stateroom, for I thought she might want me to read to her. But she only groaned and said all she wanted was to die, so I soon left; but I could see that Mr. Parsons and the nurse were worried.

When I got back to Mrs. Lambert I found a short, stout, black-eyed man sitting beside her, and she introduced him to me as Monsieur Orleneff, the Russian Ambassador. My ears tingled again. You remember how exciting it was to read about his speeches. I did so want him to tell us, in a few words, just what to do about Russia. But his poor, tired mind was on other things. He said he was jammed into a stateroom with three men, one of them already seasick, and that a case of spring water he had ordered in New York had not been delivered and he missed it sorely. He talked for an hour, but did not mention the revolution once. I suppose it was too painful a subject. But it was wonderful to hear him discuss American life and sum it up.

"A great country," he said. "But the trouble with the Americans is that they are always in a hurry. There is no leisure in your country—no repose. You rush two million men to Europe to fight, and before the signatures on the armistice have dried you are rushing them back to America again. It is amazing."

I was impressed by this profound thought, and I could see that Mrs. Lambert was too. She explained to him very carefully that it was because our soldiers wanted to come home. Oh, Margie, it is so wonderful to be living in this throbbing center of the heart of life!

THURSDAY.

TO-DAY I have met one American ex-Secretary of State, Henry Alvord, two famous American editors, William Stevens and Herbert Morrison; two distinguished generals, one English and one French; Sir Arthur Pearce, a former English Cabinet Minister; and Thorndyke Adney, who is helping Mr. Hoover to feed starving Europe.

Our chairs were simply surrounded all day long. Mrs. Lambert knows everyone, and she introduced every single man to me as soon as he came to talk to her. Once, when we were alone for a minute, Mrs. Lambert said they came because they were boring each other to death; but Captain Belden said there was another and very powerful reason, of which I would undoubtedly die in ignorance. During the afternoon he took me for another brisk walk, which did me a great deal of good. I asked him if he thought strangers would get the impression that I had an uncle in Boston, and he said no, but that they would be almost sure that I liked Murillo's paintings. I said I was sure I would, but that I had never seen any of them.

In the afternoon I had a wonderful talk with Mr. Adney. He told me all about himself, and that he was often lonely, and that few understand him. What a sad and sacred confidence from such a man! In the evening Mr. Stevens and I discussed woman suffrage for a few minutes. Greatly to my surprise he was not in favor of it, and he frankly told me why. He said he thought woman's place was in the home, and that his mother had always stayed there. Though he was very reserved in what he said about his wife, I gathered that she is out a great deal and that he is often very lonely. He was talking wonderfully about the power of youth and beauty when Captain Belden joined us and took me for another walk. He, Captain Belden, said my expression had given him the feeling that I had once played The Maiden's Prayer, and that I must change it right away and look as if I had recently practiced the fox-trot with a handsome young man. It is not easy to understand just what Captain Belden means by what he says, but I find him very interesting.

FRIDAY.

GREATNESS, dearest Margie, does not always bring happiness in its train. Almost hourly I am learning this. The Russian Ambassador is not happy. Neither is Mr. Stevens. Neither is the French general nor the ex-Secretary of State. I must say that when General Charpentier let me look into his heart it was a poignant moment in my life. We were walking the deck together—can you imagine it, Margie, little Anne Tucker and the great French fighter!—and he was speaking of youth and beauty and how they flee. The thought saddened him. I could see it in his eyes as he looked at me mournfully in the moonlight. He, too, is lonely. He told me so. Oh, Margie, is it not sad that these great souls must go through life without real companionship? While I was trying to tell him that and he was listening intently, Captain Belden joined us. As soon as he came the general changed the subject, and when we said good-night his eyes looked sadder than ever.

Captain Belden told me the general was a jolly old duffer and a ripping fighter, but that he was awfully sentimental and that the thing for me to do was to convey the impression that I had a suspicious older brother who worked in an ammunition factory.

I asked Captain Belden if he was ever lonely, and he assured me very briskly that he never was. I asked him how he used to fill the long hours in the trenches when he wasn't killing Germans, and he said he spent most of them finding new hiding places for a two-inch piece of soap which was his choicest treasure and which the whole regiment was trying to swipe from him. Though he is not lonely, he is strangely serious for so young a man. I find myself thinking about him a great deal.

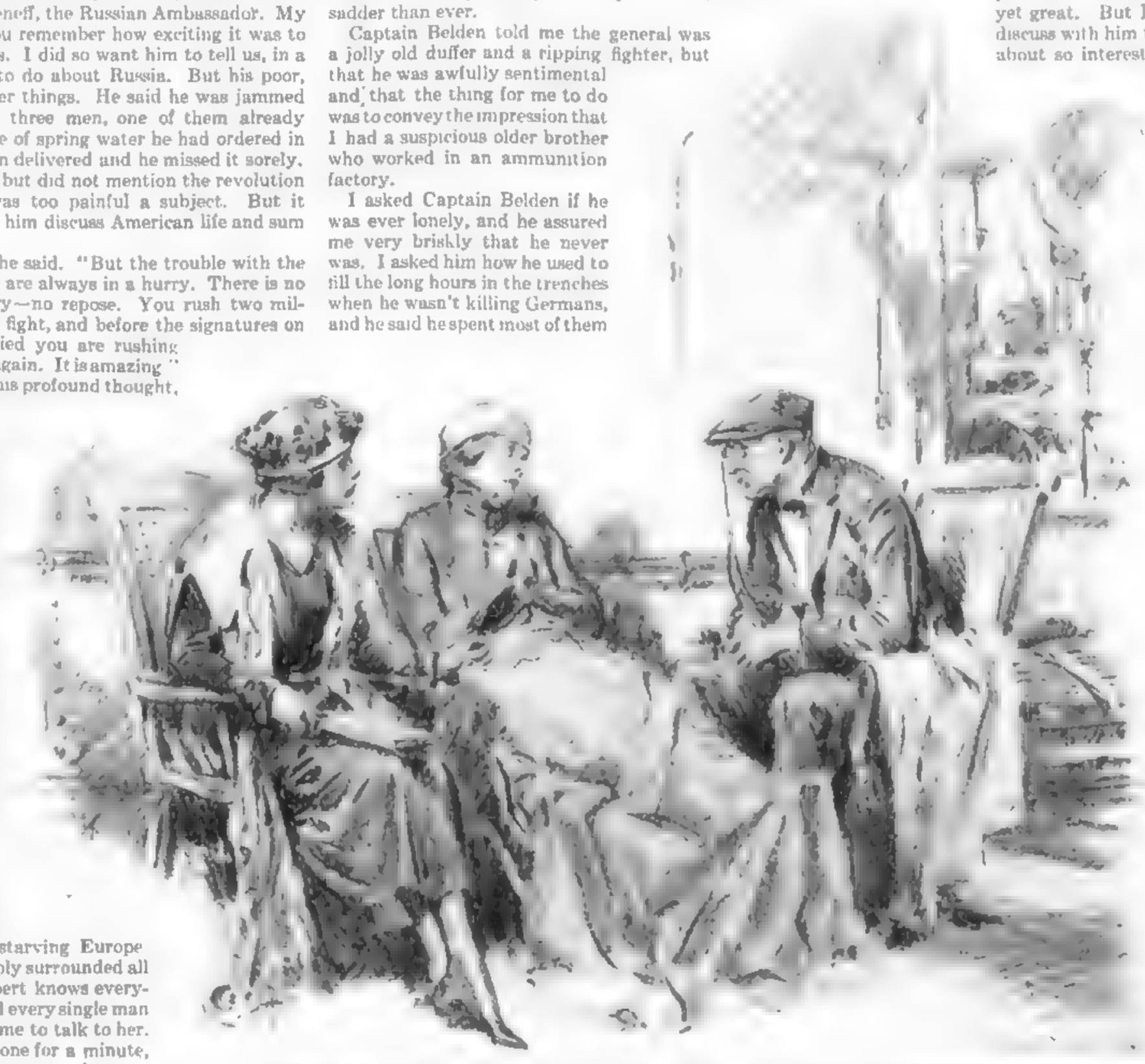
Just before I went to my stateroom to-night Mr. Morrison, the great editor, came and sat beside my chair for an hour. You can imagine how thrilled I was when he sat down, for ever since I met him I had been longing to ask him what would be done with the Germans who executed Edith Cavell. But he did not seem much interested in that subject, and soon he began to ask me where I lived when I was home and what my ambitions were. Of course that is a simply fascinating subject to discuss with anyone, but I did not like to take up his time talking about myself. I did tell him, though, that I had always wanted to meet great men and women, and what a privilege it was to be talking to him that very minute; and I told him how dear father used to stop his subscription to Mr. Morrison's paper every month or two, and then renew it because he couldn't get along without the paper. And I told him I had a picture of him—Mr. Morrison—in my scrapbook, among the "notables of to-day."

He sighed then and looked sad, the way the others had, and said fame was not all, and that the really vital need in human life was to be understood. I told him eagerly that I entirely agreed with him, and I was just adding that poor mamma had died when I was born and poor papa never had understood me, when Captain Belden came and sat down on the other side of me with singular suddenness. He has the queerest way of appearing as if he had come up through a trapdoor, but it never startles me. It always seems natural to see him.

Pretty soon Mr. Morrison went away, and Captain Belden asked me what he had been talking about. When I replied that it was about being understood, Captain Belden said almost crossly, for him, that the next time Morrison brought up that topic I must try to convey the impression that I had frequently listened to Humoresque on the phonograph.

I tried to get Captain Belden to talk about being understood, for I was most eager to hear his views. But he only laughed in a queer dry way and talked about the ship's run. He is strangely different from the other men. I suppose it is because he is younger and not yet great. But I have an odd impulse to discuss with him the topics the others talk about so interestingly. I should like to know what he thinks of understanding, and youth and sympathy and loneliness, but he never tells me.

After I got into our stateroom I asked Mrs. Lambert why all men were so unhappy. She had seemed quite sleepy when I came in, but she woke up and asked me what I meant. Of course I couldn't tell her in detail; one does not repeat the confidences of one's friends, but her wonderful brain grasped the truth immediately, and she laughed in a hollow way. She said that the original cave man told every woman he met that no other woman really understood him, and that every man who followed him down the ages had said the same thing to every attractive woman ever since, and that few men on earth could resist saying it to a beautiful young girl. I was almost annoyed with her for changing the subject so abruptly, and perhaps she saw it, for she suddenly sat up as if she had remembered something.



It Was Strange Indeed to Hear an Ex-Foreign Minister of England and a World-Famous Authoress Talking So Simply When They Know So Much

(Concluded on Page 155)

CASH WYBLE, BOLSHEVIST

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

By Albert Payson Terhune

EVERYTHING was all wrong. No one listening to Oskar Rand's impassioned speech could possibly doubt that for a single minute. Everything everywhere was horribly wrong Rand proved it as plain as day. Yet he lightened the gloom of his inspired words by declaring that everything could be made all right. Not only all right, but supremely and beautifully all right

This last assurance comforted Cash Wyble The rest of the speech had plunged him into much the same dazed misery as might encompass a man who has always thought himself healthy and whose physician gives him but a month to live

Cash had had no idea the world was in such parlous plight He had looked on it as a pleasant enough place; especially since his recent courtship and marriage But it seemed, now, he had been grossly in error This knowledge distressed him past words And he clung to the speaker's promises of an early millennium as to the single spar in misfortune's sea

Cassius Wyble was on a week's holiday a dangerous outing for any new-married man A fortnight earlier word had come to Jean, his wife, that her mother, down Huntington way, was stricken with typhoid fever And Jean had gone to nurse the sufferer.

The rambling hill farm of the Wybles, set high in the West Virginia mountains, had prospered mightily during the few months of Cash's wedded life to the little schoolma'am, who had corralled him on his return from the war and who had taught him to read and write and to manicure his ragged English

Jean felt a vacation was due her lanky husband after so long a spell of reconstruction; and she dreaded for him the desolation of a wifeless shack during her absence So before she set forth on her journey she bade him go to the near-by mountain metropolis of Clayburg, for Fair Week, and to have a royally good time there. With this sop to her wifely solicitude she departed for Huntington. And a fortnight later Cash donned his best clothes, shouldered his adored rifle and trumped to the fair.

Fair Week in the two-thousand-population town of Clayburg was a yearly event, which brought thither a heterogeneous swarm of hill folk and their womenkind, besides attracting the wonted rabble of outsiders.

Cash was confused, for the first day, by the throngs that congested and puffed out the drowsy mountain settlement. He wandered from sight to sight with the air of a child who makes his initial effort to grasp the wonders of a three-ring circus.

It was at the edge of the Fair Grounds during this spell of crowd-dizziness that he chanced to drift into a group which surrounded a soap-box orator. The orator was Oskar Rand, who with two fellow zealots was seeking to spread through West Virginia the holy doctrine of Bolshevism. Rand and his colleagues were but atoms of the amorphous mass of semi-human microbes sent forth to infect America with their malady And so far, through adding by-products to their nominal calling, they had found the task as profitable as it was pleasing. Thus Rand to-day was throwing full unction into his harangue. He lashed himself to a hysteric fervor which transfigured his dark unwashed face and expanded his squat body

His turgid eloquence was as magic melody to the listening Cash Wyble On the average mountaineer a display of loud and fluent oratory has a truly hypnotic effect. It lifts him out of his glum self as can nothing else short of a quart of seasoned moonshine whisky or a murder fight. Witness the transports that sway the audiences of mountain revivalists; and the ease wherewith a smooth talker can sell a hill-billy the whole contents of a peddling kit.

Cash listened to Rand's fiery flights of denunciation with a growing enthusiasm that sent brick-red flushes into his leathern cheeks and caused his thin-lipped mouth to fall ajar. Unlike the woeful custom of many preachers who sought to interest the mountaineers, Rand's talk was so simple that a child—or Cash Wyble—could follow every word of it.

Rand made it perfectly clear that there are three classes of people in America: The capitalist, the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. He added that capital and the bourgeoisie may be classed as one. Capital rules the world. Its willing tool is the bourgeoisie. The helpless and eternal victim of this unholy pair is the proletariat. Capital owns the government. Through its tool and other self, the bourgeoisie, it not only makes the laws but regulates work and the price of food

The proletariat pays the bills and does the suffering. It is robbed and exploited and made to sweat and to starve, that capital may fatten in smug idleness And everyone within the sound of his voice, explained Rand, was a member of the downtrodden but immortal proletariat.

For centuries the proletariat had groaned under unjust taxes and had obeyed laws framed to the desires of capital. And now that the war was over America was capital's throne The rich were waxing richer The poor were ground into the mire under the iniquitous and merciless heel of the bourgeoisie.

Was America going to endure this forever? Were the plain people going to stand like dumb driven cattle and be robbed unprotestingly of their heaven-born rights? Were the proletariat—the bulwark of the nation—to keep on selling themselves into voluntary slavery? Was an idle and pernicious one per cent of our population going to maintain its crooked mastery over the honest and glorious ninety-nine per cent?

Rand's answer to each of these bellowed queries was "No, a thousand times no!"

Having laid bare in considerable detail the cancer of capitalism the orator went on to prove that the day of deliverance was at hand. At hand? No! It had arrived. That resistless giant, the proletariat, had awakened at last from his bourgeoisie-drugged sleep. He was rising in his wrath. Presently he would dominate the world and exact fearful toll from his late oppressors.

For example, the Kaiser had fallen, not at the hands of the Allies but because Bolshevism had dragged him from his blood-soaked throne; because the proletariat would no longer consent to be the serf of the bourgeoisie or of monarchy. The Czar had fallen from like cause. So, within a very few

At the First Snarl the Audience Melted. One Can Listen to Prophets at Any Street Corner, Whereas a Really Good Dog Fight Is a Rarity and Deserves to Be Patronized as Such

months, would fall every government now standing on its tottery and capital-braced legs. And out of the ruins would arise the golden era of proletariat rule. The mundane paradise of Bolshevism would blossom, broadcast, upon the earth. And

At this crucial point in the speech two mongrel dogs on the outskirts of the little crowd quarreled over the disposal of a bit of sandwich meat that both had discovered at the same time. The dogs were large and well matched. They launched into hostilities with an abandon that promised much in the way of free entertainment.

At sound of the first multiple snarl from the combatants the sport-loving audience melted, to congeal again fifty feet away in a ring whose center was formed by two battling yellow shapes.

Deliverance from capitalistic slavery is a fine thing, no doubt, but one can listen to prophets at any street corner, whereas a really good dog fight is a rarity and deserves to be patronized as such. Hence the wholesale deserting of Rand's hearers

They were connoisseurs of fun, these fairgoers.

All in vain did Rand shriek appeals to the millingly departing throng. Vainly he shouted to them that their divine rights hung trembling in the balance. To no purpose did he exhort them to remember that the Moment was at hand. For naught did he hurl after them a misquotation from Shelley:

Shake the chains
away like dew
That so long have
cumbered you!
Ye are many; they
are few!

His audience had vanished by the time the misquotation was fully mouthed. It was a splendid dog fight; and it grew more engrossing every second. It brought idlers from all directions.

Oskar Rand was left alone on his soap box—alone, save for a lanky leather-faced mountaineer, ill-clad and with an old-fashioned rifle tucked under his right arm. Even Rand's two associates, Coger and Scholes, had nodded in cryptic signal to their colleague and had joined the excited dog-fight crowd, mingling unostentatiously with the tight-packed pleasure seekers, and now and again performing certain mystic rites that called for alert teamwork.

Rand, disgruntled, stepped down from his box platform and prepared to follow his two comrades. His way was barred by the sole member of his audience who had remained faithful. The hill-billy did not interest Rand, who shoved past him toward his friends.

"Say, mister," drawled Cash Wyble, trying to detain him, "that was one grand speech you give us. I dunno when I been so het up over a sermon. An'—was it all true? Are we reely so downtrod as all that? If we are it's time we done suthin' about it. I'd like to ask you a few things, though, if ——"

Rand with a grunt of impatience shook himself free and hurried on. He was not in the mood to answer idle questions, and he wanted to bury himself in the crowd. Folk watching a dog fight have a way of forgetting the presence of their more detachable valuables. Not that Rand and his associates were fools enough to jeopard their freedom by crude leather-and-kettle work. Still, there were sometimes opportunities wholly safe; and ——

But that afternoon Rand saw Cash Wyble again. It was at the fair's shooting match—star feature of the week for the horde of mountaineer marksmen. Wyble speedily became the central figure of the shoot. Handling his ancestral rifle as though he loved it he shot with a lazy self-confidence that was more than justified. There was not another marksman at the butts who could cope with him. Cash was one of those anomalies of Nature—a born sharpshooter. Long range, short range, stationary or swinging target—it seemed all the same to him. He was simply a man who does not miss

After he had won the trophy he was prevailed upon to give a brief exhibition of trick shooting—from the hip, kneeling and lying, holding his heavy rifle first in left hand or in right, and so on. From loquacious bystanders the admiring trio of Bolsheviki learned that Cash was not only the surest shot in the region but that he had been decorated for repeated instances of reckless bravery in France; and that he was a man whose pluck and wildcat temper made him respected by his fellows.

After gleaning these facts about the rube whom he had snubbed Rand went into executive session with Scholes and Coger. And when Wyble plodded away from the butts the three fell upon him.

Loudly they acclaimed his prowess. Right fulsomely they flattered him, both as a man and as an inspired shot. Praise of this kind was no novelty to Cash. Nor did it appeal to him. Indeed it always filled him with a surly embarrassment. Yet he recognized Rand as the orator who had exposed the rottenness at America's heart and who had hinted of a sovereign remedy. And ignoring the speaker's earlier rudeness to him the mountaineer began to bombard him with a volley of questions—questions that had been piling high and higher in his ruminant mind.

This time Rand did not rebuff him. On the contrary the Bolshevist and his comrades fairly exuded information.

As He Spoke Cash Wyble Whipped His Rifle to His Shoulder and Fired

They adjourned finally to Cash's lodgings; and there over a supper paid for by Wyble they continued to make plain to him the holy mission of Bolshevism. They handled his primitive brain as lovingly and as accurately as he had handled the victorious rifle.

Cash listened until after midnight. He would have listened until dawn had not Coger fallen asleep and snored too loudly for Rand's tired voice to compete with him. Then—with dim Biblical memories of the hospitality tendered to the prophets of old—Wyble insisted that all three remain at the boarding house for the rest of the week as his guests. They graciously accepted his timid offer; and he felt a real throb of gratitude at their condescension, for by this time Cassius Wyble was in the full throes of conversion. Not more fervently and whole-souledly had he passed through the initial steps which, ten years before, had led him to "conviction of sin" and to immersion by the Reverend Ehud Howison, Baptist circuit rider for the district. When Cash did a thing he never did it by halves.

This gospel of Bolshevism, which was dawning on his receptive mind, was a magnificent thing. And, as his wily test questions had proved to him, it was flawless in its logic. The poor were no longer to be poor. Debt was a crime, and was to be done away with. Banks were the slave whips of Capital and must be abolished. Government too was a pious fraud which should trick the toiler no longer. All men were equal. The proletariat had but to stretch forth their long-manacled hands and seize upon their rich heritage. Rents, assessments, imposts, high prices—all were to vanish.

Everyone—except the capitalist and the bourgeois of course—was to live in safe plenty. The tax collector was to be as extinct as the official who used to brand folks' hands for stealing. Property would be held in common. John D. Rockefeller's fortune, for example, was to be shorn from him; and indirectly part of it was to go toward sorely needed improvements on the Wyble farm. That sort of thing—a child could grasp the gist of it.

Heart and soul and body in the cause the convert begged leave to enroll himself in the shining ranks of his country's liberators. He was stirred by a zeal that was all but holy.

Rand fairly outdid himself in the speech wherewith he welcomed Cash to the fold. He even promised that the hillman should be permitted to win immortality by striking a blow for the liberation of mankind. And Wyble's leathern face went gray with pure exaltation.

Keenly he wished that Jean were at Clayburg to share in his conversion. Never since he met her had Cash taken any important step without first talking it over from all angles with this little bulldog-jawed wife of his. And many had been the blunders from which her gentle sanity had saved him.

When her own resources failed, Jean had always carried Cash and his problems to the Reverend Ehud Howison. The circuit rider had married Wyble to Jean. He had buried Cash's mother. He had nursed Jean through a dreary attack of mountain fever. Mighty in prayer, mightier in works, Howison was the mountain flock's ideal of wisdom's human embodiment.

Cash would have loved to talk this over with him.

But Jean was in Huntington, nursing her sick mother; and Howison was absent, on circuit, among the thither mountains. So Wyble perforce must do his own thinking. Not that this necessity troubled him to any extent; for he felt no shadow of doubt, no need of confirmation. His yearning for the presence of Jean and of Howison was based on a true proselyte's desire to spread the truth to those nearest and dearest to him.

It was on the fourth day of Fair Week that Rand consented to come down to details and to explain in concrete form just how Cash Wyble might be of immediate use to anguished humanity. And succinctly he set forth the plan.

Rand—with Coger and Scholes as chorus—began by reiterating the sacred truth that the only way to bring Capital to its knees was by so-called "violence." Just as a stubborn colt and an incorrigible child must be brought to their senses by severe punishment for their own good and for the ultimate good of the community, so drastic object-lessons were needful to impress the smugly doltish bourgeoisie. It was unfortunate that it must be so; that a reign of peace and justice must be inaugurated by violence. But it was the only language Capital could be made to understand—even as red war had been needed to kill boche militarism and to bring peace on earth.

Cash had heard this twenty times before in the past few days. Yet he listened as might a saint to a repetition of the Beatitudes.

"Every good proletarian must clean the street in front of his own door," proceeded Rand. "And this Clayburg is your 'own door.' Here is where your work lies. Here's where you're to strike your first blow. See the market square, outside? Ten years from now folks who come to Clayburg are likely to find a statue standing there. They'll ask: 'Who's that fine upstanding marble figger on the pedestal yonder?' And this is the answer they'll get: 'That's the statue a saved citizenry erected to Cassius Wyble, in memory of how he struck loose Capital's fetters in this very town ten years back.' That's what they're likely to say. And they ——"

"Oh shucks!" muttered Cash, nevertheless wriggling in sheepish ecstasy at the forecast. "I don't hone for no

(Continued on Page 116)

FROM BEER TO ICE CREAM

The Brewery Lines Up Behind the Soda Fountain

By JAMES H. COLLINS

WHEN a long dry spell settled down upon a certain Eastern city something over a year ago it had three prosperous breweries. That city had been drinking about 300,000 barrels of beer yearly, worth $2,100,000 wholesale, including revenue tax, and retailed for about $3,300,000. This represented slightly under a barrel of beer per capita.

To-day this city is eating 3,000,000 gallons of ice cream yearly, worth wholesale about $3,600,000, and retailing for $4,200,000. The population of the city has grown during the dry spell, but it is estimated that where about eight-tenths of a barrel of beer per capita was drunk yearly, now the per-capita consumption of ice cream amounts to about eight gallons.

One of the breweries had been making 65,000 barrels of beer yearly, which retailed for a little more than ten dollars a barrel, and brought about six dollars a barrel to the brewery, including tax.

To-day this brewery is turning out 800,000 gallons of ice cream yearly, retailing at about $1.50, and bringing the converted brewery, roundly, $1,000,000. That is to say, there has been an increase in the value of its products of fully 150 per cent—an achievement with some very interesting business aspects.

Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the aspect of distribution. For ten years at least the brewers have had on their hands an active fight with prohibition—they think! But faulty distribution has probably worked more to their undoing. Consumer commodities of all kinds, beer included, must be sold to the public through some sort of retail outlet. The brewer's retail outlet has been the saloon, associated with stronger drinks, intemperance, bad politics, and often crime. He has been largely a manufacturer, absorbed in technicalities, selling his product as a wholesaler, paying not enough attention to the places where it was retailed—a shining mark for the prohibitionists.

Changing Over

HAD the brewery industry organized ten years ago to improve its retail distribution the fight might have ended in a very different way. Beer and light wines could have been retailed in places where distilled liquors were not sold, and restaurant, amusement and social facilities could have been added to transform the saloon into an institution like the European café. To get an imaginative picture of what might have been done to save King Gambrinus through better distribution, just speculate upon a chain of cafés selling beer and light wines, with good food at reasonable prices, good music and good company, organized and managed like certain chain restaurants and tobacco stores.

The owner of this brewery, turned into an ice-cream plant, made a fortune as a manufacturer of beer. When the dry spell hit his town he converted his plant to ice cream and within a few months was doing a larger business than ever. But to-day his brewery is owned by other people. The ice-cream business was so different from brewing, so full of detail and counter to his past business experience, that it irritated him, and he sold out to others. As a brewer he had had no contact with the public, and his sales were in wholesale quantities for considerable sums. As an ice-cream manufacturer he found the public in his office every day, and made countless sales involving small sums. Adjusting himself temperamentally was a much harder job than transforming his plant technically—an excellent illustration of the lack of facility in distribution which has brought trouble to the brewing industry.

As a brewery this plant employed about fifty people. To-day it employs about one hundred and thirty. The equipment of a brewery is automatic to a high degree, and processes require chiefly supervision. Ice-cream making calls for more workers in its processes. A brewery being a wholesale establishment operates with a comparatively small office force. An ice-cream plant sells to a very wide range of customers—soda fountains, restaurants, clubs, hotels, organizations such as churches, with a large home trade. Therefore the office force is increased by workers who keep books, make out bills, and so forth.

To make 65,000 barrels of beer yearly you need approximately $130,000 worth of malt, hops, corn and other ingredients—two dollars a barrel. To make 800,000 gallons of ice cream in the same plant you need about $400,000 worth of cream, milk, milk powder and other ingredients. The materials required to make a gallon of ice cream cost about one-quarter as much as the ingredients for a barrel of beer, but people in territory where alcoholic drinks cannot be secured turn to ice cream and other sweets, and there is an interesting increase in business.

Both beer and ice-cream ingredients come largely from the farm. But the transformation from beer to ice cream switches production from field crops, like barley and hops, to the old cow. You must have the old cow for balanced agriculture, so that is a decided benefit, a gain in soil fertility and all-year-round employment on farms, with a reduction of soil robbing and speculative risks incident to single cropping.

The old cow also plays a fascinating technical part in the conversion of a brewery to ice-cream making.

When you made ice cream at home it was usually in summer, as a hot-weather delicacy. You liked it rich and velvety, and therefore put in plenty of fresh cream—in the country perhaps separator cream of twenty to forty per cent butterfat. You probably had trouble in freezing—sometimes the batch froze quickly, while again you had to turn the crank an hour, by spells. Sometimes your ice cream was just right and again it was not. You could not keep it very long—left standing it melted or the butterfat would work its way to the top of the can, leaving milk and water at the bottom. If it got soft and you froze it again then the stuff was rough, with lumps of ice.

To-day, using modern machinery, it is possible to make ice cream that can be stored a year, if necessary, without separation of butterfat, or softening, or deterioration of any kind. It is possible to make it with absolute uniformity. It is possible to make it hundreds of miles from not merely a cow but fresh milk or cream. The brewery transformed to ice-cream production supplies a demand good all the year round.

Milk and cream formerly came to an ice-cream plant in cans, as liquid. Now they come in boxes or barrels, as powder, like flour. By new processes of recent development milk is turned into dry powder in every form—whole-milk powder, skim-milk powder, buttermilk powder, and even cream powder, rich in butterfat. From the ice-cream man's viewpoint there is a saving in freight, with no danger of souring, because powdered milk is imperishable, and it is possible to make ice cream regardless of fresh milk supplies. As the dairy industry flourishes best in our Northern States and consumption of ice cream is great in the warm Southern States, powdered milk has eliminated some of the handicaps of ice-cream manufacture on the old lines.

Powdered Milk

INCIDENTALLY, powdered milk makes it possible to market fresh milk far from a dairy region. The automatic cow, giving what Uncle Sam officially calls "reconstituted milk," is becoming a factor in better milk supply wherever dairy farming lags. Uncle Sam himself built a big explosive works in a Southern state during the war, and after bringing in 20,000 workers and their families found that there was not a dairy cow within ten miles. So he put in an automatic cow, which was machine equipment consisting of mixers, emulsifiers, pasteurizers, coolers, and the like, and began turning out 3000 gallons of rich fresh milk by combining skim-milk powder, unsalted butter and distilled water, producing an article that approximated fresh milk entirely clean, and which cost materially less than the market price of city milk. Another interesting use for milk powder is found in the home, where it can be used instead of fresh milk in cooking at decided economy, with no danger of spoiling; and it can also be transformed into fresh milk at twenty-five to thirty cents a gallon.

Powdered milk is a good business proposition for the old cow. A state like California, with hundreds of thousands of acres of alfalfa, finds that this crop brings the best returns when fed to dairy cows, and puts a balance wheel in farming. California lacks population to consume such an output of milk, cream, butter and cheese. Milk-powder plants established near cows, regardless of remoteness, will turn milk into an imperishable product which can be stored for any period and shipped clear round the globe.

When the brew master turns from beer to ice cream he finds a field in which he can distinguish himself.

The brew master is an all-round able citizen economically, and when you know a little about his training and ability you will want to keep him in the community, no matter how dry things get. First of all he is a chemist, and

(Continued on Page 74)

HEROES ALL—By Peter Clark Macfarlane

THIS is a fact story. It aims to record simply and in unvarnished language what was possibly the coolest display of dogged unflinching courage and the greatest feat of seamanship exhibited by any unit of our Navy during the late war

I knew the United States Destroyer Shaw and her routine performances fairly well, for during my months at Queenstown when the work of these little corsairs was at its busiest I had been aboard her many times and twice had gone to sea upon her. In this way fairly intimate acquaintance with her successive skippers had resulted; and I came to know certain men of the enlisted personnel much better, since commanders changed and they did not. It is mainly from talks with and letters of these ratings quoting scraps of official records, together with extended conversations with some of the officers, that the facts to be recorded here were gathered and pieced together into what is certainly an accurate account of what transpired.

To begin with, the Shaw was a sort of miniature Oregon. She was built at the Mare Island yard on the Pacific Coast by the Government—the first ship of her class to be so constructed there—and her builders rounded her lovingly and painstakingly into shape, knowing that she was sound as a dollar in every part. She was placed in commission somewhere about the time war was declared, and immediately proved her quality by making a record run through the Panama Canal to New York City. By June she was upon the other side. In convoy and submarine scout work she steamed her first year so many tens of thousands of miles that I scruple to set the number down from mere memory, and established a reputation for dependableness that was a glowing argument for the government-built boat.

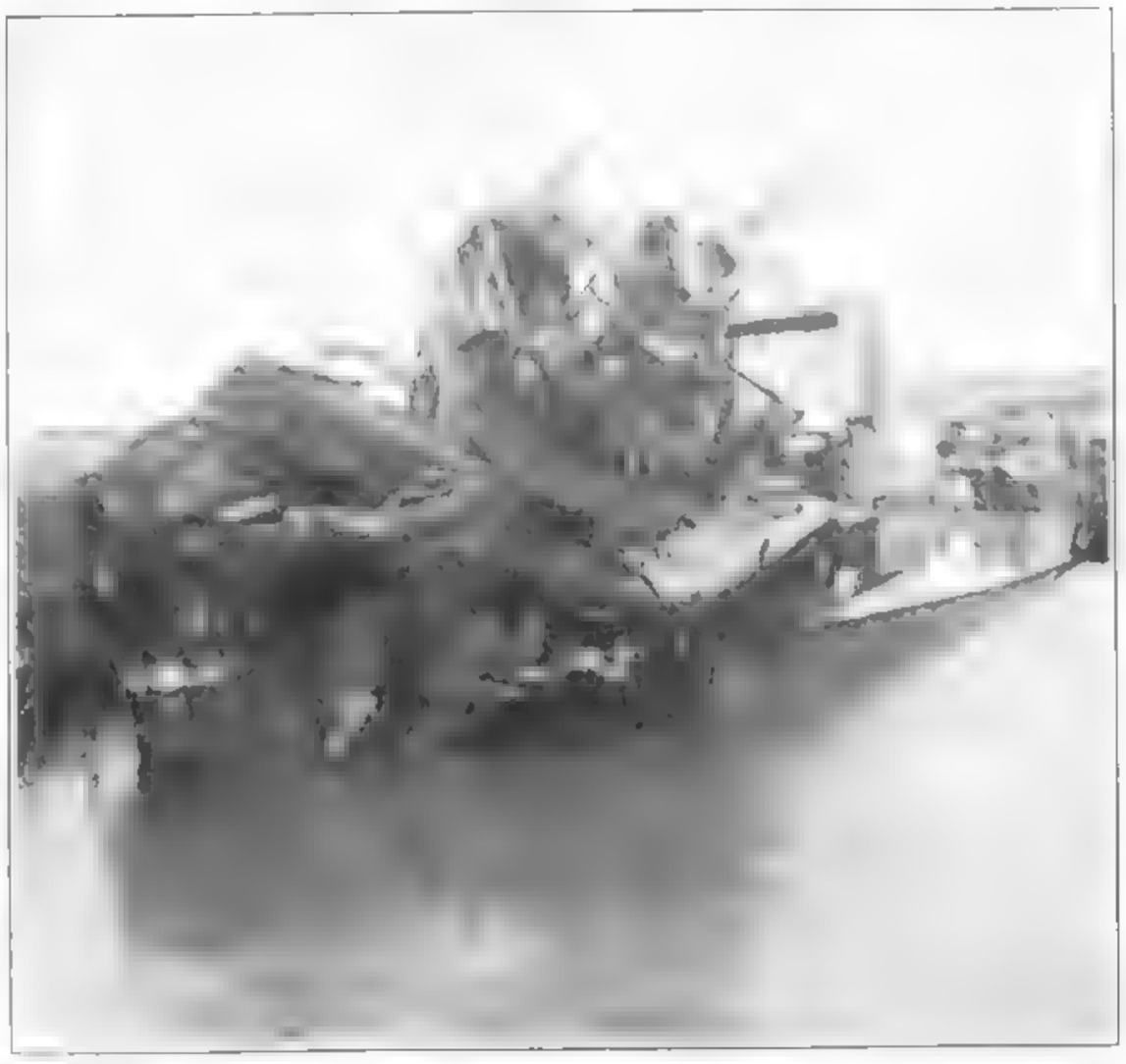
Commander Milton S. Davis put her in commission and sailed her for many months. After him she had a succession of three great skippers: David C. Hanrahan, now a captain; Commander William Halsey and Commander William Glassford.

Pose was farthest from Glassford, and yet his appearance filled the eye and appealed to the imagination. He was tall and handsome, with whipcord muscles, lithe as a panther, with an infectious laugh, a long, lean thrust of jaw and rare capacity for command. Disobedience or hesitation when he gave an order was unthought of, and his discipline included himself.

Looked at even casually he impressed as a good deal of a man; yet he had never been in a real crisis, a real jam. He did not know how he would behave in any sudden supreme test of nerve and courage. Neither did his men, any more than they knew how they would themselves behave. But commander and crew had faith in each other. The Shaw was what is known as a happy ship—and an efficient one. She had never missed a contact, never lost a convoy; month after month had fought the combing seas, performing her assignments with a skill and sureness that made her conspicuous as one of the most reliable of destroyers Yet with all the tens of thousands of miles of her convoy and patrol work she had never happened upon an encounter with a submarine; had never so much as sighted a periscope, in fact. Nothing big had ever occurred to her until, on the morning of October 9, 1918, came the great event; and in quite as unfortunate a manner as it could have come, with a test of courage that was as cruel as it was galling to pride, for it was not in combat with the enemy that the quality of the little ship, her crew and her commander was to be shown.

As senior officer present "S. O. P.," the terse parlance of the Navy has it Commander Glassford on the Shaw was escort commander of the Destroyers Kimberley, Duncan and Conyngham, guarding the great ship Aquitania through the English Channel, destined for Southampton The Aquitania is a boat of fifty-two thousand tons. She carried, roughly, eight thousand soldiers and a crew of two thousand men, and was thundering through the water at the rate of twenty-two knots, with the busy destroyers weaving about her their foamy net of safety, when upon the bridge of the Shaw a terrible thing happened.

The hour was early morning—five-fifty-eight, to be exact. The night had been a thing of horror. The seas were heavy and the atmosphere so unillumined that in the pitchy blackness the destroyers had hung on by their eyelashes to that vague ghostly patch which marked the speeding Aquitania, the hearts of their navigators alternating between fear of losing her and fear of colliding with her in the darkness. To add to the discomfort of the situation sudden orders had been whispered out into the night from naval headquarters changing the course of the great ship mysteriously and filling every breast with more than the usual sense of treacherous unseen dangers dogging them. It was, therefore, with a sigh of relief that the tired watchers on the bridges had welcomed that coming of the light which revealed the giant liner in their center. The Conyngham was well ahead, the Duncan and Kimberley to starboard, and the Shaw upon the port side, about four points off the Aquitania's bow



Bringing the Bruised Remnant of the Shaw Into Port Is Probably the Greatest Single Feat of Seamanship Performed by Our Navy During the War

Upon the bridge of the Shaw Commander Glassford was standing at the con—that is, he was in direct control of the course of the ship. With him was the officer of the deck, Lieutenant Edward C. Riley; a quartermaster, R. A. Roser, and five seamen: A. Rafferty, W. A. Rigg, A. J. Roy, F. A. Thompson and P. D. Stallings, all doing duty as lookouts, signal or wheel men. The destroyer was completing the right leg of a zigzag which had brought her to within one thousand yards of the convoy.

"Left rudder!" ordered the commander, exactly as he had ordered it a few minutes before

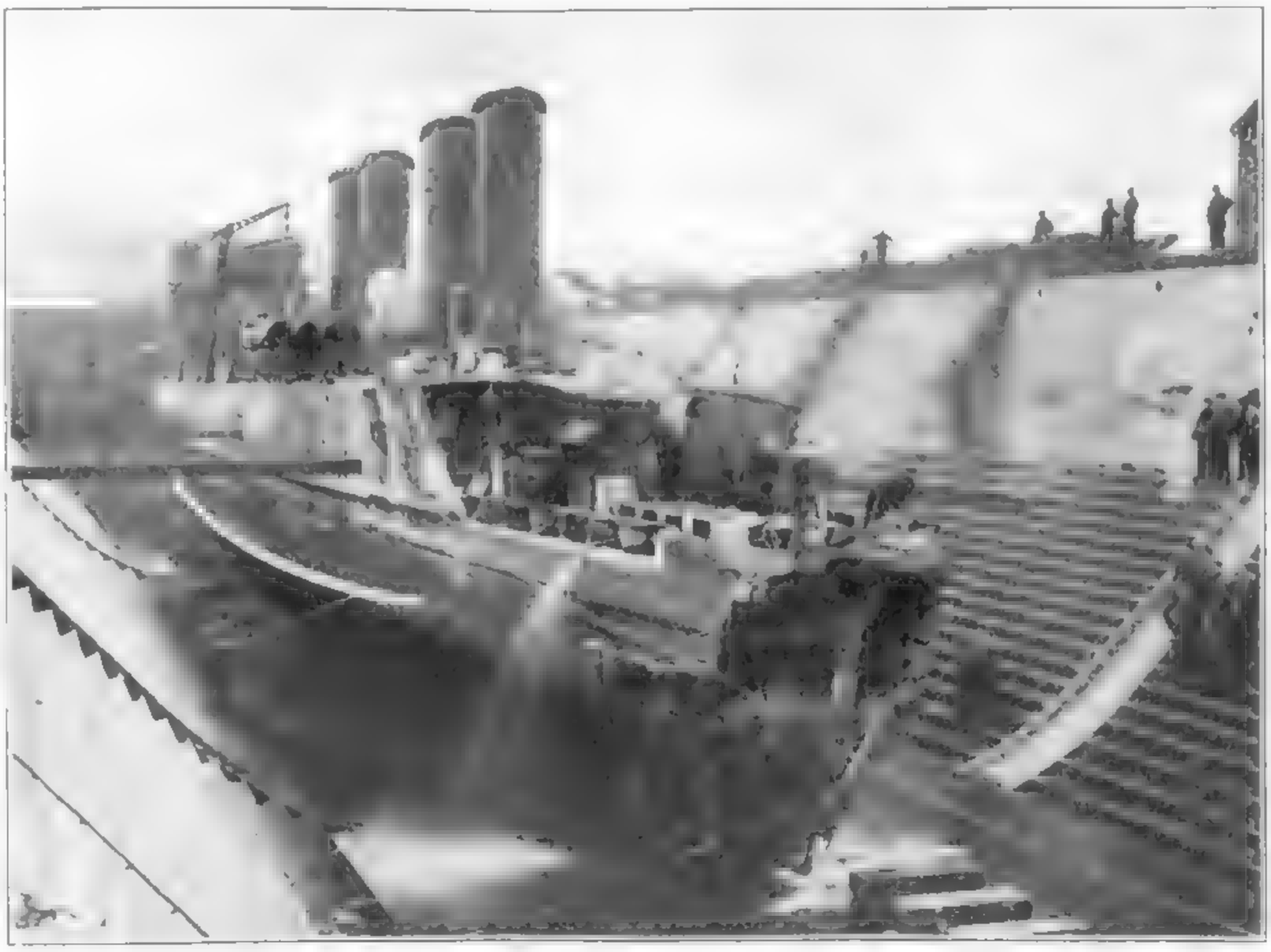
Seaman Rafferty shifted his hands upon the wheel and began to spin it. It moved readily enough and then stuck. As he tugged at it his face reddened and then paled. The helm had jammed, fifteen degrees right rudder.

"Sir, the rudder is jammed!" reported Rafferty.

The commander had sensed this fact before the wheelman almost, and was now flinging his own strong hand upon it. But the rudder was immovable and it was hurling the Shaw like a giant spearhead straight at the tender sides of the Aquitania.

To the landsman it must seem impossible that the navigating eye could calculate so nicely that at a distance of one thousand yards it could be determined instantly that collision between those two fast-traveling bodies was inevitable, and that at the speed at which they were moving that collision must take place within less than a minute. But Glassford divined it.

Continued on Page 61



The United States Destroyer Shaw in Drydock With Wreckage Trimmed Away

RU OF THE RESERVES

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON DEXTER

RUTH RUMSEY was the middle girl of five daughters. Of course if you never were the middle child in a family this doesn't mean much to you. I never was, myself; I was the eldest, thank heaven, and always had new clothes The youngest gets them too, you see, because by that time they are worn out. But I doubt if Ru ever had a new coat in her life.

Not that the Rumseys were poor; far from it. They were very comfortably off, and had an attractive place in the country, and a runabout besides the big car. But with five girls to bring up and educate and take to the dentist and dancing school you have to consider the places where you can save, as Mrs. Rumsey used to say; and Ruth seemed to be the principal place. Kitty, her eldest sister, went to the most expensive finishing school in the country; Helena went there because Kitty had gone. But by the time Ruth was ready Mr. Rumsey shook his head thoughtfully and said that with three more coming on they might as well begin to retrench. So they began on Ruth. Ruth had the idea that she would like to go to college, but it was a new idea to the family and it took them some time to consider it. By the time they were willing to consent Marjory was ready and went; and Jean began to prepare for it as a matter of course. Meanwhile Ruth had gone to a day school in the comfortable suburb where they lived, thus missing the good times of the elder two and the good education of the younger ones. You see what I mean? It was always that way

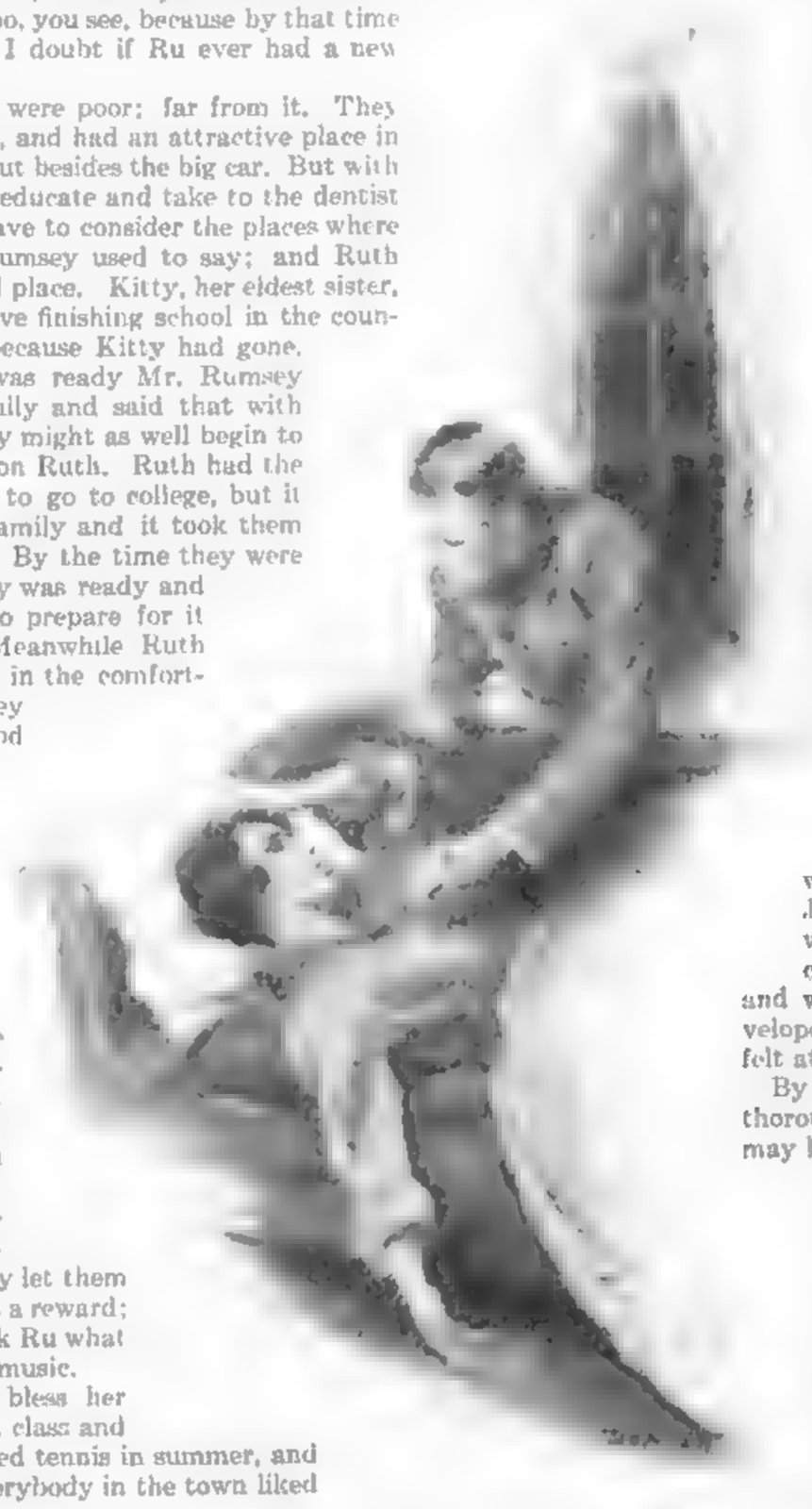
Kitty's piano lessons and Helena's singing cost so much that Mrs. Rumsey decided it was perfectly useless to give girls such expensive training unless they had great natural talent, so that Ruth's voice, which was really charming, was let alone. Madge and Jeannie went without so good-naturedly that Mr. Rumsey let them ride and fence at college as a reward; but nobody thought to ask Ru what she'd like in place of the music.

Not that she minded, bless her heart! She joined a choral class and skated in winter and played tennis in summer, and let it go at that. And everybody in the town liked her.

"Ru?" they said. "Ru Rumsey? A dear girl. Not brilliant, like the older ones, of course; Kate and Helena are considered beautiful girls even in New York, you know. And Jean and Margie are magnificently athletic—Margie was class president and Jean is considered one of the best actresses they ever had up there. Yes, indeed. A fine family. You can't expect that all the girls should be exceptional of course. But I don't know what Mrs. Rumsey would do without Ru."

Kitty, like so many beautiful eldest daughters, didn't marry. She had trips abroad and Southern winters and fishing at Adirondack camps, but at thirty-two she was still in possession of the big guest room with the southwest exposure, taking her coffee in bed every morning of her life. Helena, usually regarded as a sort of understudy to her sister, married very well and lived within a mile of the big comfortable house where she had been born. Madge married into the Navy the summer following her graduation—"All that training wasted!" Mrs. Rumsey used to wail; "and honors in science too!"—and had three little dumplings of babies in three years. Jean at twenty-four had already developed a talent for public speaking and actually made a great deal of money addressing classes and clubs and luncheons of women in these new Current Events lectures. She moved in a cloud of engagements and programs, and Mr. Rumsey was immensely proud of her, and lent her his own secretary most of the time, putting up with his second-best one himself. She was seldom at home except to rest and refit, but kept the big double room she used to share with Marjory, and was very cross indeed if anybody presumed to occupy it.

Marjory's husband made long cruises, and she flew off with him hectically when it was possible, and left the babies with mother—which meant with Ru, because Mrs. Rumsey got too nervous over them and had to run away to Lakewood and Atlantic City. But there had to be a nursery for them, and that was Kitty's old room, facing full south, with Helena's, adjoining it, for the nurse. Ruth had moved down to this room when Helena left it, but very soon went back to her old room on the third floor between the sewing room and the little single guest room. She had begun to learn typewriting once, and the little guest room had grown into a sort of study for her, which was very pleasant and convenient, too, for her mother could not bear the click of the keys and wouldn't hear of it on the two lower floors; but it turned out such a useful place for Jean's secretary that she soon took it over altogether, and worked there for Mr. Rumsey when she wasn't clicking away for Jean. It was so piled up with files of newspapers and card catalogues of clippings and wall maps and big red envelopes that Ruth couldn't have felt at home in it anyhow.



"A Doctor is Old. You're an Officer," She Muttered, and Coughed Hoarsely

By this time Ruth was pretty thoroughly busy, as perhaps you may have guessed.

Madge and her babies were with them most of the time; Jean darted back and forth, important and absorbing; Kitty went out a great deal and had many guests; and Mrs. Rumsey spent most of her days with Helena and her children. Helena had always been her favorite and depended on her the most. Father Rumsey was not so young as he had been, as he put it, and as Ruth had always been the nearest to him of any of his girls he demanded a great deal of her, first and last.

He confided the problems of his large law practice to her and liked her to read the papers to him and sing to him evenings—Kitty had long since "given up her music," as they say.

Marjory was never very strong, after the three dumpling babies, and used to cry if they cried; and Aunty Ru knew how to keep them from crying better than anybody else. Mrs. Rumsey felt safer with Ru at the wheel of the runabout than with anyone but Clarence, the chauffeur, and Clarence couldn't always be spared, with so much going on. Old Hilda the cook said that Miss Ru was a terrible lot more economical and sensible about the ordering than the madam, who never could learn about the new high prices and couldn't plan left-overs or keep the kitchen dinners down.

Even Helena wasn't above asking her to do the children's shopping when she went into town for Margie.

"You might as well stop at the stocking counter while you're there," she said.

The clerks used to wonder how she had found time to have so many children.

Not that she couldn't have; I believe she could have found time for anything. She never seemed in a hurry. She had long capable arms and legs, nice gray eyes under rather heavy brows, and a thick rope of dark strong hair. She had worn Kitty's and Helena's clothes so long that she never dreamed of not doing so, and as they had very good clothes, especially Kitty, she always looked well enough, though not exactly as though she had selected her things herself.

Kitty had always insisted on a good allowance; Helena followed suit. Jean and Margie had to have one of course at college. Ruth had never gone away, and really hadn't needed one, you see, and when she had asked tentatively for the reversion of Helena's, on her marriage, Father Rumsey had pinched her ear and answered jocosely:

"Oh, send the bills to me, Ruthie. Let me have one old-fashioned daughter!"

So she had never advanced beyond her schoolgirl's six dollars a month for car fares and sheet music. But of course she could have had anything she asked for, as her mother pointed out. Mrs. Rumsey often remarked with a sigh that few girls had such authority and scope in a large household. Ru certainly had enough scope.

When the big war came along the Rumseys met it with colors flying. They had the usual little interval of not discussing it; the period of patient neutrality; the uncomfortable, incredulous, inglorious optimism—and then they mobilized. Mother Rumsey dismissed the osteopath, tied on a blue veil and struck out into deep-sea Red Cross traffic. Helena was one of the first canteen victims, and bobbed up at station platforms at three o'clock in the morning, full of patriotism and aspirin. Jean spoke for Liberty Loans and Americanization and Free Milk for France indiscriminately; Helena's husband said that she couldn't pass by even a pile of lumber without feeling its possibilities and climbing up it to make a speech.

Even little Margie armed herself with a long list and pestered the merchants of lower Fourth Avenue for subscriptions to a free-wool fund. Her husband didn't like this very much, but as she pointed out to him this was no time for personal prejudices, and America must come first.

Last of all, Kitty looked into the subject of uniforms with some care and emerged eventually as a lieutenant in a local branch of a metropolitan motor corps. This was a great surprise to everybody, as she had learned to drive the runabout very casually and more or less under protest, and always insisted she had forgotten which was "neutral" and which was the emergency brake. But she cleared up this uncertainty very quickly, and under Ru's tuition actually passed a Y. M. C. A. examination.

As Father Rumsey said, he had five girls in the service, and the old girl would romp in ahead of 'em all yet! By this he was understood to mean Mother Rumsey—so great are the social revolutions of war.

Well, you remember how we worked; it all seems very long ago now. Lunch tables turned into committees and afternoon tea simply disappeared.

When the Government commandeered the big hotel outside the town as a hospital the Rumseys frankly gave up a dinner hour, and Ruth kept a ham and a big dish of her own special baked beans and a bowl of potato salad and a chocolate cake on the table from seven till nine every evening, and whoever had time dropped in and ate. There were coffee and tea, and Hilda made hot biscuits every day.

Kitty drove the runabout back and forth from the hospital to the railroad station all day, and looked like a young Diana in her service cap and leggings. Captain Disbrow of the Medical Corps got into the habit of coming back to supper with her on Thursdays and Sundays, and everybody was much interested, for he was known to be the favorite nephew of a fabulously rich aunt somewhere in New England, and a very clever young doctor besides.

He was a silent chap, and often smoked one of Father Rumsey's cigars through without saying a word. He would sit, one khaki knee swung over the other, looking musingly at Kitty; appreciating, probably, the ham and the potato salad and the easy affectionate home atmosphere, which he had never known, it appeared. He had lived at schools and colleges all his life and spent his holidays in travel Kitty seemed to know all about this, and assured them that he wasn't at all bored, but thoroughly satisfied with life in the Rumsey household.

"Who's coming in early to-night?" Mother Rumsey would say. "I have to be at the Finance Committee, and I don't like to leave your father alone."

"Not me," Kitty would answer. "I have to take the colonel's aide over to the shore line for the late express. I hope there'll be some cocoa or something when I get back."

"We're called over to Jersey City at eleven-thirty," Helena would add. "We seem to get nothing but night work, I must say. Ted insists on going over with me, which is simply idiotic, and I wondered if Ru couldn't sleep over with us to-night. Little Teddy has rather a cough."

"Indeed she cannot!" Margie would cut in excitedly. "I promised mother I'd sleep upstairs to-night and try to get a little rest! Of course I meant if Ru was here. You don't suppose I'd leave the baby with that new Sadie—she's a perfect fool!"

"I'm glad you're going to be here, Pussy," said Father Rumsey, relieved; "because I'd like to go over that letter to the Tribune with you if you've nothing else to do."

"Did you get time to type my report for me, dear?" Mother Rumsey asked. "Not that it matters if you didn't, but I can't seem to read my own figures; at night especially."

"I'll have it ready," Ruth replied. "I had to look after Ilsa to-day; she has a nasty cough."

"The captain might look at her," Kitty suggested. "She spilled my coffee all over this morning, coughing. When servants can't think of anything else to do they get ill."

"They certainly do!" Helena chimed in. "Mary has a cough too. It's horrid, having her so near the children. If you are out in the car, Ruth, about noon, stop over and take Teddy out, won't you? Anywhere you're going. I think he caught his cough from Mary."

"There won't be any car," said Margie. "Clarence is taking me out all day canvassing for our drive. If it's marketing, Ru, you can walk, can't you?"

"Yes, but Teddy oughtn't to. Why don't you walk for your canvass?" Helena objected.

"Let's have a look at Ilsa," the captain suggested; and he and Ruth went upstairs together.

"Did you happen to have any plans of your own for to-night?" he asked with a dry little grin; and she smiled back a little constrainedly.

"Well, yes, I did, as it happens," she confessed. "I thought Momsy would be home this evening. I was going to substitute for a friend of mine and do a little ambulance driving. She has a rather tricky little car, but I learned on it, and I love to drive it. I'll have to call her up. Father's awfully tired to-night."

In Ilsa's room he whipped out a thermometer and held the girl's wrist.

"Keep her in bed," he said briefly. "This thing is practically epidemic, you know. And Mrs. Ted ought to look out for the boy if the nurse has the least bit of temperature. Can you read a temperature?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, have a look at him. Are you sensitive to this kind of thing—nose and throat?"

"No, not a bit. I'm always well. But Kitty is."

"She shouldn't get overtired then. It's a real disease, you know—not a cold." He jerked his head back at the flushed girl in the bed.

When they got back to the dining room everybody was ready to go.

"You'll look out for Ilsa, of course, dear," said Mother Rumsey. "and I'm afraid I can't wait for the report. While father is reading his Tribune letter to you, would you mind finishing that helmet of mine? The wool is all wound."

"Oh, Momsy, that's not fair!" Margie cried. "You knit like lightning and I'm way behind, and our quota is three hundred garments! Ru promised to do my sweater if I bought the wool! I signed up for four."

"Miss Ru should have been twins," said Captain Disbrow. "Are you ready, Miss Rumsey? Have you a muffler of some sort? It's very damp."

"Well, well, well!" said Father Rumsey jovially. "Here's to my family in the service!" He lifted his coffee-cup in a toast. "One—two—three! And Jean speaking for the Aviation Fund in Poughkeepsie to-night! And the old lady busiest of all! And all of you in uniform!"

Mother Rumsey smoothed back her captain's veil, Kitty settled her lieutenant's belt, and Helena and Margie fingered the various emblems on their lapels.

"All but Aunty Ru!" sang out Helena's oldest girl, supping with them. "Aunty Ru hasn't got any uniform at all!"

"Oh, well, chicken, five out of six is pretty good," said her grandfather. "Aunty Ru has plenty of civilian's work. Where would you and I be to-night without her? Somebody must stay home!"

Ru turned her head aside for a moment.

"I'll leave the cocoa in the kitchen, Kit," she said in a low voice. "I'm going upstairs early to-night. I'm a little tired."

"Lucky dog!" Kitty called up the stair well. "I wish we had time to be tired, in the corps!"

Captain Disbrow turned into a major overnight—you remember how they did?—and went down to inspect a camp in the South. When he came back there was no blinking the fact that the country had a plague to contend with as well as a war. Doctors looked drawn and sleepless, nurses were improbable luxuries. Local health boards threw up their hands in despair, and castor oil and aspirin were ordered like breakfast cereals from the busy apothecaries.

The major reported at his hospital, took a bath, sent out his other uniform to be pressed, put on the fresh one, and picked up a young private from the motor corps to take him over to the bed of one of his staff who had succumbed at his own home.

"How's the corps doing?" he asked. "Just drop me at the Rumseys; I'll get myself back."

"Fine, thank you, major. Did you hear we'd moved? There's so much infection in the village that we all moved into the Tea Cup Inn. Nobody has it yet, and we're so busy! Captain Mullally thought it would be a great opportunity for regular barracks drill. We have reveille at six-thirty, and nobody's allowed to go home. Drill every morning with an army sergeant."

"So Lieutenant Rumsey isn't here?"

"No, major—she's with us. Recommended for captain, they say. She may go to New York."

He waited for some time at the door, which opened at last with the help of a frowzy Irishwoman, who evidently believed firmly in the efficiency of alcohol as a preventive measure.

"There does be nobody at home," she announced with the air of one who employs a frequently practiced formula.

"The boss and the madam they're in Lakewood, New Jersey, and the young madam she does be off with her husband for a week, it is. The young lady that's in uniform like yourself, belt an' all, she's off boardin' at the Tay Cup Hotel, an' the tiliphone's six-ought-foive."

"Then you're all alone here?"

He turned to go.

"All alone, is it? God knows I am, an' but that I've not the heart to leave the young lady alone like, I'd be steppin' myself, for I'm not near so strong as I look, an' the stairs is fierce. But the baby's fayver wint down last night, praise God, and the young gintlemin's coughin' his head off to beat the band, an' I'll stick by her yet a while."

"What do you mean? Is anybody in the house?"

"Is anybody in, he says! Sure they're in! What do I be tellin' you? Miss Ruth, she's here, an' the three young ones."

Major Disbrow pushed past her.

"I'm a doctor," he said briefly. "Where is Miss Ruth?"

The big hall was musty and the dust of a week lay thick over it. The withered flowers in the pots, the window shades askew, the litter of newspapers, made the comfortable old house blush for itself. As he ran up the stairs a high angry cough rang out from the right, and an apologetic sneeze from the left answered for the condition of Margie's youngsters.

"Did the benzoin come, Mrs. Toomey?" Ru's voice called along the upper hall. "I want to put on the steamer as soon as it does, you know. Master Rumsey's coughing again."

"'Morning," the major answered cheerfully. "It's Disbrow. Anything I can do? You seem to be holding the fort."

However the house in general might have slipped from grace, the big southern-set nursery was ready for inspection. Two little white beds held the baby and Margie's eldest; a bright little fire, a green pot of ferns and a canary relieved the hospital bareness of the floor; and Ru, in Helena's canteen apron and cap, made a sufficiently professional nurse for anybody.

"Is that drunken old woman all you've got?"

"Heavens, don't breathe a word against Mrs. Toomey!" she cried. "She's all I've got, and she can drink dynamite if she'll only stay! The chambermaid left a week ago, when the laundress came down. Kit carried her off to the hospital. Ilsa very nearly died, you know. She's just sitting up, and her niece runs in twice a day to look after her when I can't. Hilda simply walked off—eleven years she's been with us, and off she goes at the first scare! She'll come back when it's over, she says."

"Good Lord!"

"The corps called all the women over to the tea house. I suppose you know?"

"Yes, I know."

His voice was very dry.

"We managed to get a nurse, but Momsy thought Helena'd better have her. Helena was so tired with all this canteen night work I suppose she hadn't much resistance. However, it's a light case, and none of the children seem to have been touched. She's sitting up now."

"Then why don't they send you the nurse?"

"Oh, she isn't strong yet, and her own nurse was new and the children don't care for her. They like the trained one, and that keeps Helena from worrying. I can get along."

"I see."

"Lieutenant Ritch got a week's leave—you never met Margie's husband, did you? and they ran down to Old Point for it. She hasn't seen him for nearly a year. Of course, when she left, the baby only had a cough and Rumsey was all right. I didn't telegraph, because there wasn't any use; there simply aren't any nurses, and Margie's no good at it herself, you know. It would be just one more to look after."

"How are you yourself? You look tired."

"Oh, well—as long as little Kittsy doesn't get it I'm all right. I keep her in mother's room. The only thing—she doesn't get out, of course."

"Can't she be sent to your sister's?"

"That's what I wanted to do," she confessed, "but Helena was worried; and of course Kittsy *had* been exposed. She thought it would be silly to carry it right to her three children."

"But she has it herself?"

"Yes, but they kept her absolutely isolated, you see."

He looked at the circles under her eyes and her yellow cheeks. "This is idiotic," he said abruptly. "Excuse me a moment. I think maybe I can scare up some sort of nurse. They sent us a list of Red Cross assistants, didn't they? I'll be back in an hour."

He closed the door carefully behind him, and Ru remembered that they had not even shaken hands or said how-do-you-do.

The baby went off into his regular mid-morning doze, and Ru, secure in the remembrance of Kittsy taking her airing in furs and leggings, with all the windows open in the dining room, settled down to Rumsey's favorite Bluebeard:

"'*Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?*'

"'*I see only a cloud of dust in the road.*'"

Presently Mrs. Toomey arrived with the blessed benzoin, and she attached the little plug to the electric heater, flicked a few brown drops into the steaming bowl, and as the moist air spread through the room Rumsey's tired little throat began to know peace, and he, too, grew drowsy.

(Continued on Page 68)

Everybody Was Much Interested, for Captain Disbrow Was Known to be the Favorite Nephew of a Fabulously Rich Aunt

A First Move Toward Law and Order in Russia

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

MANY months had passed during which the population of the Crimean coast suffered and gazed wistfully out to sea, when one day, about the middle of December, 1918, an Allied Fleet sailed into the harbor of Sebastopol.

As soon as the flagship had dropped anchor the commanding officer, British Vice-Admiral Calthorpe, was waited upon by a messenger, who put the following official document into his hands:

The Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Provisional Crimean Government to the High Commander of the Allied Fleet in Sebastopol Harbor.

In consequence of our recent negotiations of December ninth I have the honor to inform the High Commander of the Allied Fleet of the following particulars concerning accommodations which can be offered to Allied troops landing in the Crimea, and concerning provisions which will be supplied to them. By the sixteenth of December the government can install at our capital, Simferopol, 400 men in barracks, and in town billets 600 more; at Djankoi, 300 men; at Eupatoria, 500; at Feodosia, 500; at Karasu-Bazar, 300; at Toganasch, 100; and at Perekop, 100. Toganasch and Perekop, which are thirty and sixty kilometers from Djankoi, will necessitate transportation; and this the government can also furnish for the number of men designated. All these groups total together 2800 men, and an equal number can be quartered in Sebastopol itself.

The Crimean Provisional Government will pay for the troops' installation, and will furnish the Allies with firewood and coal. Also, the Provisional Government considers itself in duty bound to supply the following provisions to Allied troops: One pound of bread to each man daily; two pounds of sugar monthly; 80,000 bottles of red and white Crimean wine in casks; 4000 pounds of dried fruits; 120 liters of rum. [Signed] VINAVER,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

So it would seem the Allied Fleet on reaching Crimean shores found an organized government alive in the midst of the general chaos which Russia nowadays presents to the imagination of the outside world. This government was a newborn thing, for when the central provisional government fell at Petrograd, in November, 1917, and the Bolsheviki took over the power in the north a period of general unrest was inaugurated all over Russia. Immediately the whole country was victimized by uprisings of various Bolshevik groups or of other nationalists, such as Ukrainians, Letts, Esthonians, Finns, Cossacks or Circassian tribes.

The Separation of the Caucasus

STRETCHING into the Black Sea the Crimean Peninsula had remained calmer than the rest of our immense country. With almost enough resources to be independent, with small well-to-do cities, a population of comfortable Tartar or Little-Russian peasant proprietors, with a large group of rich and aristocratic refugees scattered in villas along the coast, able and ready to pay well for their safety and comfort—it had a better chance of being overlooked by the new propagandists; and as it was on the road to nowhere it was used neither as a battle ground nor as a passageway for the various conflicting forces. The Crimea's main fear was therefore of financial misery, caused by the echo of Bolshevik ill usage of northern banks. Also, it suffered from the attacks of armed soldiers and sailors or of other criminals who made up occasional parties to steal and kill, and who motored over the country doing what harm they could.

At first the towns had been very tranquil, and the only signs of the times were the arrests of members of the imperial family who lived along the road from Livadia to Tchaire. Soon these unfortunates were threatened, not by the quiet Tartars who lived round them, but by these same hooligan elements, vague torn-off shreds of the rabble in the north; and because money did not come through, the financial establishments in Simferopol, Jalta, Kertch and elsewhere limited their clients to the smallest payments necessarily, and with provision prices immensely high it was a problem how they would get on. In dread of daily suffering and in danger they lived, hoarding their small resources and provisions, victimized by rumor, terrified by occasional demonstrations when villas round about were sacked and their inhabitants driven from home, ill-treated and frequently wounded, sometimes murdered on the spot.

Soon the treaty of Brest-Litovsk and the equal treachery of the German Government and its agents—who were Trotzky's and Lenine's representatives—brought our country into the enemies' net completely, ended the war, and opened wide the doors of Russia to the Huns. This was in the winter, spring and summer of 1918. Moscow had a German ambassador, Count Mirbach, who dictated his country's policy to the docile Trotzky; Skoropadsky, Hetman of the Ukraine, joined forces with Von Eichorn, Hun dictator at Kief.

In the south Caucasians, always wild and proud, broke away from this new Russia. They had been held to us before only by the brilliancy of our court, which appealed equally to all the antagonistic mountain tribes through their love of splendor and of visible power. Other considerable districts of Russia, encouraged by the enemy, also fell off now, believing they were to be independent and free from tyranny; but they found themselves immediately absorbed by the diabolical octopus, which stretched cunning, supple arms and gathered in the whole country's riches, whether in grain or in men, repaying these with empty words and with Utopian promises.

Never was there such misery in any nation as in ours through all that time when, unable to gather herself up and reorganize, frantic with fear and suffering, torn with the violence of contending parties and ideas, helpless and prostrate, Russia was all but dying. The various provinces called independent countries were treated as mere colonies by the invaders. Lithuania, White Russia, the Baltic States, Georgia and the Crimean Peninsula were all proclaimed free, but the latter was the only one which still called itself Russian, and it had not been even mentioned or represented at the conference of Brest-Litovsk. Germany was sending her troops over all the northern country, and also, through Rumania into Bessarabia and the Ukraine, while Turkey invaded the Caucasus. Suddenly, without explanation or excuse, the Teuton soldiers appeared in the Tauride Government and installed themselves in its capital, Simferopol; and they told the people of the Tartar race to rise up and create a national free state. Were they not Orientals, and were they not living under the rule of Russian conquerors? Now at last these were laid low, and it was, they said, time for the poor downtrodden Tartar tribes to form their own government and elect a khan of their own race, putting themselves then under German protection or else joining the kindly Turks, who were their coreligionists.

Everything was done to awaken chauvinism among the Oriental portion of the Crimea's inhabitants, while the imperial group of refugees was also ostentatiously well treated. Their guard of Bolshevik sailors was changed at once for one of ex-officers from the old-régime army, who were now given as their unique occupation the duty of looking after the safety of the Empress Mother and the various grand dukes.

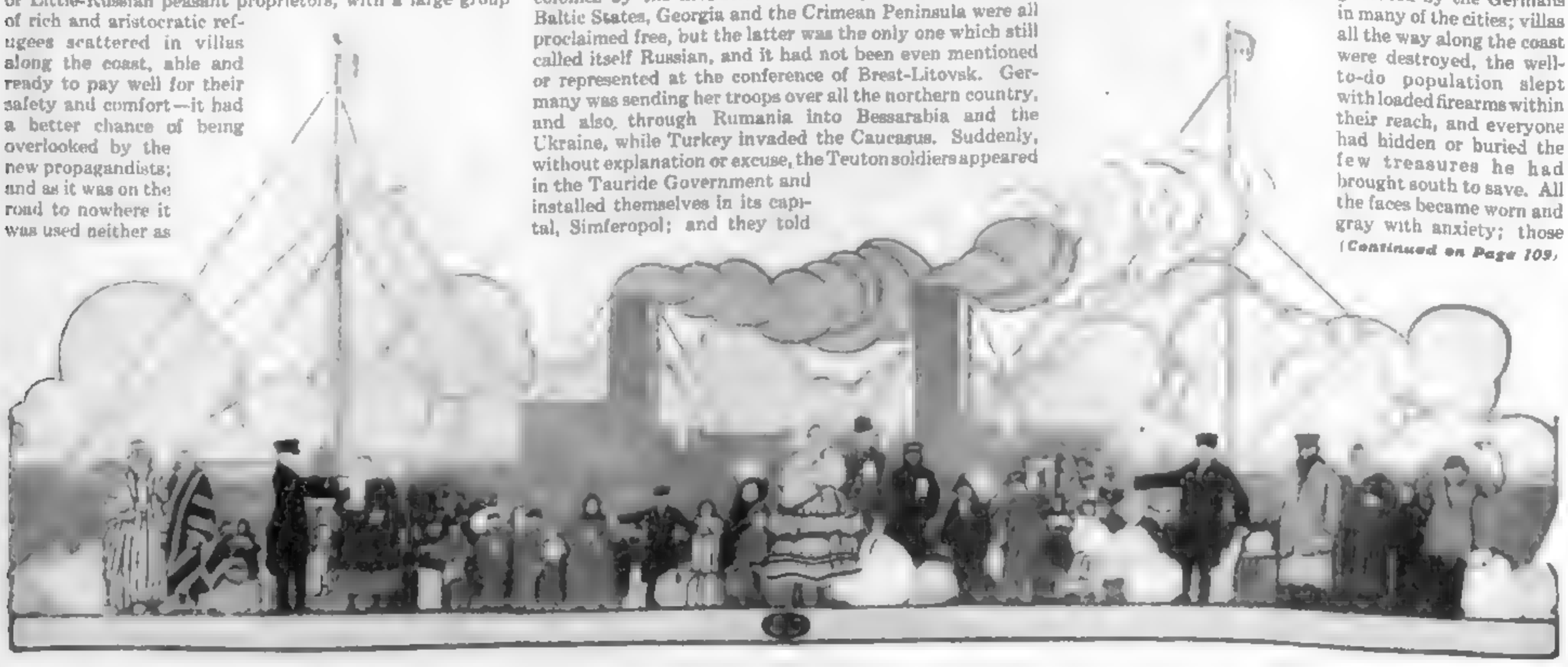
The Mohammedan Khan

SOMEHOW or other, however, the German propaganda met with small success. Our officers were glad enough to protect the lives of a group of helpless exiles, who until now had been in danger; and the latter were pleased to be rid of their previous guardians and spies; but both imperials and officers were against the Teuton enemy they had fought valiantly through three long years and had learned to know so well; and they continued to dislike them even now, in spite of their sudden change of front. It seemed somewhat naive in the Huns to act as they did, and it showed the measure of their own principles for them to think the Dowager Empress and the Grand Duke Nicholas and others of that party could be their allies under any circumstances.

A khan was named prime minister—Sulkévitch, a Mohammedan Tartar—and the natives of Oriental origin were constantly caressed and courted; but whether from real wisdom or from indifference, or because they had been content with their previous life as it was, the Crimeans in these new conditions were as inert as the imperialists had been, and they gave small attention to German flattery and German advances. Anyhow, they formed only one-third of the population, and had lived on excellent terms with the Russian majority until now. Sulkévitch and his German protectors became odious after a short time; but there was one great advantage in the Teuton occupation. It was that railroad communications with the north were opened, and banking operations were possible again, so provisions and money could be arranged for and brought into the Tauride Province, while even some few men with interests in the north or the Ukraine could make an occasional trip on business or for political reasons. This was the only benefit of our enemy's reign.

From January to May, 1918, was a painful and dangerous period. There were uprisings forced by the Germans in many of the cities; villas all the way along the coast were destroyed, the well-to-do population slept with loaded firearms within their reach, and everyone had hidden or buried the few treasures he had brought south to save. All the faces became worn and gray with anxiety; those

(Continued on Page 109)



LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

Watching His Chance He Leaped Overboard, Though It Was the Dead of Winter, and Swam Ashore

TRUTH, we are told, is stranger than fiction. I have found it so in the knowledge which has variously come to me of many interesting men and women. Of these Dr. Norvin Green was a striking example. To have sprung from humble parentage in the wilds of Kentucky and to die at the head of the most potential corporation in the world—to have held this place against all comers by force of abilities deemed indispensable to its welfare—to have gone the while his ain gait, disdaining the precepts of Doctor Franklin—who, by the way, did not trouble himself overmuch to follow them—seems so unusual as to rival the most stirring stories of "the best sellers."

When I first met Doctor Green he was president of a Kentucky railway company. He had been, however, one of the organizers of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He deluded himself for a little by political ambitions. He wanted to go to the Senate of the United States, and during a legislative session of prolonged balloting he missed his election by a single vote.

It may be doubted whether he would have made a considerable figure at Washington. His talents were constructive rather than declamatory. He was called to a greater field—though he never thought it so—and was foremost among those who developed the telegraph system of the country almost from its infancy. He possessed the daring of the typical Kentuckian, with the dead calm of the stoic philosopher; imperturbable; never vexed or querulous or excited; denying himself none of the indulgences of the gentleman of leisure. We grew to be constant comrades and friends, and when he returned to New York to take the important post which to the end of his days he filled so completely his office in the Western Union Building became my downtown headquarters.

There I met Jay Gould familiarly; and resumed acquaintance with Russell Sage, whom I had known when a lad in Washington, he a hayseed member of Congress; and occasionally other of the Wall Street leaders. In a small way—though not for long—I caught the stock-gambling fever. But I was on the "inside," and it was a cold day when I did not "clean up" a goodly amount to waste uptown in the evening. I may say that I gave this over through sheer disgust of acquiring so much and such easy and useless money, for, having no natural love of money—no aptitude for making money breed—no taste for getting it except to spend it—earning by my own accustomed and fruitful toil always a sufficiency—the distractions and dissipations it brought to my annual vacations and occasional visits affronted in a way my self-respect, and palled upon my rather eager quest of pleasure. Money is purely relative. The root of all evil likewise. Much of it may bring greater ills than not enough.

At the outset of my stock-gambling experience I was one day in the office of President Edward H. Green, of the Louisville and Nashville Railway, no relation of Dr. Norvin Green, but the husband of the famous Hetty Green. He said to me, "How are you in stocks?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why," he said, "do you buy long, or short? Are you lucky or unlucky?"

"You are talking Greek to me," I answered.

"Didn't you ever put up any money on a margin?"

"Never."

"Bless me! You are a virgin. I want to try your luck. Look over this stock list and select a stock. I will take a crack at it. All I make we'll divide, and all we lose I'll pay."

"Will you leave this open for an hour or two?"

"What is the matter with it—is it not liberal enough?"

"The matter is that I am going over to the Western Union to lunch. The Gould party is to sit in with the Orton-Green party for the first time after their fight, and I am asked especially to be there. I may pick up something."

Big Green, as he was called, paused a moment reflectively. "I don't want any pointer—especially from that bunch," said he. "I want to try your virgin luck. But go ahead, and let me know this afternoon."

At luncheon I sat at Doctor Green's right, Jay Gould at his left. For the first and last time in its history wine was served at this board. Russell Sage was effusive in his demonstration of affection and profusive with his stories of my boyhood; everyone sought to take the chill off the occasion, and we had a most enjoyable time instead of what promised to be rather a frosty formality. When the rest had departed, leaving Doctor Green, Mr. Gould and me alone at table, mindful of what I had come for, in a bantering way I said to Doctor Green: "Now that I am a Wall Street ingénu, why don't you tell me something?"

Gould leaned across the table and said in his velvet voice: "Buy Texas Pacific."

Two or three days after, Texas Pacific fell off fifty points or more. I did not see Big Green again. Five or six months later I received from him a statement of account which I could never have unraveled, with a check for some thousands of dollars, my one-half profit. Texas Pacific had come back again.

Two or three years later I sat at Doctor Green's table with Mr. Gould, just as we had sat the first day. Mr. Gould recalled the circumstance.

"I did not think I could afford to have you lose on my suggestion and I went to cover your loss when I found five thousand shares of Texas Pacific transferred on the books of the company in your name. I knew these could not be yours. I thought the buyer could be none other than the man I was after, and I began hammering the stock. I have been curious ever since to make sure whether I was right."

"Whom did you suspect, Mr. Gould?" I asked.

"My suspect was Victor Newcomb," he replied.

I then told him what had happened. "Dear, dear," he cried. "Ned Green! Big Green. Well, well! You do surprise me. I would rather have done him a favor than an injury. I am rejoiced to learn that no harm was done and that after all you and he came out ahead."

It was about this time that Jay Gould bought of the Thomas A. Scott estate a New York daily newspaper which, in spite of brilliant writers like Manton Marble and William Henry Hurlbut, had never been a moneymaker. This was the World. He offered me the editorship, with forty-nine of the hundred shares of stock on very easy terms, but the offer nowise tempted me. But two or three years after, I daresay both weary and hopeless of putting up so much money on an unyielding property, he was willing to sell outright. Joseph Pulitzer became the purchaser.

His career is another illustration of the saying that truth is stranger than fiction.

II

JOSEPH PULITZER and I came together familiarly at the Liberal Republican Convention, which met at Cincinnati in 1872—the convocation of cranks, as it came to be called—and nominated Horace Greeley for President. He was a delegate from Missouri. Subsequent events threw us much together. He began his English newspaper experience after a kind of apprenticeship on a German daily with Stilson Hutchins, another interesting character of those days. It was from Stilson Hutchins that I learned something of Pulitzer's origin and beginnings, for he never spoke much of himself.

According to this story he was the offspring of a runaway marriage between a subaltern officer in the Austrian service and a Hungarian lady of noble birth. In some way he had got across the Atlantic, and being in Boston, a wizened youth not speaking a word of English, he was spirited on board a warship. Watching his chance of escape he leaped overboard in the darkness of night, though it was the dead of winter, and swam ashore. He was found unconscious on the beach by some charitable persons, who cared for him. Thence he tramped it to St. Louis, where

(Concluded on Page 61)

RED FRIDAY

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XII

WHEN Doctor Tideway was gone I sat, I will not say how long—motionless, heavy with a sense of almost physical depression on me—reflecting on my present situation; my mind imaging again the dreadful events of the night before.

I reviewed the inception of the plot of debt, the great strokes of Black upon the breaking stock market, the now demonstrated conspiracy of Black and Hodman to rid the world of us, and finally the sinister triumph of Plangonev and his formula of self-elimination for his enemies.

And at that I gave a start and sat bolt upright in my chair.

"Where is this all tending?" I asked aloud of my vacant room, as I had before of the doctor.

For a sense of recognition struck me now: I saw. This policy of self-elimination directed by the Russian, this dreadful Oriental fatalistic faith of his expressed to Black that all organic things bear in themselves the germs of self-destruction what was this but the great underlying principle of Marxian socialism, which we were now applying to America, the inevitable drift of the civilization in which we lived toward disintegration and collapse?

And when that struck me there was added to my immediate personal concern the deadly chill of the sudden requestioning of a man's entire mental and spiritual foundation in belief. "Not that," I said aloud. "Not utter pessimism and pure negation. That is not our new freedom. That must be constructive. Not all disintegration—ending in utter ruin at the bottom of the slope.

"What will be next?" I asked myself. "What is it that must come next?"

I sprang up at once and took my telephone to call Plangonev—seeking to busy myself, no longer willing to sit there with my unprofitable thoughts. My next course of action was at least clear.

"I must have an understanding with you," I said to the Russian across the wire; "and that immediately!"

Very soon I found myself in his small untidy office, which led from the still more untidy room where his clipping bureau worked.

"I charge you with nothing," I said to him. "I think I can understand your position with regard to Comrade Hodman. You and I were outside the pale and protection of the law. It was very probably his life or yours—and incidentally, very likely, mine. And you would hold, I suppose, that you were justified in self-defense in the way you planned it, as much as in the shooting of a primitive murderer who was tracking you with a rifle through a wood. All that I see," I said; "and I shall not be your judge. It would be an ungracious act at best from me, considering what you have just done probably in my behalf—the very saving of my life. The past is past," I said. "Let it lie. But the future," I said, my voice quickening—"that is different! Where is all this tending—with Black—with everything—down, down through indirection to death and violence?"

All the time that I was saying this Plangonev sat staring at me with a hard expressionless face.

"You guaranteed me," I cried, "absolutely, against violence!"

But now the Russian broke into a sudden strident laugh, which I could see he intended to be both scornful and reassuring.

"Violence!" he said. "Will you never see?"

And I waited, watching him—his coarse, pitted features, his great head, his peasant's hands. And now the patient, somewhat irritated smile—the studied calmness of a teacher with a backward child.

"You May Step Outside," He Said to Me. "I Have Something to Say to Miss Black"

"What do we do here," he asked again, "in this country—your United States? We apply," he answered himself, "do we not, Marx's formula to America—as it comes now inevitably across the world?"

"Out of Russia," I assented.

"Out of Russia, certainly," said Plangonev; "following this war."

"Yes," I said.

"Does it stop? Does it hesitate? Does it show signs of halting ever—when seen underneath by those who know?"

"No," I said, and I shook my head, remembering of course the developments of the last four years—in Europe as well as here.

"And here," he said, "in this last stronghold of capital this America of yours—do we not see—you and I—the law of Marx work always its inevitable way?"

I sat silent, my whole mind accepting the soundness and the certainty of his statements.

"Till now," said Plangonev more loudly, "the end—the day is upon us."

"The day!" I replied

"The day of Marx. The self-ending of capitalism!"

"And with no violence?" I asked, still persisting.

"Violence!" said Plangonev sharply. "Why always violence? Violence," he inquired, now visibly more irritated, "to what end? What was violence for the workers ever? The tearing up of a few railroad ties. The destruction of a factory. Bah! What is that? A few hundred thousand dollars of capital, at the best. And no doubt death and misery for more workers.

"Why this," he asked, "when all round us now to-day we see, now coming to its last, the deep inevitable workings of the formula of Marx—completing its own course one by one among the nations—and now here?

"Should we," he asked sarcastically—"we, the proletariat—now at this time start to destroy the property of the bourgeois—the machinery of industry now certainly about to fall into the hands of the commonwealth of the workers? Or perhaps," he ended with a sudden hostile stare at me, "you doubt even now the early coming of our victory?"

"Not I!" I defended quickly. "I see it everywhere too plainly. He must be blind who does not now—in this country, as well as in Europe. And yet," I said; and started to say more, to ask more of the varied questions that came thronging into my mind about conditions of the impending change.

But suddenly Plangonev, pursuing as usual his own thoughts, laughed quite heartily.

"What," I asked him—"what is it that you laugh at now?"

For his whole temper now had changed—from irritation to content.

"To see," he replied, "how close it comes. How close now comes their inevitable end. And how they squirm now, recognizing at last what is upon them, starting their last act of self-destruction"

"Who?" I asked, wondering, watching him and the pleasure in his face with a curious undefinable sense of discomfort and alarm.

"Who?" I asked, watching

"The thirty-five per cent," said Plangonev. And I knew of course that he alluded to the smaller capitalists of the United States—the thirty-five per cent of our population who, according to Professor King's statistics, upon which Plangonev so relied, now, after the elimination of the great bourgeois—Plangonev's accursed two per cent—divided among themselves the remaining two-fifths of the former capital of the country.

"Is it not a spectacle for the high laughing gods?" exclaimed Plangonev, and himself laughed heartily again. "The last of the bourgeois now fighting one another to the death like two shipwrecked sailors upon a sea raft, bound in any case to destruction, but bringing it ever nearer and more near. Why fight brothers?" he exclaimed, still laughing. "But no! They must—it is the nature of the times!"

"You mean ——" I asked.

"What would I mean?" said Plangonev. "This move to split themselves, the thirty-five per cent, clear across; this move now filling all the newspapers to take over all the bonds of all other possible industries—following the example of the railroads."

"And save," I said, of course remembering, "the property of the small city bourgeois—the bonds and underlying capital which lie in their small safe-deposit boxes and their banks of savings and insurance companies."

"What else?" replied Plangonev.

"The real savings of the nation," I said; "not wind—like so much of common stock. Real savings—laboriously made."

"And the more bitterly defended on that account," said Plangonev, smiling.

"It would save them perhaps," I remarked.

"And so ruin the agrarians—the other half of the thirty-five per cent. The agrarians!" he said, and laughed as I had never seen him laugh before.

"A sad end," he said, "of their happy taxes, so carefully placed upon the two per cent, and their old foes, the corporations!"

"What?" I inquired of him now.

"What they see now—the happy taxes now rolling back upon themselves! And now—at last," he said—"if the remainder of the thirty-five per cent desert—you see?"

And I saw indeed.

"The happy taxes fall full weight upon them, the agrarians—the last of the holders of private property on the continent—as they were once the first."

And I started at the picture it brought up. "It is impossible," I said.

"Certainly," said Plangonev. "Yes. It is the last. They cannot alone pay their happy taxes."

"You misunderstand," I said, "what I would say. You do not know them—the American farmers how determined, how obstinate they are; how individualistic in all their ways."

"Have I not said," responded Plangonev, "from the first that I knew them for what they were? Not radicals as they themselves would say. Least of all! The epitome of all the virtues of property—landholders, savers of capital, nationalists, religionists—the very backbone of the capitalistic economy"

"But taxes!" I said. "They will fight first! They always have. The word 'taxes' has been a battle call to our farmers from the days of Concord and of Lexington."

'They will fight?" said Plangonev, mocking. "How? Who? When they are the only ones who remain with any property that is not governmental?"

And I sat silent, considering, in strange disquiet and unrest. For already, of course, there were reports of the desperate and almost savage determination of the so-called anti-confiscation leagues in the farming districts, which were being formed to protest against the great waste in operating government industries, and the alarming growth in taxes, and to oppose the growing political power of Labor, as applied through politically active labor organizations, especially those in governmental industries. But I did not speak of this, but merely waited, listening.

"You see," said Plangonev; and he spread out his hand in that expressive Oriental gesture by which all things at last reduce themselves to their own negation. "You see," he said, "the end?"

"But," I answered, starting up, for the whole thing disquieted me to an intense degree, "grant that you are right in this—right as well as logical. There still remains the proletariat."

"How?" asked Plangonev.

"Their temper now—their strikes and general strikes growing worse continually since the war. Strikes which spread now—insistent on ever more and more—in face of absolute knowledge that capital has no more to give. And anger and political pressure—growing more and more. They act to me like mad men—not merely asking for their war wages but for great increases in them, when there is now no work at all for half the working population."

"But what," asked Plangonev—"against whom will their anger lie—the anger of the proletariat, the great sixty-three per cent here—when they themselves control? Shall they fight themselves," he asked, once more mocking me, "to keep themselves—their government, which they control by vote—from ownership?

"Oh, comrade—Comrade Todd," said Plangonev, rallying me, "how much you are a man of little faith in our own movement when you have so much faith in other ways. Your old specter of violence," he went on, "haunts you still too much, comrade: is it not so? I myself—I can still hope for myself there should be no violence. But at the worst," he continued, "granted that your fears were right—what then? Would it change the situation one iota, as we see it? Would it change now by one dot the inevitable?"

And I made no answer knowing none

"Do we not know," he said, "without a doubt—you and I—what now approaches? The end of capitalism—the cost of government—the waste the debt of every kind, that now, grown utterly unbearable, starts to fall, and marks at last that end?"

"We know—yes," I replied in a low voice with a curious mixture of apprehension and solemnity

"Then why desert us now?" he urged, now in a more lively and appealing voice. "Why quarrel now with what occurs on the very eve of victory—when your peculiar temper and your principles of peace will no doubt so much mitigate the perhaps natural harshness of the proletariat? As now, for instance, in this case of Black—and me?"

"Black!" I echoed, apprehensive of his way of introducing him. "The case of Black! Just what," I exclaimed quickly, suspicion coming over me again from that dreadful memory of the night before—"just what are your purposes for Black? I must know."

"Meaning," replied Plangonev, eying me, "should I murder him? Or rather, let him complete his own self-murder, like his capital; his own stock market?" And then he laughed

I gazed at him waiting for his answer

"Murder no!" he said: and he laughed again, still more heartily. "Oh, comrade—Comrade Todd, how the American religious training predisposes to suspicion Death of Black!" he said now, growing serious suddenly. "Kill Black now! Should I be crazy?"

"Crazy?" I echoed him again.

"Have I taken all his funds yet? Have I demanded more than he would have available at this time? Have I not asked for half, and no more?"

"No more—no," I granted him.

"Well?" he asked, and gazed at me.

"Well?" I answered, waiting.

"Can you not see yet? Living, he would be with us—our bank, our fund, caring with so much more expertness than we for our fund of freedom. But always under us, by fear of death."

"Yes," I conceded, remembering of course my talk of those few hours before with the doctor. "Yes," I said, "while he lives we hold—or you, at least, hold always over him the greatest of all powers—the veritable power of life and death."

"Positively," said Plangonev. "Living, he is for us; dead he becomes what? One more corpse, merely," he said in brief answer to himself

The phrasing of his speech was horrible—I could not help but flinch from it. But its logic was unimpeachable. I could not but be reassured as to his purposes

"To prove this more to you," he continued, "I had planned to visit you to-day for this one reason: That I should not go longer to his house, for the present at least, until I should know his condition. I have no desire to stimulate his disease of death now—certainly. Quite the contrary. And I shall not go to the house now for the forcing of the new payment for our freedom fund—unless it is seen first to be wise."

"Who then," I asked—"if not you?"

"You," said Plangonev, "if you will."

And now, convinced by this last guaranty of good faith, entirely unsolicited by me, I felt certain of his intentions toward Stephen Black, and I related to him most circumstantially the visit of Black's doctor to me that morning.

"Your plan has worked," I said; "your close knowledge of Black's hidden disease—however you may have obtained it—has pressed the lever you had hoped. And now he yields you everything we desire. His property as you foresaw is now in substance no longer his but ours—our fund of freedom, saved for us."

"You see," said Plangonev with a calm smile and outward gesture once again. "Logic. That is all there is ever. Not how we should act, but how we must. All—all in the end is inevitability, certain as the fixed laws of chemistry. But now," he continued, while I drew back inwardly from this brief statement of the world as he saw it, "you must start at once and clear the way for the beginning of the new transfer of our freedom fund—as your doctor has presaged."

"Of the full half," I inquired, "that you demanded?"

"Yes," said Plangonev, and gave me his instructions. "Some ten per cent, let us say, in gold. But most in his securities, his bonds."

And I marked mentally the knowledge that he showed himself to possess even of Black's securities. Yet his decision concerning the transfer of them surprised me still more.

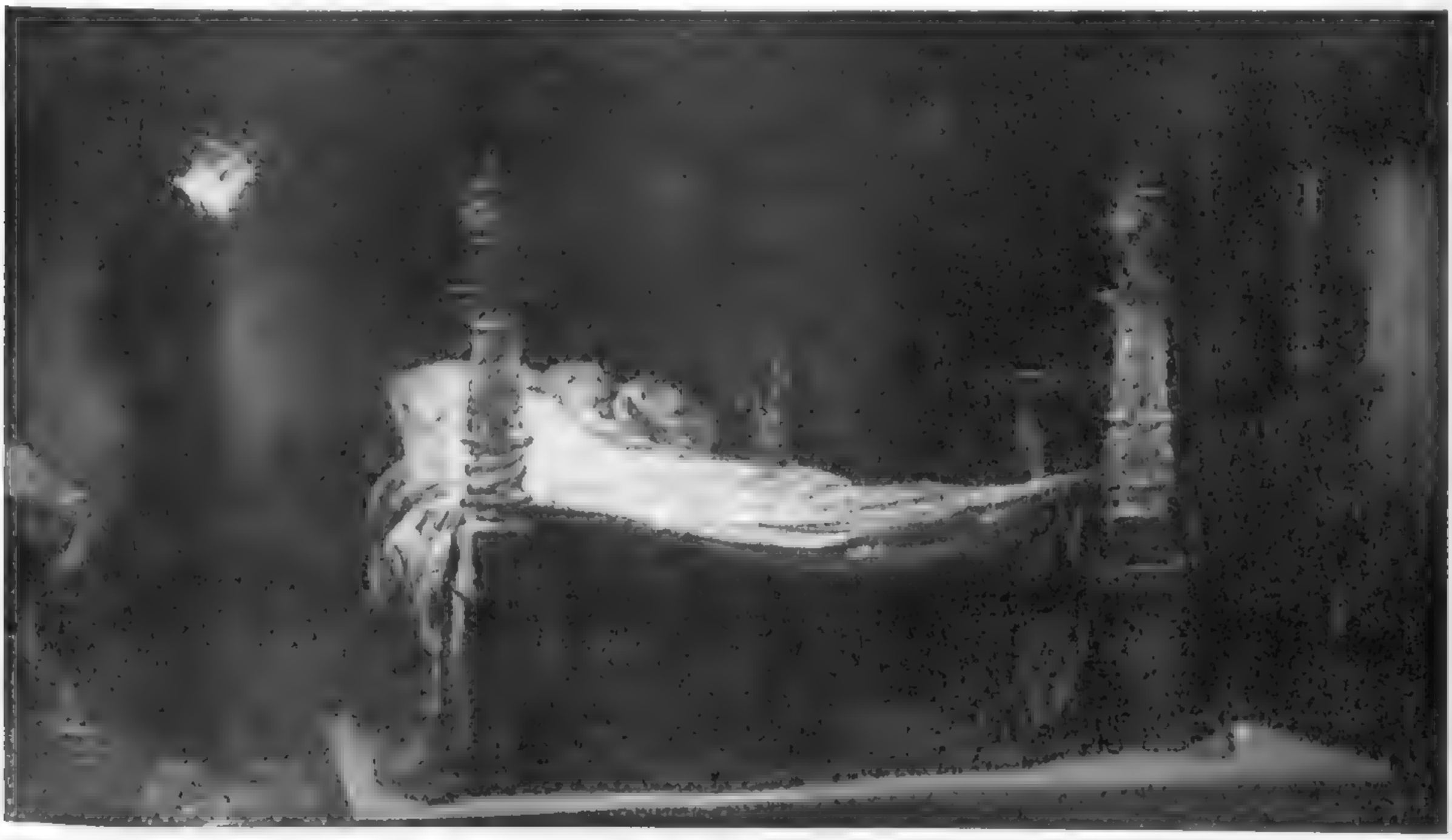
"Bonds! At present prices!" I said, wondering

For of course even then—we were now, as you will see, at the opening of this last summer—all bonds had gone down unprecedentedly low, there being, with the government debts of every kind, such vast amounts to be absorbed.

"Yes," Plangonev answered definitely, "that will be best for this time."

I looked at him, awaiting further explanation

(Continued on Page 78



Over Us in the Great Bedroom of That Dark House of Fear Stephen Black Held to His Life Barely Through Every Artifice That Wealth and Science Could Provide

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $2 00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2 50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Requests for changes of address must reach us at least two weeks before they can become effective. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $4 36. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 19, 1919

Soldiers and Senators

THIS letter speaks for itself and, we believe, for a majority of the men who fought the war:

March 13, 1919.

HON. WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH,
Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: I attended the meeting at Boston which you recently addressed in opposition to the League of Nations. The full case was not presented at that meeting. Sailors and soldiers who attempted to speak were denied the opportunity.

A mere soldier, one among four millions, could not challenge a United States Senator; but as one so fortunate as to have been on the firing line when it was a question of the life or death of our nation, I ask permission to present at your meetings the case for the men who were willing to make and who did make the supreme sacrifice for a better world.

The American soldier fought with no selfish or sordid aim. He believed that something mightily worth while would follow his sacrifice. He believed an organization would follow which would make peace more secure. He knew little of the details of a League of Nations; but from his everyday life he could see the necessity of organization. He now believes that it is the business of a constructive statesman to say what that organization should be, and not merely to oppose the one suggested.

We have been too busy on the other side to know what has been going on politically at home. Possibly an appeal for party support was made where it should not have been made. Possibly the Senate was not given full consideration. We do not know. But we do know that American soldiers have been dying for certain principles, and that these principles are too great to be discredited for the purpose of discrediting the man who happens to uphold them; too great to be discredited for the purpose of discrediting any party.

Of course this letter is public.

Respectfully yours,
[Signed] THOMAS G. CHAMBERLAIN,
Captain U. S. Army.

Address:
Hotel McAlpin, New York City.

Up in the Air

MECHANICAL flight, you remember, is an American invention. When the war came along, and we had a most vital need of aircraft, our Government's equipment in that line ranked just a notch above that of Siam. We tried to catch up with the procession and made a great flourish of trumpets over our intention; but at the end of the war we were just beginning to go strong. It is a far from flattering record.

Yet we did get a good start. We accumulated an immense quantity of aircraft material, developed good types of engines and craft, assembled and trained a large personnel, and had the plants under good headway. Probably in another year we should have forged to the head of the line.

There are rumors from Washington that, the war being won, the Government appears to be losing interest in aeronautics. There is talk of scrapping the material and mostly demobilizing the enterprise. At the same time, many people, some of them in official place, want the Government to operate telephones, telegraphs and railroads, which private enterprise has developed to a high state of efficiency.

There is the amplest room for government energy and leadership in fields that private endeavor has not already preëmpted and developed, and which are, as yet, not in a state for private endeavor. Aëronautics is such a field. Besides, as an arm of national defense, aëronautics ought to receive as much attention from the Government as the Army or Navy. In our situation, supremacy in the air is of the highest value as a means of national defense.

We are bound to believe that reports of a lukewarm attitude toward aircraft do the Government injustice. Its settled policy should be to put and keep America decisively in the lead in that field.

Building Ships and Operating Them

THAT venerable British institution, Lloyd's Register, reports that in 1918 the United States launched a greater tonnage of merchant ships than all the nations of the world turned out in any year prior to the great war. Our total—over three million gross tons—was more than double the output of Great Britain—theretofore easily the premier shipbuilder. It was greater by about twenty-five per cent than the combined output of all other nations.

Considering the relative insignificance of American ocean shipping for a long period up to two years ago, this is a notable achievement. Shipbuilding is a complicated process, requiring special plants and special machinery that cannot be picked up in the market or improvised at short notice. Yet we did fairly improvise an enormous shipbuilding plant—the greatest in the world by a good margin. This building of merchant ships will no doubt continue on the present scale at least through this year.

But that implies no particular assurance about the future of American shipping or of American shipbuilding. Building a ship and operating it are two quite distinct affairs. Broadly speaking, we could not operate ships in competition with the leading maritime nations of Europe before the war. Our overhead and operating costs were too high. If we cannot operate ships in competition with other countries after the war it is only a question of time until we again fall back in the race. The future of American shipping is an open question, still to be decided. We might build ships on a large scale for other nations; but probably there would be little advantage in that. In two years we moved from almost the bottom of the list to the top; but, without sound policy and sound laws, it is only a question of time until we move back again. It is a good thing to keep that in mind.

Political Derelicts

ALONG with Central Africa, some spilled-over islands in the Pacific and certain patches in Asia Minor, the largest American cities ought to be put under the benevolent guardianship of the League of Nations. Perhaps Germany, which was very successful in municipal government, would consent to become the league's mandatory for them. At present these cities, politically speaking, are simply adrift, without captain or crew. They are equipped with political machinery; but it can hardly be said to work. The machinery contemplates self-determination and self-government. But, because they all live in the country or hope to; or because they are so engrossed in other affairs; or because the cities have become so huge and offer so many distractions that the average citizen is unable to visualize them as any concern whatever of his—their political direction mostly goes by default.

Periodically, on looking at his morning's newspaper the average citizen is startled for the moment by discovering that a primary election was held yesterday at which the active members of the Thomas Jefferson Marching Club of the Fourteenth Ward nominated a person named Smith for mayor, and Local Lodge Number Six of the True Hamiltonians nominated a person named Jones. Whereupon the average citizen, who never heard of Smith and despises Jones, swells with indignation and perhaps even rushes off to register. Occasionally he reaches that extreme point of exasperation where he writes a letter to the editor of his favorite newspaper. But there the matter really ends.

These cities contain many millions of worthy inhabitants who are as much entitled to a government they can respect as the dusky inhabitants of the Cameroons are. When it has disposed of more pressing matters the League of Nations should take up their cases.

Out of Date

IT IS a stock remark that the Senate has deteriorated in character and ability since the election of senators was taken out of the hands of legislatures and determined by popular vote. The most ardent friends of democracy admit it—but point to the many scandalous episodes that led the public to order a change in the method of electing members of the Upper House. If senatorial ability is lower than formerly we believe it is not a necessary result of popular election.

The whole trouble with Congress is less a question of the average ability of its members than of its organization. The fact is, Congress is out of date—twenty years behind the clock. The last three Congresses were in session pretty nearly the whole of the two-year terms for which they were elected. Congress as a continuously sitting body has become pretty nearly the standard thing. And it does often seem as though it were bent upon proving the labor agitator's idea that the longer the hours, the smaller the output. The business of Congress has far outgrown its methods. It is like a railroad trying to handle two-track modern traffic on one track with Civil War locomotives and five-ton freight cars. Congestion is the normal condition; nothing can get through on time.

An overloaded Congress does nothing well. At no point and at no time does it function efficiently. The organic handicaps impair it constantly. It takes far too long to enact a revenue bill; and then it enacts a very defective measure. If it passes an important bill quickly, that is because it simply rubber-stamps an executive proposal. If it tries to put on steam, as at the close of the last two Congresses, the cylinders blow out.

It is a question of organization and methods—of the machinery used. A higher average of personal ability would help, as it might further a reorganization suitable to efficient handling of the mass of business with which Congress is now expected to deal.

A proper budget system would greatly heighten the efficiency of Congress. Real cloture in the Senate is necessary. Members must be content to talk less. Any competent efficiency engineer could take Congress, with its present membership, and so arrange its operations that every function to which the slightest public importance attaches would be performed in less time and in a more capable manner. Shaping its organization and methods suitably to modern needs is the big intimate job before Congress.

Save This National Asset

ONE industrious gang at Chicago, in a brief campaign, cleaned up a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, mainly of small denominations and obtained from workingmen of foreign birth in exchange for stock of little or no value.

Of course these workingmen saved their dollars and bought bonds to help win the war for democracy. The war being won, they were easily induced to part with the pieces of engraved paper. In another case, recently unearthed, rogues went into an industrial settlement and bought workingmen's fifty-dollar bonds at thirty-five dollars apiece. The engraved paper meant little to these men, but cash in hand they could readily understand.

Literally millions of small holders of Liberty Bonds are in much the same situation. War put them in the way of becoming habitual savers and investors, vastly to their own benefit and the benefit of the country; but it only put them in the way. When the war motive lapsed they were open to the temptation to convert their bonds into cash for some war-deferred expenditures or for a gamble in a wildcat speculation. Tens of thousands of them have yielded to that temptation; and the yielding proceeds daily.

War discovered twenty million buyers of government paper, whereas the total number of bond buyers in the country in 1914 was put at four hundred thousand or less. But war by no means made us a nation of investors on a scale commensurate with income and opportunity. Making a nation of investors remains to be done. Converting the war impulse into the root of a habit is the present task. Unless we do that one of the greatest national assets war put in our way will be lost. In spite of the heavy discount, sales of Liberty Bonds on the New York Stock Exchange alone run over a hundred and fifty millions a month. Many of these are small bonds.

Educating war subscribers into investors is as good patriotism now as soliciting bond subscriptions was at the height of the war. It is good economics and good business. We especialy urge banks everywhere to take a vigorous hand in it.

Four hundred and fifty banks, trust companies and safe-deposit concerns in the New York district have joined in an offer to keep, without charge, Liberty Bonds of small holders who do not have safe-deposit boxes, and in advertising the offer. We have no report from other districts at this time; but the example is one to be followed everywhere, for the emphasis now should be on retaining Liberty Bonds. At the market price they are good investments for anybody.

As for the thieves and fakers who specialize in preying on small Liberty-Bond holders, every good citizen should carry a club for them. They ought to encounter everywhere the same sort of militant indignant opinion that notorious slackers met with in the early days of the war.

Italy, Jugoslavia and the Adriatic

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE Jugoslavs are as definitely an ancient and homogeneous race as the Italians, and Jugoslavia is the new state born of the world war over which the Prince Regent of Serbia will reign as King Alexander. Perhaps every schoolboy in the United States knows that by this time, but it is a new kind of fact after all, and surely it will bear stating for a while yet as though it were a bit of information. Besides Serbia this state embraces Montenegro, Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Istria, Croatia, Slavonia and a rich strip of territory northeast of the Danube in Hungary. It has a population of about fourteen million, which, according to a population and language map printed in Vienna and now lying in front of me, is at least ninety-eight per cent pure Slav

The Ancient Castle of Triest

And this map was not made with a view to proving to the Slavs that they had a moral right to secede from Austria-Hungary and form a state of their own. It was made before the war in the usual process of compiling national statistics for the guidance of the Austro-Hungarian Government, and was not meant for general circulation. The Italian element under Austrian rule is indicated by brown areas in the Trentino and round Gorizia, by a narrow brown strip along the west coast of the Istrian Peninsula covering Triest and Pola, and by a half dozen tiny brown dots scattered along the coast of Dalmatia.

That an overwhelming majority of Slav opinion is in favor of the establishment of a confederation of Slav territories under the sovereignty of the Serbian King is beyond question. Which is not saying that such opinion is unanimous. Unanimity of desire in any body politic would be a curious phenomenon. There are squirming small minorities in all these states, that think they are being betrayed into the hands of Serbia and that want to form their own respective governments and go it alone. But the man in such opposition who appeals to an American is likely to be told that the secret of our success in life is our willingness to abide by the decision of the majority.

During the war the Croats, Slovenes and Austrian Serbs were compelled to fight in the Austrian Army. With the exception of the free states of Serbia and Montenegro, and of Bosnia and Herzegovina—which were given to Austria-Hungary by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, to be "occupied and administered," and were arbitrarily annexed in 1908 no part of Jugoslavia has been anything but Austro-Hungarian since the end of the Napoleonic Wars.

A majority of these people are either of the remnant of the ancient Serb kingdom or are descendants of the Serbs who fled northward before the Turkish invasion of the Balkans in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Many thousands also sought refuge with their brothers across the border during the half millennium of Turkish sovereignty in Serbia proper, and stood with them through the wars upon wars, a solid wall of resistance between the Christian world and Islam. During this dark period the Serbs within the Turkish realm never learned to know the meaning of the word peace.

Jugoslavs Under Austrian Rule

WHILE Turkey was being driven out of the Balkans during the first half of the nineteenth century the Jugoslavs permitted themselves to believe that in the final settlement they would receive at the hands of Europe the gift of political unity and liberty as a fitting end to their long period of separation and bitter discontent, and they presented their claims in those days with passionate faith that the principles expressed by the Powers as those that should prevail in the councils of nations would be adhered to. But the Powers have in the past always been able to compromise with principles. Perhaps they had to. Turkey had to relinquish her sovereignty and her few remaining rights in Serbia and nearly everywhere in Europe, but the sovereignty of Austria-Hungary over Austro-Hungarian Slavs was merely reaffirmed.

I am not attempting to hold the Jugoslavs up as a nation of martyrs, and I would avoid a too great sympathy with them in order that I may be perfectly fair and entirely practical. When Serbia was attacked large numbers of them managed to get across the border and out of Austria's reach, but for the most part they responded obediently to the call for mobilization and proceeded to methodical service as soldiers in the Austrian Army. They were not compelled to fight the Serbs, but were brigaded with the troops on the Western Front or were sent to Poland and Palestine and other far-away places where Austrian troops were engaged.

When Italy came into the war they declare now that they were bewildered by the position in which they found themselves, but they began to fight with somewhat greater willingness, perhaps, because Italy represented to them an age-old menace. There is some strain of relationship or likeness at least between the Teuton and the Slav, but between the Slav and the Latin there is a fixed gulf of racial difference. It is due to this difference that the Italian groups settled on the east shore of the Adriatic have been able to retain their Italianity

The Jugoslavs now tell one that the Austrians never trusted them—"and rightly!" they say—and that in their garrisons there was always a majority of Magyar troops with instructions to annihilate them to a man at the first sign of discontent among them. "Knowing this," said an American Slav to me with a kind of twisted smile, "we managed to act as though we liked it!"

In the meantime, the Jugoslavs in general having begun to make things as difficult as possible for their government, a campaign of terrorism was instituted against them at home. There were executions for high treason "by the hundreds"—which is probably an exaggeration—while whole districts were laid waste by fire, the inhabitants being driven back into the interior. From what I have seen I do not believe much of this, but there is no doubt that Austria did make a few "terrible examples" to show what a rebellious Jugoslavia might expect

And all the while the Austrians—or the Germans? were publishing abroad glowing accounts of Jugoslavian loyalty and devotion. There were official reports about "our gallant Croatian soldiers fighting with matchless bravery for their beloved Emperor" and other reports of "the enthusiasm of our splendid Slav troops."

A Typical Street in Triest

The Foundation of the Triest Cathedral Was Laid in the Sixth Century

A Jugoslav Demonstration

This worried the Jugoslavs more than anything else, because they were afraid the Allies would believe it. But they surrendered whenever they had an opportunity, and as soon as they succeeded in making their captors believe that they were what they claimed to be—which was not always so easy—they were usually set free to join the Jugoslav legions that eventually were formed to fight in the Allied ranks. The men of these legions faced two supreme dangers: Death on the battlefield and recapture and a hangman's rope.

When the United States entered the war, and after Mr. Wilson had uttered his illuminating phrase about the right of peoples to self-determination, the Jugoslav situation became impossible. They declared openly that they would rather be shot as "traitors" than fight American soldiers, and being supported in this sentiment by the Magyar troops—the Hungarians—they were able to desert by the thousands. When the war ended there were something like one hundred and fifty thousand Jugoslavs hiding away in the wooded hills of Slavonia and Croatia, where they were being fed at night and taken care of by a rejoicing populace.

It was all up with Austria-Hungary, and the first thing both Austria and Hungary did was to "recognize" the new state of Jugoslavia and to turn over to it the one-time Empire's entire naval force. Austria's brightest hope at the moment was that the Jugoslavs would rally to their own colors and fight against an Italian invasion of their freed territories.

But the Wilsonian element had entered into the situation and the Jugoslavs had preached to each other a sublime faith in a just settlement of their affairs by the victorious Allies. They were not afraid of Italy then, because Italy had joined the rest of the world in indorsing the principles of justice that had been proclaimed, and since the Jugoslavian demand as based on those principles was to be so just that it could meet with no opposition, what reason was there to be afraid? In this I am merely quoting the general run of Jugoslav comment.

The Italians in Triest

FOLLOWING the Austrian retreat absolute quiet reigned in Triest, but there was no governmental organization, so the Jugoslavs, together with the resident Austrians, made haste to "invite" the Italians to "occupy the city and preserve order." This probably impressed the Italians as being cheeky rather than courteous, since Triest was regarded by them as indisputably their own; but they entered nevertheless in response to the invitation. Then to clear up any misunderstanding that might exist in the minds of the people they caused to be posted all over the city bills which read: "We come as conquerors!"

A detachment from a British division came in, too, of course; likewise a few Americans. The British said: "What bally rot!" The Americans said the kind of things they have an unholy reputation for saying. In their sympathies the British and Americans were with the Jugoslavs, as were the French, a French division having later been engaged in stiffening the Italian resistance north of the main line of the final drive.

The French, British and Americans are all farther down the coast now, while in Triest there are only Italians. In their determination to make Triest a purely Italian city they have deported Austrians and Jugoslavs by the wholesale. There were about fifty thousand altogether who were slated to go—among them the proprietors and managers of many of the business enterprises of the city—but the operation has been interrupted because the victorious ones made the mistake first of turning out all the Jugoslav laborers on the railways and docks to make way for imported Italians. The Italians, immediately upon becoming installed and masters of the situation, proceeded to strike for a fantastic rise in wages, thus tying up the whole system of communication.

This affected the International Food Commission under American direction. We had cargoes of food in the harbor destined for Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Serbia, but none of it could be moved for the time being because there was not a wheel turning or a single laborer on his job. There were thousands of Jugoslavs anxious to work for a modest wage, but it was too late now to correct the situation by employing them. We are waiting at the time of writing to see what will happen.

To the astonishment of the Jugoslav people, but not of course of the statesmen of England and France, the Italians after occupying Triest proceeded to take possession of all Istria as well, and of the whole Dalmatian coast, landing troops at Fiume and at every port from Zara to Cattaro. Whereupon they launched the propaganda which has for its object the justification of their claims to permanent ownership of all these territories.

At Fiume, which is absolutely and unmistakably Croatian and which has the finest harbor on the east coast of the Adriatic, they have taken the Croatian flag from public buildings, from schools and convents, and even from private dwellings, and have substituted the Italian colors. They also removed the Serbian flag wherever they found it flying. I should perhaps explain parenthetically that each unit in the proposed Jugoslav confederation has its own colors, the flag of the state as a whole not having yet been made.

They have reinterned many of the Jugoslavs who were kept in confinement by the Austrians during the war; they have prohibited the sale of Jugoslav newspapers and closed down printing presses that were engaged in turning out books and pamphlets in the Croatian language; and they have posted all over the city of Fiume narrow little yellow bills which read: *"O Italia, O Morte!"*

The Jugoslavs are maintaining a soberly dignified attitude, submitting to every restriction with precise obedience and contenting themselves for the most part with written protests, which seldom get beyond their own records because of the strict censorship with which the Italians have walled them in. In the early days of the occupation they offered a certain amount of active as well as passive resistance, but that was due to the Italian manner of assuming authority over them and the claim the conquerors made to permanent possession of their lands. They have settled down now, however, with their eyes on the Peace Conference and are giving a minimum of trouble.

They have an organization known as the National Jugoslav Council, which has its headquarters at Agram, or Zagreb, as it is called in the Croatian tongue. It is through this council that all the protests are addressed to the world or to the armistice authorities. On November twenty-fifth a memorandum was submitted by the committee of the council at Fiume detailing the wrongs to which the Jugoslav population was being subjected and praying for the substitution of American troops for the Italian troops of occupation. But nothing came of that.

The Austro-Hungarian Army and Navy left at Fiume and other places large stores of wheat and other foodstuffs, and this the Italians seized and proceeded to distribute to their own advantage. It was before the International Food Commission could get organized and ready for business.

The Italians are interested in the attitude of their Allies. The British, French and American troops in Italy are of course under the Italian High Command, and an American junior officer told me in Fiume the other day that an Italian officer many ranks above him asked him what he would do in case he were commanded to fire on the Jugoslavs.

His answer was: "I can't imagine any circumstances under which my country would go to war with the Jugoslavs, and I certainly would refuse to order my men to fire on any people with whom my country was at peace."

The Italians say that the real Jugoslav intention is to subjugate Serbia through an amalgamation and then deliver the whole state into the Triple Monarchy—Austria-Hungary-Jugoslavia—that was dreamed of by the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. And this is not by any means the most astonishing of the statements they make.

They refer to all their claims, with the exception of those in Africa, Turkey, Greece and Albania, as "revendication," which is literally a demand for the return of something that is your own and is being illegally withheld from you. The campaign of propaganda they have launched in support of these claims is extraordinary not only in its scope but in its character.

There are books—richly made and profusely illustrated—and innumerable pamphlets and newspaper articles; there are earnest analytical lectures and impassioned orations; there are moving pictures, street-corner demonstrations and parades; there are posters on the walls proclaiming Italian power, and prowling patriots at every turn whose mission in life is to waylay the stranger and seek to convert him. There are government guests—particularly from the United States—being sumptuously entertained; there are banquets and other brilliancies, all designed to sway the sentiments of the crowd.

Italian Dread of Mr. Wilson's Influence

BUT in the minds of the men who are responsible for it all there is a vast question which refuses to fade into the background. For all their attitude they are afraid of American opinion and they are afraid of the reflection of American opinion in the minds of their own people.

There are various viewpoints, to be sure, but the important two in Italy are those of the people and of the men who regulate "interests and policies" and whose will is imposed upon the people as long as the people can be kept in hand. And by the people I mean at least sixty per cent of Italy's population, though eighty per cent would doubtless be a juster estimate.

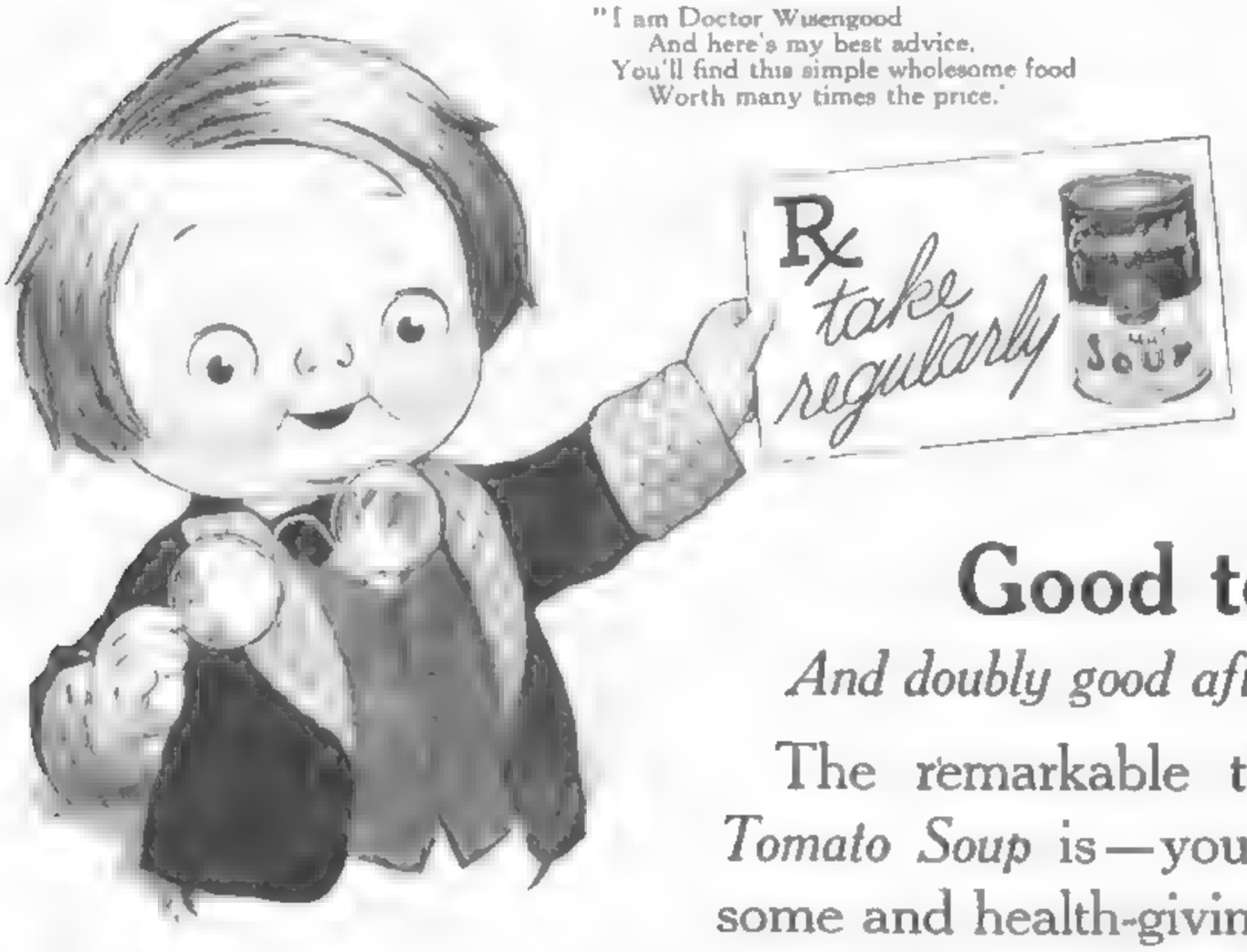
Before the manhood suffrage bill was passed suffrage in Italy was based on literacy, and only about three million adult males were able to qualify. And a literacy test for such purposes hardly ever includes an examination in Greek poetry and higher mathematics. Italy's electorate offers an indication of Italy's educational status; but though the populace may not be too highly trained mentally they are wide awake nevertheless and have eyes to see and ears to hear. The trouble is that they are explosively emotional and much too easy to influence.

Certain phrases uttered by Mr. Wilson by way of epitomizing established American sentiment that has been expressed innumerable times and in innumerable ways by the American people found not so much a lodgment as an echo in the general mind. They are ideas largely that have been struggling for birth in luminant phrase for a generation.

To the common people of France, of England and of Italy—to say nothing of the countries behind the one-time fearful Western Front—Mr. Wilson is the greatest man on earth to-day; but it is only by the lavishly emotional Italian peasant that he is almost worshiped. He is known to peasant Italy as the "White God." I have never been able to learn for what particular reason, and nobody seems to know how or just when he was thus exalted, but the fact remains that he is all but deified.

(Continued on Page 101)

The Italians Entered Triest in Response to the Invitation of the Jugoslavs, But Posted All Over the City Bills Reading "We Come as Conquerors!"


"I am Doctor Wusengood
And here's my best advice.
You'll find this simple wholesome food
Worth many times the price."
℞ take regularly
SOUP

Good to "take"

And doubly good after you have taken it.

The remarkable thing about *Campbell's Tomato Soup* is—you find it just as wholesome and health-giving as it is tempting.

Nature, the wisest old physician of all, "puts up" in the fresh vine-ripened tomato appetizing tonic qualities which are second to none in their invigorating and health-giving effects. And these salutary properties are retained at their best in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Not only retained but heightened—made even more valuable and practical for your regular use and enjoyment.

A nourishing food in itself, this wholesome soup also enables you, through its toning and strengthening effect upon digestion, to gain increased nourishment from all the food you eat.

You will find it a wonderful aid in building up lowered vitality, restoring health and energy after illness and to keep you in good condition all the time.

Serve it as a Cream of Tomato—this is its most inviting form and the most nourishing. Always serve it *hot*.

And order it by the dozen or the case so you will never be without it.

21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

SHIPS OF DESTINY

By DAVID LAWRENCE

DECORATIONS BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

"SO THAT was France."

This bit of soliloquy from the lips of a private who stood leaning against the rail with thousands of other American troops as a big transport steamed out of the harbor at Brest for home may be set down as the typical farewell of the soldier to the land of war. His remark denotes not merely surprise that sunny France proved rainy most of the time but that war wasn't what it is so often cracked up to be, what the storybooks and histories say about martial glory. War seemed to him mostly drudgery, with only the personal satisfaction of doing one's duty. As for public attention or the plaudits of peoples and the triumphal march, none of these romantic touches marked the entry of our troops to France, and none marks their departure. Few things could be less emotional, more prosaic, than the embarkation of our thousands of troops for home, few occasions less spectacular and more monotonous. It is simply the undramatic finish of a serious piece of business.

Though most Americans stopped thinking about the war when it was over in November it was not so with the two million troops who remained in France. The war did not end so abruptly for them. For each and every man over there it has not ended yet—it will not be over till he is out of uniform and back at his job. He still lives in the environment of war. What does it avail him even to think of his job or his business when he doesn't even know approximately the month when he is to be ordered home? Rumors come of prospective action in different parts of the world—the trooper doesn't have daily newspapers; he is accustomed to surprises; he lives on from day to day in the monotonous French villages and wonders what's coming next in the war game. He isn't quite sure it's peace yet. There's so much *post-bellum* talk of war, of Bolshevist uprisings and other disturbances, so it's only when he gets aboard ship and starts for home—certain at last of his destination—that war is discarded as a back number and thoughts are turned to the pursuits of peace.

Returning Rip Van Winkles

TWO weeks at sea gives opportunity for meditation and soliloquy. Like men emerging from a dream or trance they ask of things long since past into oblivion in America. They are like so many returning Rip Van Winkles. America is new to them—many things have happened in their absence. They are new to America—many things they have seen and suffered in that absence. Two weeks on the seas is the transition period wherein begins the blending of a realistic experience in one continent with an uncertain unknown destiny for the individual in another. Vague rumors of unemployment, high prices, chaotic scrambles for economic equilibrium, the good jobs being snatched up by the first to be on hand, homes disturbed by epidemic or death—all these things are the background of the soldier's mind as he starts for home. No wonder there is a fascinating silence about the ship, a taciturnity that contrasts strangely with the riproaring, almost boisterous spirit that one might expect from officers and men bound at last for the haven so many never expected they would reach. Enthusiasm, joyous rollicking laughter and high spirits would seem more appropriate—it was the way they left America—but aboard the transports nowadays there is an odd solemnity, a sobered sense perhaps of relief from the awful scenes left behind and only a half-awakened appreciation that at last the long-looked-for voyage to loved ones at home is actually under way.

Taking up the threads of a life suddenly interrupted by the call of war would not be so difficult were the battleground not far distant—were it in an adjacent area where mails and telegraph keep a man close to home. But the Atlantic Ocean has been a great barrier. Cables have been too expensive or too congested. Mails have been slow—three to four weeks in going each way—newspapers have come even more slowly. Only the most fragmentary knowledge of what has happened in America has reached our soldiers in France. And they come back to America just as eager to learn of the changes in America during the war as their friends are anxious to learn their personal experiences abroad.

Battleships, cruisers, cargo and passenger liners—everything that can be commandeered—are being used to carry American troops home, but life aboard them all presents a striking uniformity. Men who have slept for months under the thunder of guns, who have seen their comrades mangled by shell, who have mentally torn themselves away from all home ties to make, if necessary, the supreme sacrifice, men who have experienced terrible emotions come back with a peculiar appraisal of the luck that spared them. Life is suddenly precious to them—the recklessness with which they would have given it in a noble cause is substituted by a sobered anxiety to conserve themselves now for the full enjoyment of peace.

Five thousand officers and men were aboard the transport on which I happened to take passage back from the preliminary sessions of the Peace Conference at Paris. Seven hundred were being conveyed in an improvised but splendid hospital on the upper deck. They seemed the most valuable of the vessel's cargo—so painstaking was the solicitude of the doctors and navy corps who ministered to their wants. This particular voyage may have been fraught with unusual incident, but it surely embraced at the same time many things typical of what is happening on all the homeward routes from France. So here's the chronicle:

The muddy port of Brest, which has so long been somber in its mantle of rain and fog, suddenly is given an afternoon of sunshine. It is one of the rare days on the coast of France. No one remembers any sunshine as the troops landed originally at Brest en route to unknown fields and uncertain destiny. Quickly, almost with panicky haste, they were landed and sped across France in narrow uncomfortable trains. Hardly a glimpse of Brest and they were off to the frontiers of American hardihood. Now all is changed. For weeks they have waited in Brest. Ships are all too few. From camp to camp they have come slowly en route to the seacoast—but the wait in the seaport town has been most exasperating of all. Finally—after weeks, months of waiting—the order to load troops comes.

First go the wounded. Tenderly they are lifted from their hospital beds to ambulances that move slowly to the piers. Here a covered lighter envelops them up for a half hour's journey to the transport lying a few miles offshore in deep water. The wounded are received in hospital wards specially built for them. They are given the best decks—all other passengers live below. The vessel is the President Grant a large steady craft with a singular scorn of the heaviest storms the March Atlantic can develop. She was formerly a Hamburg-American liner, but nothing aboard her, not even a cabin placard, remains as a reminder of her Teutonic ownership. She is quickly loaded. Her stay in Brest is less than three days. And as the big ship weighs anchor and passes out to sea no flags break from her masts, no band celebrates the eventful moment—there is no ceremony of any sort; indeed, most of the officers and men are below and seem to care very little even for a parting glance at the land where hundreds of thousands less fortunate stay behind and from which tens of thousands have been destined never to come back at all.

The Southern Route for the Wounded

WE FIND a scene of busy action below decks. The men are being assigned to bunks, the officers to cabins. There is much talk about baggage—some that has gone astray and some that is planted so far in the hold that it might just as well be astray too. But there isn't a murmur.

"Glad to be going home, baggage or no baggage," remarks a second lieutenant, and I have no doubt it expresses a common sentiment.

But as word passes round that the voyage will take fourteen days and that the destination is Newport News instead of New York the silence of the first few hours aboard ship is broken. Many have asked relatives to meet them at the Hoboken piers. They must apprise them of the change by wireless; but by international agreement commercial messages can't be sent east of the fortieth meridian, which is the halfway line in the Atlantic Ocean, so it will be several days before the families of those who can afford to tell their friends by wireless of the change in destination will know anything about it.

Why the change? It was made on shore before the vessel left, but so accustomed is everybody to supposing that all transports go to New York that one neglects to inquire specifically. It so happens that the port of New York is congested, that Newport News has facilities for 20,000 more troops a month, and the War Department has therefore ordered the brigade of troops on the President Grant to steam for Newport News.

By direct northerly route across the Atlantic the President Grant could make it in ten days, but Capt. Cyrus Cole, mindful of the wounded aboard, wants to give them a comfortable passage home. So he selects the southern

(Continued on Page 30)

"New occasions teach new duties . . ."

MANY a man whose taste has been for "feverish" cigars, is saying to himself, "Perhaps a change to milder Robt. Burns *would* be a good idea, after all. Those heavy fellows that I've smoked so steadily were due to go long, long ago.

"I'll make the change today."

You modern men, on whom the burden of the world's work falls, will find in Robt. Burns a stanch ally—his *full Havana filler* has a quality of mildness excellently suited to these modern times. He gives you full enjoyment, yet never gets between you and your best day's work.

Have you tried one lately?

THE NATIONAL SIZES of Robt. Burns are priced from 10c to 15c. Little Bobbie, a small cigar, but very high in quality, sells at 6c. Robt. Burns *Laddies*, still smaller, come 10 in a package—price 30c.

Wherever men travel throughout the United States they will find Robt. Burns cigars

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC., 119 West 40th St., New York City

Robt. Burns CIGAR

Invincible
13¢ 2 for 25¢

(Continued from Page 28)

route, which takes fourteen days but saves the troops who are crowded below decks from days upon days of seasickness. So we shall go along the Azores to the thirty-sixth parallel and through summer weather. The cheeks of the soldiers glow with color. Their appetites are insatiable. They look healthy and feel healthy. What is a few days more or less to bringing those boys home comfortably!

But even thoughtful skippers and generous-hearted navigators can make no covenant with the weather man. A storm breaks loose out of the northwest and blows a gale over the starboard quarter. Steadily the big vessel rides the seas. She hardly seems to roll. The oldest gobs remark they have never seen a better sea boat. A minimum number are seasick. The wounded seem to be spared its agonies—and for a combination of pain and misery there can be nothing more pathetic than the seasick trooper with a piece of shrapnel in his back or a bullet through his abdomen. The winds keep howling, the ship slows down, the men slumber soundly through the night. Five thousand of them from all parts of the United States—and ever so many mothers and fathers are wondering where these boys are to-night and how they are faring. One can almost feel the longing that comes out of the far-off American coast to this cargo of American warriors homeward bound.

It is a terrible night. Up in the wireless room a half dozen operators are listening to the voices of the sea. Other vessels are giving their respective positions and weather conditions. Back at Brest the chief of operations of the American naval station listens to them all, and like a train dispatcher in a tower he sends back wireless messages to his ships steering them out of the storm areas to calmer weather. What a wonderful thing the wireless! And what a splendid solicitude for the wounded, who lie in stoical silence in the ship's upper cabins.

Naval Courtesy to French Brides

SUDDENLY out of the night come signals of distress. The S O S cry is sounded by radio from at least a half dozen vessels before dawn shows any signs of a let-up in the wind's fury. The chief of naval operations orders the vessels nearest to each derelict to proceed thither. Only one of these orders comes to our ship. Apparently the vessel is straight ahead of us and lies in our course. We reach it in a few hours, and when within a few miles the captain steps to the wireless room, picks up a receiver from the hook and talks—yes, talks—to the skipper of the other ship. It is the wireless telephone which is being used, and the voice is heard just as clearly a few miles away as if it were being transmitted over a city telephone.

"Do you want any help?" asks our skipper

"No, thanks, we are all right now. Bon voyage," comes the answer. The other ship is taking in her drag. She had lain to during the night and weathered the storm without mishap.

Below the men are sleeping soundly. Their bunks are not inviting, but they have made themselves comfortable. Many of them had crossed the ocean before in luxurious cabins. Many had come steerage years before. Rich and poor, they sleep below decks together—and there are hundreds of thousands back in the villages of northern France who would give their all for a chance to trade places with the sleeping troopers homeward bound.

Bright and early the troops are on deck. Military rule still prevails. Officers of the day are busy with their inspections. Breakfast comes at eight. The men are out on deck again. The storm is still on and we are shipping a sea on the starboard side. The men will lean on the rails just the same and get wet. And the executive officer of the ship, Commander E. P. Finney, is already on the lookout for those with water-soaked clothing. Night and day he keeps his vigil. He worries about the comfort of the troops—and if his kindliness is typical of the care which the United States Navy takes of its precious charges as it transports them home, mothers and fathers need feel no concern. Why is he worrying?

"Well, some of them are bound to get wet," he tells me, "and catch cold—and the flu is so easy to catch. It would be a shame to lose any of them now."

Memories of other trips across, when the dreadful influenza took off one hundred and twenty-three on one journey before they touched France, came back to the commanding officer. Other transports lost as many. It was inevitable under the crowded conditions which war loading had made necessary in the race to France—at its height last September and October. Again the troops are crowded; shipping space is so scarce. There are doctors galore on board. Sickness is kept down to the minimum, but sick bay gets three or four cases of flu just the same. A lieutenant colonel and a major have it. Illness is no respecter of rank. About a dozen navy nurses are en route home. They are pressed into service. Gladly they don their little white caps and resume watchful occupation.

What a diversified list of passengers we have aboard! Besides four thousand troops there are colonels and majors and captains and lieutenants who are traveling as casuals. Many of them are medical officers. A thoughtful Government has asked that doctors who can be spared from the hospitals of France shall be sent back to America at once, not merely those who will care for civilian sick but those who have been teaching in medical schools and universities where the physicians of the next generation are being trained. No one begrudges that priority. Some of the marine officers who were at Château-Thierry are with us, also military and naval aviators, some of the naval officers who have been hunting submarines in destroyers for many months, engineers who have been the backbone of our expeditionary force in France, nurses of the Army and Navy and people from auxiliary organizations, though noticeably few of the latter, as most of the space is given up to returning soldiers.

It is unusual to see women aboard a transport, but the Navy manages to make them comfortable. Indeed the Navy exhibits a chivalry of spirit in another feminine phase of the war which is particularly evident on board this ship. I noticed it to-day for the first time when I saw a gob promenading the deck with a girl on his arm. I made inquiries. It was unusual to see an ordinary seaman up on the deck with colonels, majors and lieutenants. He had the freedom of the ship. He could go anywhere. The little girl with him—the two seem no more than eighteen or nineteen—is a French war bride. They were married in Brest and the United States Government gives passage to the wife of any soldier or sailor who returns to America with her husband. And the Navy treats the wives of the soldiers or sailors with a respect and consideration not less than that given the highest-ranking passengers.

True enough, the gob lives below decks and works his passage, or if he is a soldier he goes below with the troops for inspections, drills and his bunk. But his wife has a stateroom, traveling first-class. And the husband is permitted to come on deck during his leisure hours and promenade to his heart's content. It's a good way to impress the wife of either the soldier or the sailor who has fought for his country what American democracy really means. The French girls who by marriage acquire the citizenship of their American husbands cannot but find even in the first stage of their entry into America something about their adopted country to love and honor.

I have been talking with some of the nurses who have served at the Front. They have been in France nearly three years. One of them was with the French Army before America entered the war. Another served with American troops in the Argonne offensive. The latter is a middle-aged woman with a perspective somewhat different from some of the war workers one might meet back in America. She has seen men brought into the dressing stations with limbs shattered and bodies ripped apart. As clothing was removed a hand or a leg would sometimes fall away from a limp frame. She has seen the doctors order the hopeless cases away to tents where within a few minutes or a few hours these American troops breathed their last.

New Standards of Manliness

"FINE American boys they were," she says. "I can never forget their wonderful stoicism. Their fortitude was indescribable. They never whimpered. They never complained. They were considerate even in their last moments. I shall ever remember a young soldier he wasn't more than seventeen, it seemed to me—as I sat at his side with a fan trying to drive flies away and keep him cool. He watched me for a little while and finally said: 'Why do you fan me? You will tire yourself—and there's no use wasting yourself on me. I'll be gone in a few minutes maybe there are others.'

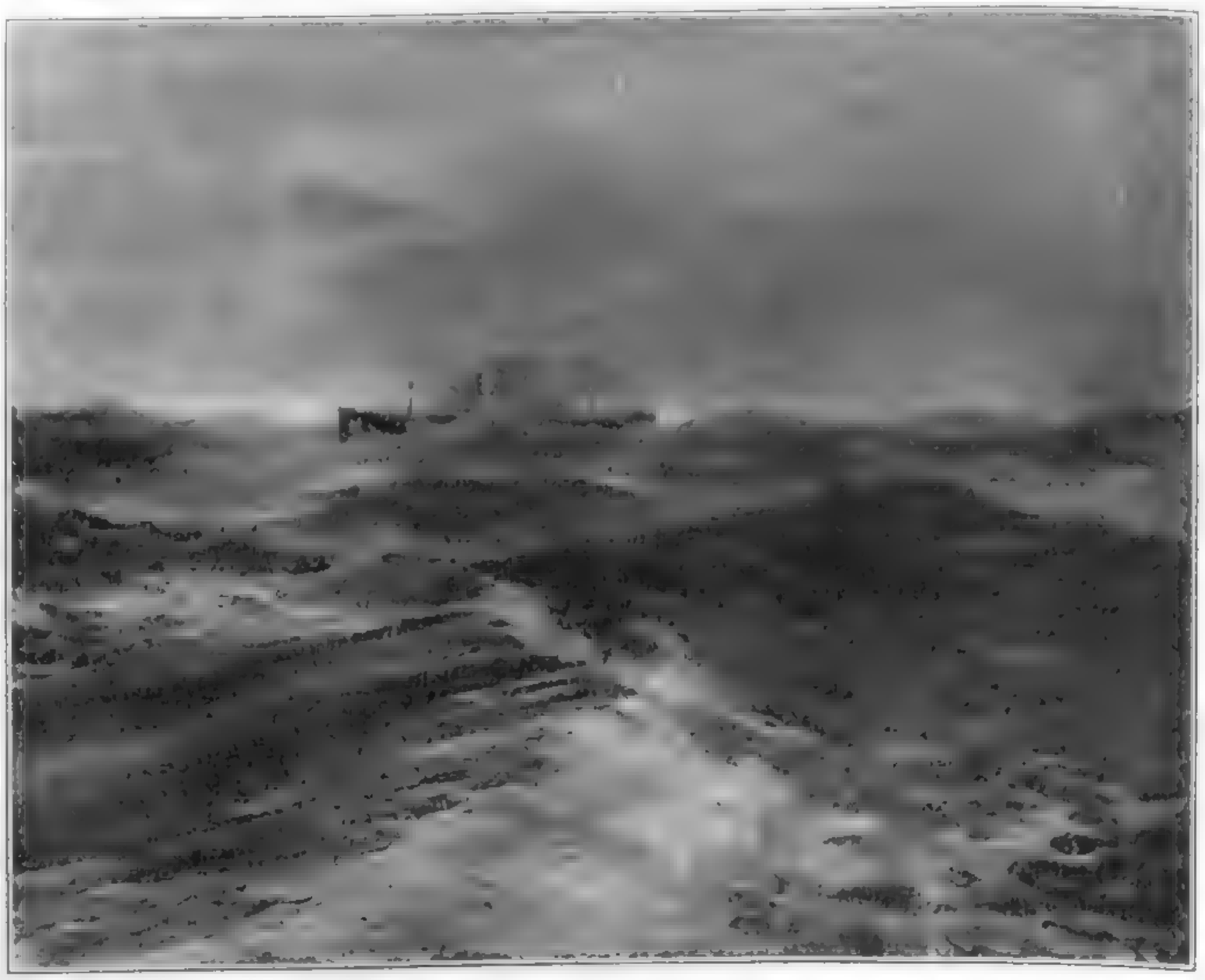
"It is that kind of spirit—exemplified in case after case—which the men are carrying back who have lived through the awfulness of war. It was horrible to see fine American boys mangled and torn; but the death they died, it was something noble—indescribably so!"

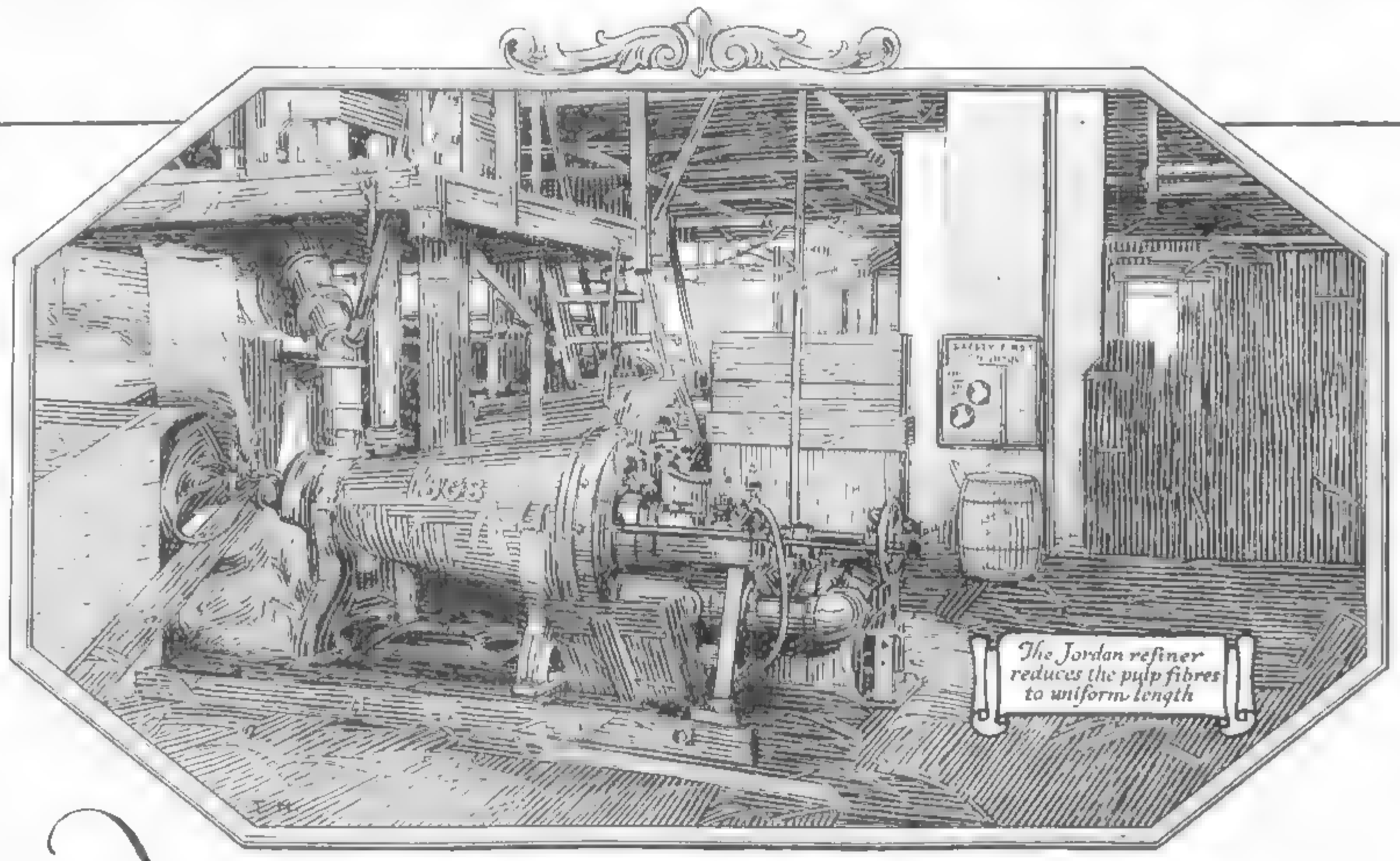
I couldn't help thinking of the effect of the war also on the women who had seen it thus at first hand. They are returning with a knowledge of the realities of life that must make an impression on their sisters at home. They have seen the American character in its most noble expression; and they will insist upon that ideal throughout their lives.

Much the same thought is conveyed by a major of the Marine Corps who has seen service at Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel and wears the Distinguished Service Cross of the American Army. The usual question the uninitiate asks the veteran, Was he afraid?

"Why, yes," he answers, "and anyone who tells you he isn't frightened and almost scared to death doesn't tell you the truth. Only you can't afford to allow your fright to get the better of you. You know you must keep on—and you do. You expect to get it any minute. So you carry on till the end."

(Concluded on Page 159)





The Jordan refiner reduces the pulp fibres to uniform length

Rag Fibres of Toughness

THAT crisp toughness which bespeaks the quality of Systems Bond comes from enduring rag fibres—sinews of strength combined with the serviceable fibres of spruce.

Drawing out these fibres to their full length—beating them into a pulp of the proper consistency—is one of the most delicate operations in paper making. Placed in the "beaters"—large tubs holding twelve hundred pounds of pulp—the mixture of rag pulp and sulphite pulp is whirled round and around for hours, while roll and bed plate draw the fibres out to the proper length. Alum and resin are added to give the paper a good writing surface—pigments or dyes to secure just the right shade of white or color. Then on to the "Jordan Refiner" the mixture goes, where the process of "beating" is finished, and the thousands of fibre strands are made ready for that matting which will give strength, endurance, resistance.

Skill and experience, as well as control and selection of raw materials, are necessary to produce paper of unvarying quality and uniform composition. Systems Bond, made by men old in paper manufacturing practice, embodies the results of such skill in the satisfactory service every sheet gives.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript and Atlantic marks.

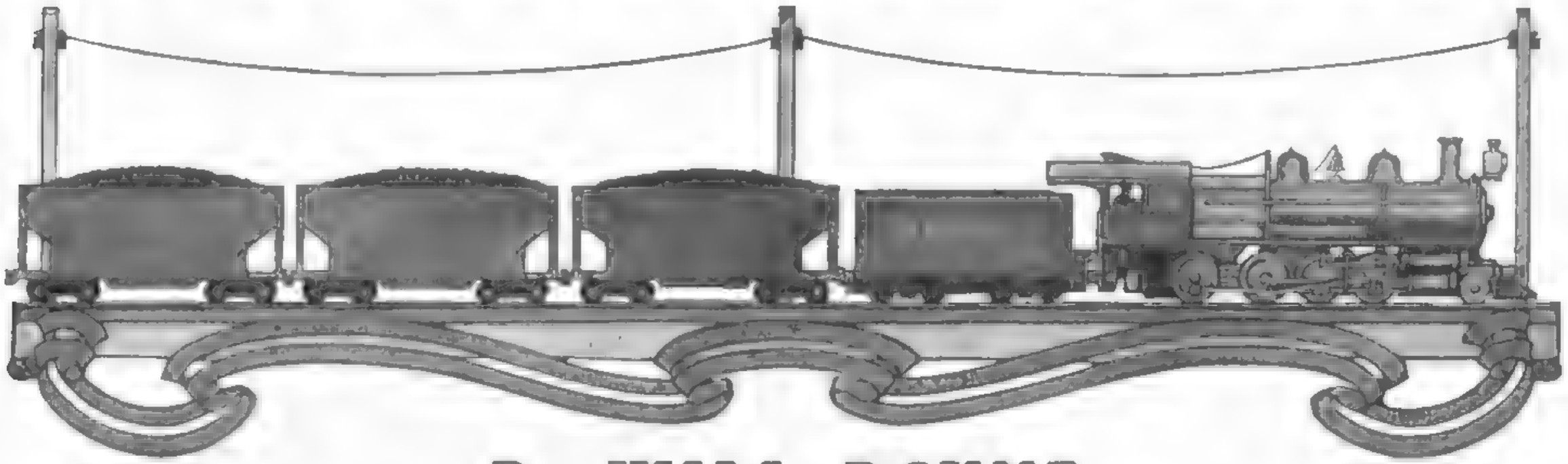
Ask your printer to use Systems Bond on your next order of letter-heads. He can also obtain for you our book on "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper," interesting and valuable to the paper buyer.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York, New York
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

AN INSURANCE POLICY



By WILL PAYNE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

FIFTEEN years ago or so a railroad attorney in Chicago pointed to a pile of papers on his desk and told me the following story about them: A green immigrant fresh from some Hungarian village got employment in the Chicago stockyards and was presently sent East as an attendant with a trainload of cattle. When the train was pulling out he climbed on top of a car to look at the scenery. A low viaduct swept him off, killing him and leaving a widow and a brood of children penniless.

Immediately the widow was waited upon by a lawyer's emissary, who explained to her that she could recover several thousand dollars' damages from the railroad for her husband's death. The lawyer would take the case on a contingent fee, retaining one-third or some such proportion of what he recovered as his compensation and to reimburse himself for the money he advanced to cover court costs. The widow agreed to that and signed the power of attorney.

Directly afterward an emissary from another lawyer called and explained that his employer would take the widow's case on a contingent fee and recover several thousand dollars' damages from the railroad for her. As the simple widow understood it, the more lawyers the more damages; so without mentioning the first one she signed the second one's power of attorney. A source of fabulous wealth appeared to open before her, and she set out looking up contingent-fee lawyers on her own account. Each of them on hearing her statement of the facts promised to recover damages, and for each she duly signed a power of attorney. So eighteen lawyers, all duly authorized, presented the widow's claim to the railroad. With a good deal of wrangling among the attorneys the widow was made to understand that she could have only one lawyer and bring only one suit.

The lawyer who finally got the case agreed with the railroad's attorney as to the amount of damages that should be paid. Judgment was entered for that amount and satisfied. I have forgotten the amount, but the widow after settling with her imposing legal staff had something or other left.

A Ghoulish Business Disappearing

THEN another lawyer got a new angle on the case. His point was that the immigrant had been employed by the stockyards' concern and met his death by an accident which occurred in the course of his employment, and as his employers had been negligent in not warning him of the dangers to which he would be exposed on a moving train they were liable for damages. By suing her husband's negligent employers the widow could recover a much greater amount than the railroad had agreed to pay. So he wanted the railroad's money handed back, the judgment against the railroad set aside, and a new suit brought against the packing concern. As I recollect it the court after hearing the circumstances and learning the size of the last lawyer's contingent fee refused to set aside the judgment.

Now the only odd thing about that case was the number of lawyers employed. Otherwise it typified a universal situation. Then as now, or probably more than now, workmen were always meeting with accidents in the course of their employment that disabled them for shorter or longer periods, or killed them. That was a constant cause of poverty. In a great many cases the stoppage of wages for more than a brief period—saying nothing of the expenses of illness or death—immediately dragged the family into want.

The victim—or his widow if it was a fatal accident—was privileged to sue for damages. Rarely had he money with which to engage a lawyer and pay court costs. But many lawyers would take his case on a contingent fee—advancing the preliminary costs themselves and claiming a third or so of the judgment as their compensation. In every industrial center lawyers specialized in this practice and had their agents to watch for accidents and get the case—ambulance chasers, they were called. But concerns with a high liability to accidents on account of the number of employees had their own ambulance chasers, whose duty it was to hear of the case, beat the contingent-fee lawyer to it, give the victim or his dependents a little money and get them to sign a waiver of damages.

Usually the greatest pains were taken to keep industrial accidents secret, so the contingent-fee lawyer couldn't get an opening. Undoubtedly many lawyers handled this class of cases honestly, but as a pretty general rule it was to their advantage to get a quick settlement—on the familiar commercial principle that a rapid turnover with a small profit is better than a long haul with larger profit in the end. If the case was fought to a finish it would probably drag on a couple of years or even more, consuming much of the lawyer's time and requiring a large advance for costs. So the company, appraising all the chances, would probably offer to settle immediately for a comparatively small sum, and a brisk lawyer by making twenty quick settlements could get more profit than by fighting one case.

The companies had their expert claims departments, whose business it was to keep costs down. If the victim presented his own claim to the company he would pretty certainly be offered but a comparatively small sum. If he or his lawyer persisted in fighting the case and recovered a good-size judgment the company would appeal and employ all the formidable and well-known resources of the law to make delay, so if it did finally have to pay a big judgment it enjoyed the pious satisfaction of knowing that it had caused the claimant to spend the greater part of it in costs and fees. In general it was the Prussian policy of frightfulness, the idea being to make the pressing of a damage claim so terrifying that only obdurate souls would undertake it. Every now and then in a case that appealed to a jury's sympathy excessive damages would be awarded. It would then be the claims department's duty to keep the average down by whittling at other claims.

Altogether it was as ghoulish a business as ever was carried on in a civilized community—and unprofitable to everybody concerned, with the exception of relatively few lawyers. In spite of all their arts companies found their damage payments mounting, and they knew that a great part—no doubt more than half—of what they finally paid out for damages went not to the victims of the accidents but to costs and lawyers' fees. And through the cost of maintaining courts to try these long-drawn cases the public was paying a big toll that benefited nobody. Meanwhile, on the other hand, wage earners' families were constantly thrust down into poverty, for to recover damages by this method usually took at least a year and often two or three, during which the family income ceased.

The public began to revolt against that stupid and brutal situation. It was found that fatal and disabling accidents are a constant feature of industry, and though by reasonable care, installation of safety devices, and so on, their number could be decidedly reduced yet there would always be accidents, just as there will always be fires. Probably the annual toll of deaths from industrial accidents in the more dangerous occupations in the United States runs to twenty-five thousand a year now, which means stopping the wage income of something like that number of families. In a five-year or ten-year period that means a host of families exposed to poverty. Presumably there was a time—back in the pre-factory days of handcrafts and home industries—when suing an employer for damages on account of such rare industrial accidents as might occur was a fairly adequate way of dealing with them. A good many of our legal and social ideas took shape back in that time. We stuck to the old ideas long after industry had outlived them, and poverty was one of the penalties we paid for it. Other countries were ahead of us in adopting the sensible idea that as liability to accident is a standing feature of industry its cost should be thrown upon industry, not upon the helpless individual victims; and distributed on the insurance principle, substantially as fire loss is distributed.

Everybody knows there is constant liability to fire, which may damage or destroy any given piece of property at any time. By insuring practically all property that is subject to fire hazard the loss is distributed so it is no great burden to anyone. Europe began applying that principle to industrial accidents thirty years ago, thereby in great measure putting a stop to one important cause of poverty. It was only in 1910, however, that we really began it, New York State leading the way in that year, to be followed next year by Wisconsin, then by Minnesota, and so on until at present thirty-eight states—and the Federal Government for its army of civilian employees—have adopted insurance against industrial accidents, or "workmen's compensation," as it is commonly called. The rapidity with which the movement spread shows that the public is ready to adopt common-sense cures for preventable poverty once the way is pointed out.

A Picture of the New Scheme

THERE are different methods, but the basic ideas in all cases are that these accidents are a legitimate charge upon industry which produced them; that the charge shall be distributed over industry on the insurance-premium principle; that the victim of the accident or his dependents shall be entitled to compensation on a fixed scale, to be paid promptly without factitious quibbling, without drawn-out litigation and without expense to him or them—very much as your life insurance or accident insurance or fire insurance policy is paid when a legitimate claim arises under it.

The plan most favored is to establish a state commission to collect the premiums and pay the claims or supervise the payment where the employer elects to insure against accidents in a casualty company. The compensation is generally fixed in terms of percentage of the victim's wage. Usually for a disability extending more than two weeks he receives two-thirds of his wages. Permanent disabilities and death are also compensated in terms of percentage of wages. Loss of eye, leg, arm, hand, thumb, and so on are compensated at fixed rates.

The following from the report of the New York commission for 1916 gives a picture of the scheme: "There are in the state two hundred thousand employers. Two million workmen are under the law. They receive an annual wage of a billion dollars a year. There are three hundred and fifteen thousand accidents a year, excluding those which cause no loss of time other than a day, a turn or a shift, or that require no other medical attention than first aid. This is a thousand accidents a day. Of these, all require medical aid. The average cost of medical aid is ten

(Continued on Page 34)

The Comfort Car

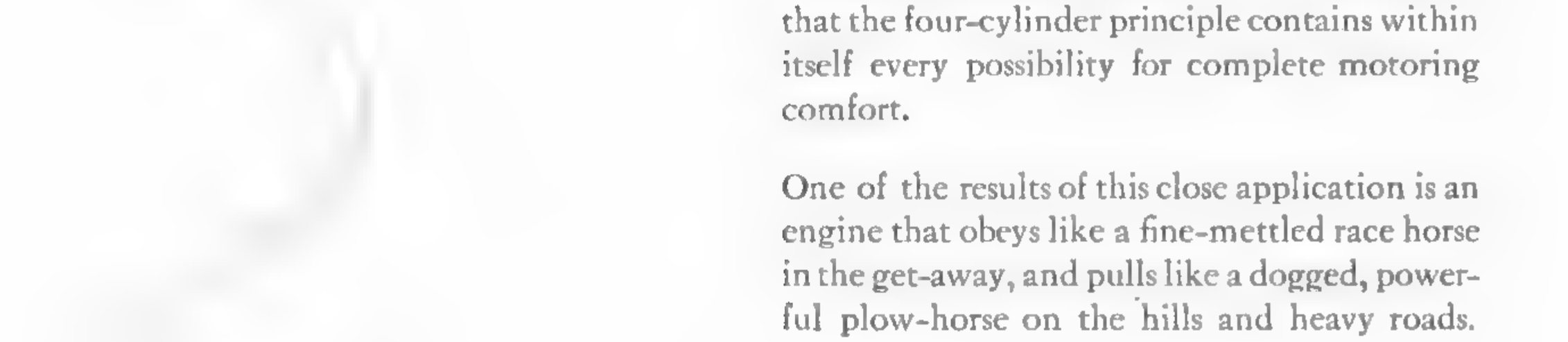
H

HUPMOBILE performance stands out as a thing distinct, unique, and unusual. It is a definite, positive *quality* of performance, uncommon among motor cars.

The explanation is that eleven years of persistent, scientific development have been devoted to the four-cylinder principle by the Hupmobile organization.

We have steadfastly adhered to the conviction that the four-cylinder principle contains within itself every possibility for complete motoring comfort.

One of the results of this close application is an engine that obeys like a fine-mettled race horse in the get-away, and pulls like a dogged, powerful plow-horse on the hills and heavy roads.



Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 32)

dollars a case. There are annually sixty thousand claims for cash benefits. The average cash benefit is one hundred and sixty dollars. There are twelve hundred deaths a year. The average death benefit is thirty-two hundred and fifty dollars. The total annual benefits, including medical aid, are now running above twelve million dollars a year. The average compensation is nine dollars a week."

It may be noted that that is no great burden on industry, which pays a billion dollars a year in wages, yet it would be a crushing burden on many poor families if the individual victim had to pay it.

American experience of this accident insurance, or workmen's compensation, runs back at most very few years, for after the first laws were passed it took time to get organized and going. Mistakes have been made of course. It will take several years more, at best, to get the scheme thoroughly organized and to accumulate a body of experience by which it may be surely guided. There is the general criticism on one side that compensation is fixed too low, and except for the higher-paid labor disability continuing a number of weeks ought to be compensated at seventy-five or eighty or a hundred per cent of the wage, for the wage was only sufficient to maintain the family in decent physical conditions. On the other hand the first effect of the scheme is generally that the number of claims for damages and consequently the total cost tend to increase in the early years. As workmen discover by experience that they will be paid for injuries promptly and without expense to themselves they report injuries and put in claims where formerly they would have said nothing about it. Thus it is said that if the cost the first year is one hundred, by the fourth or fifth year it will have risen to a hundred and twenty. But the system is so new in most states that the fourth or fifth year falls in a period of increasing industrial activity with a swifter pace and with more green hands at work.

The Leading Causes of Poverty

BEYOND any question it is the sound, intelligent system of dealing with industrial accidents. Experience will bring better laws, better organization, better managerial skill. By this system whatever employers and the public pay out for industrial accidents goes to the victims of the accidents, instead of half or two-thirds of it being wasted in court expenses and lawyers' fees; and industrial accidents—of which, as shown above, three hundred and fifteen thousand happen in one state in one year—will cease to be an ever-standing, ever-fruitful cause of poverty. Moreover this system will undoubtedly tend constantly to prevent accidents. The country began to sprout "safety first" signs coincidentally with the movement to adopt this plan of insurance against accidents.

There is no question about a mass of poverty in the United States—meaning by poverty simply inability to procure the essentials of wholesome physical existence, lack of a sanitary dwelling and sufficient food and clothing to keep the body in good condition. A great deal of it is strictly preventable. Its causes may probably be set down as follows, in the order of their importance: Ignorance, low wages, unemployment, illness, inherent incapacity to earn a living, laziness, vice. Someone may object to the arrangement and insist that inherent incapacity and laziness deserve a higher place in the scale; but I believe there is no question about the first place.

By ignorance—the chief cause—I mean your ignorance and mine even more than that of the one million, three hundred and seventy-eight thousand white persons, of native parentage and above ten years of age, who could not read or write at the last census and the two and a quarter million negroes in the same disadvantageous position. Mostly their ignorance is not their own fault, for they never had a fair opportunity to know better. You and I had plenty of opportunity to know better than let four million native citizens grow up illiterate, but were too heedless to take advantage of it. The school was there for us, wide open, but we wouldn't study the lesson.

We knew that a million immigrants, mainly from the most backward regions of Europe, were pouring in here every year and very largely congregating in industrial centers, where they lived more or less apart. But when war came along and somebody who looked it up came to the conclusion that three million residents who had been here two or three years or longer didn't know a word of English and couldn't read a President's proclamation or a summons to appear before a draft board we were somewhat startled. Our ignorance is willful—or just indifference, which comes to the same thing.

Ignorance is nine-tenths a social crime. There is no reason at all why any normal child should grow up in the United States without an education at public expense that will enable him or her to attack the problem of getting a living intelligently. And if everybody who grew up in the United States knew how to attack the problem with real intelligence, applying his or her natural abilities to the best advantage, poverty would be by way of disappearing. In a twenty-five-year cycle ending with 1914, production of mineral wealth, measured in value, multiplied by four, production of agricultural wealth multiplied by four, production of manufactures multiplied by two and a half, and the total income of the country could hardly have been less than thirty-five billion dollars.

But at the end of that period we were spending on public schools all told only about five dollars and a half a head a year, or considerably less than we were spending on automobiles. Of twenty-six million persons of school age, less than fifteen millions were in average daily attendance on public schools, which were open on an average only a hundred and sixty days in the year. To instruct them we employed six hundred and four thousand teachers, whose average pay was five hundred and seventy dollars a year, or about that of a hod carrier. Out of a big group—more than a million and a half—especially examined under the selective draft, three hundred and eighty-odd thousand, or twenty-four per cent, were unable to understand an English newspaper or write letters home. These men came from nearly every state in the Union.

That is no way to attack poverty or any other social problem. Private ownership of property, or capitalism, has no more to do with it than monogamy has. For many years the public-school system has been subject to the vote of practically every male above twenty-one, and of many females. It is what we—all of us—have willed it to be. Its shortcomings are exactly our shortcomings—all of us. We should come just as short under any other political system. Socialists want to change the color of the flag. All that needs changing is our own minds. And we are changing our minds. A big extension and improvement of public education is coming. The war is going to hasten it. Woman suffrage is going to hasten it. Every voting and speaking person in the United States can give it a push—right under the poor old bourgeois red, white and blue, which promises to stay up quite a spell in spite of all made-in-Germany.

Our capitalistic minds do change. Time was, and only a couple of generations ago, when it was the accepted thing to work children eight and nine years old twelve or fourteen hours a day. The children couldn't help themselves, and employers constitutionally shy at anything that looks like a fixed increase in cost of production. Civilized countries began intervening by forbidding the employment of children under a certain age and limiting the hours of older ones. The accepted idea now is expressed by the new Revenue Law, which lays a special tax on any mine or quarry in which a child under sixteen years of age has been employed at any time during the year, and on any mill, cannery, workshop or manufacturing establishment in which a child under fourteen has been employed, or one between fourteen and sixteen has worked more than eight hours a day or more than six days in a week or at night. We are about at the point of prohibiting the industrial employment of children under fourteen and of strictly limiting hours of those between fourteen and sixteen. The sound idea is that if we can't make a living without working children we'd better quit, and any industry that can't get along without child labor has got to quit, because socially it doesn't pay.

The next thing, soon following, was limitation of hours for women. As usual the United States was behind some other big industrial countries in legislation because conditions on the whole were decidedly better here. But the Supreme Court has upheld laws limiting hours for women, and the idea is now commonly accepted, for as a general proposition women in industry are less able to protect themselves than men are, and the health of bearers of children is of decided social importance.

That naturally ran into another and more difficult labor problem—a poverty problem too. A great many women and young males were as helpless to protect themselves in the matter of wages as they had been in the matter of hours. They were so situated that they couldn't organize for collective bargaining. If there was a social loss in systematically overworking them, to the detriment of their health, self-respect and citizenship, there was equally a social loss in underpaying them so their wage was insufficient to procure the essentials of decent physical existence.

Minimum Wage Laws

TO DEAL with that condition England passed a minimum wage law nearly ten years ago, applying to female labor in four "sweated" trades—chain making by hand, paper-box making, lace and wholesale tailoring. The act has since been extended to confectionery, preserving, shirt making, hollow ware, embroidery. It sets up for each trade a board composed of representatives of the employers, the employees and the state, which fixes a minimum wage, with penalties for paying or accepting any smaller wage. Massachusetts put a similar law into effect in 1913, and Oregon about the same time. Twelve states now have such laws, and the District of Columbia, by act of Congress.

In upholding the Oregon act the Supreme Court of that state said: "Every argument put forward to sustain the maximum-hours law"—limiting hours of labor for women—"applies equally in favor of the minimum-wage law as also within the police powers of the state and as a regulation tending to guard public morals and public health." The United States Supreme Court has upheld this law, following the same line of reasoning that led it to sustain the maximum-hours law.

At first glance that seems an easy way to dispose of "poverty wages." Unquestionably a great many workers—especially women—receive wages insufficient to cover the cost of wholesome living. Sometimes that is because custom or competition for jobs among unorganized workers has established a low wage. Sometimes, as in branches of the needle trades, it is because the product is sold at a price that doesn't permit fair wages. Passing a law under which every employer is required to pay a minimum wage based on fair cost of living, looks reasonable, for all employers would then be in the same position and consumers ought to pay enough for every article to cover the fair cost of producing it, including living wages for the labor employed.

But in fact the problem is much knottier than it looks at first glance. Investigations before the war indicated that about four-fifths

(Continued on Page 122)

THERE'S fun in getting the little hands dirty sometimes; and there's a lot of fun in getting them clean with

Goblin Soap
WORKS WONDERS

You'll love to see the rich, creamy lather pile up; it dissolves the most obstinate dirt.

Good for home, office, shop or garage.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, please send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 West Monroe Street, Chicago
64 Macauley Avenue, Toronto, Canada

Do You Appreciate the Size of Philadelphia as a Market for Your Goods?

THE old boundary lines were made in 1854, inside of which the census gives Philadelphia credit for about 1,700,000 people. Boston gets credit for about 700,000 —but everybody knows that the real Boston is a city of 2,000,000 or more. So in Philadelphia. She overgrew her boundary lines *years ago,* and is in reality a city of

FIVE MILLION PEOPLE
in what is called Metropolitan Philadelphia

The banking resources, not including the trust deposits, are $1,270,000,000. If they included the trust deposits of $977,000,000 they would have a total banking resource of $2,247,000,000 as compared with Chicago's total banking resource of $1,460,030,258.

The following is the value of exports for the fiscal year 1918, requiring Customs supervision:

NEW YORK	$2,616,850,680
PHILADELPHIA	446,612,168
NEW ORLEANS	381,428,110
BALTIMORE	336,356,608
SAN FRANCISCO	211,874,817
BOSTON	205,189,419

Philadelphia collected $2,201,196 MORE revenue during the last fiscal year than Boston, San Francisco and Baltimore *combined,* and at $1,149,826 LESS expense.

Philadelphia's efficiency is reflected in the Public Ledger, which is spending over $200,000 a year to give its readers the very remarkable PUBLIC LEDGER-LONDON TIMES News Service.

This, with the Associated Press Service and its own European correspondents, gives it the world's greatest news service.

Its progressiveness is making Philadelphia the news center of the world.

Send a dollar for a two months' subscription

PUBLIC LEDGER

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A LOVE STORY

(Continued from Page 11)

new life! So frail, so impotent. A hasty brush of arm, a firm touch of pillow—and it would not even breathe; the living link binding her to these past dark bitter months would be no more. It would all fade—into a half-forgotten nightmare.

She looked at it and tried to remember it was Roscoe's child. It cried again. She touched its feet. They were cold—like bits of cool silk floss. Suddenly a queer tremor ran through her; a hot surging tide of protective ecstasy. She clutched the little one to her suddenly. There, with its helpless silken feet in her breast, Norah cried for the first time.

And the little hand of ice at her heart loosed its hold; it was a warm little hand that touched her there now—two hands. Like a chalice. They cupped her heart, to hold forever.

II

ONE of Samson West's earliest memories was of the sewing machine. As he lay in his cradle holding up a fat small foot, jingling his ring of spools or trying to pull himself up, he gradually became aware of its presence and its unalterable fixity. A crude inchoate monster of shapeless dark bulk with vertical bars of iron, with flashing wheels that spun curiously, and narrow leathern cords that hummed and twanged eternally. It sang with a nasally raucous voice, stopping suddenly like a jerked-up horse. These were the times mostly when he cried for a drink of water or for his dinner.

Then the monster would snort, jerk up abruptly, the wheels would stop spinning, there would come a scuff and push of chair, and he would find himself upborne in two strong hands, lifted to a broad warm haven, above which loomed a rich-colored kindly disk inset with two twinkling blue lights. The blue lights always sent a tide of warmth through him; he would throw out his little arms, tangle his fingers in a silken luxuriance that lingered somewhere above him, set his wet little mouth vaguely hunting, hunting.

At first he associated all this with the monster itself—a manifestation of its activity; but gradually he realized that it was a separate entity, that it belonged to the monster only for long set periods when he must be good and lie in his cradle.

By the time he could climb out and toddle round the room he understood even more.

The production of this monster was sacred. It was inviolable, consecrate, and when it was bent upon its task he must be very good and unobtrusive. It was fed from a heap of material that lay on a near-by chair. Its fruit occupied another in neat piles, and it was the object of the person feeding it to build this last pile as swiftly as might be—a curious fancy.

This person was, as Samson had learned, his mother—a beautiful rosy giantess, who worked her machine so fast her whole body throbbed with it. So when the little needle tongue flew Samson would stand and hold her dress and watch the tacking lines it left behind; or, tiring, notice the little vibrating golden hairs along her neck, where the sunlight touched her

Presently, he knew, she would stop; stop to kiss him a minute or get him a piece of bread and jam. But she would go on again very shortly.

By the time he was four Samson knew why. His mother worked for a pants factory that had opened in the town. "Doing piecework," they called it. Twice each week she called at the factory and brought away a bundle of cloth shapes. These she must stitch together and return in time for a new bundle. As she was paid six cents for each shape, necessarily there was a premium on numbers. As he grew older Samson partook of her agitation on this subject, and the queer bifurcate forms of gray or plum or navy blue took on a poignant significance. A day's illness, a little pleasure jaunt, an added hour of play must be made up.

Still in the main it was a prosperous business. Their needs were simple, and the little three-room cottage was a bright and pleasant spot to play in. Sometimes people came to see them—an old lady who cried over him weakly; and an old man who owned a wonderful little shop with bright and wicked-looking tools, wherein one saw long lovely curls of delicate pine shavings manufactured before one's eyes. These old parties were addressed respectively as "gramaw" and "grampaw," and at rare intervals little Samson spent a day with them; but they looked at him so sadly it made him uncomfortable. Once he heard gramaw speaking to his mother:

"If you'd leave the boy with me or put him to the Blatchfords you could go away and get better work elsewhere, Norah. You'd have more money in the end. You've got no clothes at all—or nothing for yourself."

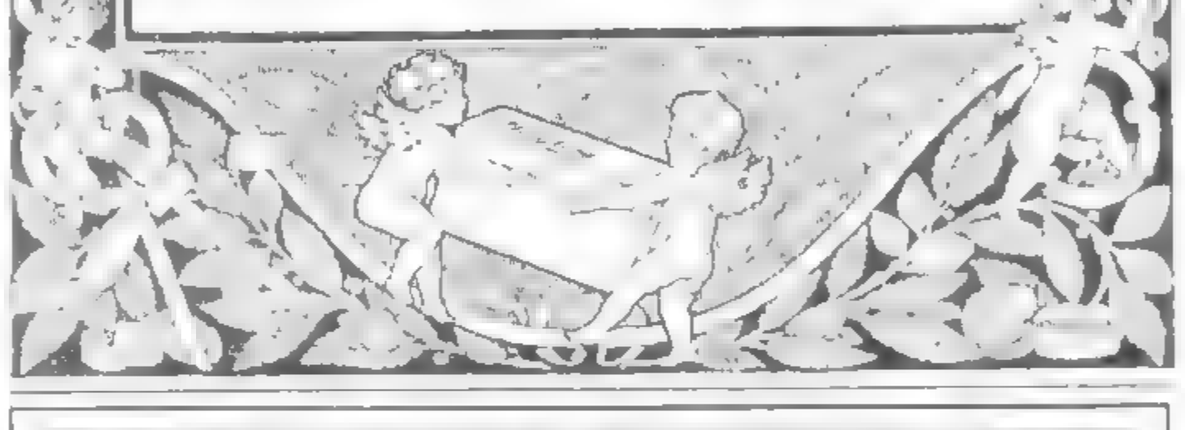
Samson remembered how fiercely his mother had pressed him to her

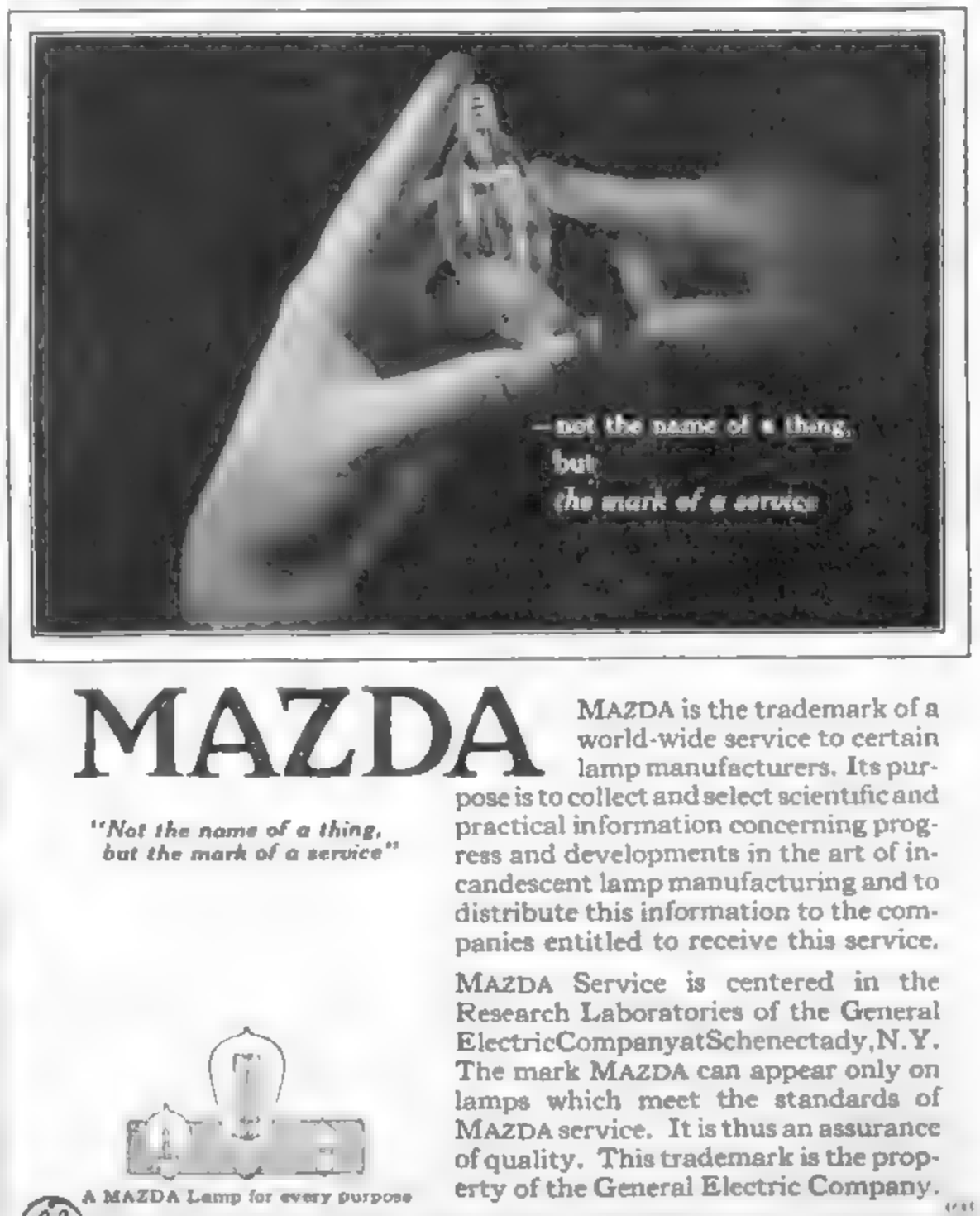
"Nothing'd make me leave Sammy—not on this earth!" she answered passionately. He snuggled close with a warm proud sense of importance.

His mother loved him much, that was sure. As soon as he was old enough he trotted with her to the pants factory when she collected or delivered her bundles. He

The Last Thing He Saw as the Train Drew Out Past the Water Tank Was the Pitcher of His Mother's Waving Handkerchief

Let a Box of Huyler's NEW YORK Candies be your Easter Greeting





MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"

MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this service.

MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General ElectricCompanyatSchenectady,N.Y. The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.

A MAZDA Lamp for every purpose

RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

STARCHED OR SOFT
THE ARROW
IS A DEPENDABLE INDICATOR
OF A SMART, SATISFACTORY
COLLAR
CLUETT · PEABODY & CO · INC · TROY N.Y

You Need This Handy Vise

IT'S a real vise, made of malleable iron and steel—not a toy or a cheap cast iron vise. It's big enough to take care of the hundred and one little jobs around your car or your home. It will save you time and money and make many a hard job easy. The United States Army has bought 40,000 of these vises for field equipment—that's how good a vise it is. Your hardware or supply dealer has or will get you a Columbian Vise—or we will send it post-paid anywhere in the U. S. for $5.00.

The Columbian Hardware Company
World's Largest Makers of Vises and Anvils
Cleveland

COLUMBIAN
Sledge-Tested VISES

had noticed that she preferred his to other society. She had no other friends. Indeed she barely nodded to folks, only bidding the time in a proud hurt way. But if his mother kept to him alone they were enough for each other.

Sunday afternoons the pants factory was forgotten. His mother would take down her thick long hair and go down on all fours to play with him. She would ride him on her strong back, with her braids for his reins. She played mad-dog and barked at him from behind a chair until he shrieked with delight; she was an Indian, a pirate, pantomimist, for his pleasure. With a piece of folded paper she could make a magic bird; and with a cup of sugar such taffy lollipops as ever delighted a small stomach. Her kiss was heavenly panacea for bump or bruise, and when the wind howled over the shingles at night her arms were his safe harbor. He had, he felt, the most marvelous mother in the world.

But when Samson was six he went to school and his faith was somewhat jostled. She was not—not quite like other mothers. He mentioned it over his noon bread and milk one day.

"Maw," he said, "why haven't you and I got a paw?"

His mother's high color faded out.

"Why, Sammy?" she faltered.

"Ukey Roland says we ain't ever goin' to have one. He says we had one once but he wasn't a real one. He says he ran away and left us, but that anyhow he wasn't a real one."

"Oh, Sammy ——"

He never did remember what his mother had answered just then. But when she took back her bundle to the factory she came away empty-handed. And within the week they had packed their few sticks of furniture and moved to Leaderburg, where people didn't know them. There was no pants factory here, but his mother started on a newer, more æsthetic enterprise. She opened a little home bakery. It was not quite so certain of remuneration as the factory had been, but she had more time for domestic tasks—and for Sammy. It was pleasanter to find her in the kitchen after school rather than at the back-aching machine. To see her skimming out fat glossy fried cakes from the amber fat—to be allowed to dust them with the sugar shaker; to watch her evolve fascinating cookies or little meringue pies! Also they had a little bell put on the front door, and it was lovely to hear it jangle when a patron stepped in.

One Sunday evening it jangled quite loudly, and when Sammy opened the kitchen door there stood Mr. Newall, the grocer from whom his mother bought her sugar.

"We don't sell on Sundays," Sammy began; then he turned and saw his mother, and noticed that her face had got quite red. Then he saw that Mr. Newall had turned a little red too. But Mr. Newall said he knew they didn't sell on Sundays. It seemed he had only come to talk; very dull talk, Sammy thought.

They sat in the kitchen because the parlor was the shop, and presently Sammy had to go up to bed. When his mother came up he was nearly asleep, but he felt himself roused by a passionate hug and kiss.

"Never in the world!" his mother was saying. "I wouldn't think of it." Which seemed foolishly irrelevant.

After that for a while Mr. Newall came every Sunday, and when he met Sammy on the street he treated him like a prince. He would call him into his shop and give him cream chocolates and stick candy and crackers. Once he brought him a box of marbles and a jackknife and said something about a silver watch presently. These gifts disturbed his mother strangely. Sammy did not understand why until feeling thirsty one evening after he had gone to bed he rose and padded downstairs to the water pail. The kitchen door stood open, and from the stairs he saw and heard.

Mr. Newall and his mother stood facing each other.

"I can't do it, John," he heard his mother say.

"But you care for me, Norah—you tell me you do—and I'd be good to the boy."

"How do I know that?" she cried sharply. "I don't know what time'll bring. I belong to him, John; just him and me. I want to work for him. I want to make it all up to him—his lack."

"Let me help you, Norah."

Sammy thought she might be refusing the silver watch and almost sprang into the room, but something stayed him.

"'Tisn't because —— Oh, Norah, I know that old story. It makes no difference to me."

But his mother shook her head.

"I can't, John thank you. I won't have anything come between. I feel I belong just to him. You don't understand."

"He'll go 'way from you some day, Norah. You'll need somebody then," he prophesied, leaving.

But when his mother explained to Sammy just what Mr. Newall had wanted the boy agreed with her.

"Nobody can tell what might happen. A stepfather with the best intentions ——" she said agitatedly.

"Besides," Sammy assured her, "I'm going to marry you myself, mother. I'm going to take care of you and buy silk-satin dresses for you; even when you're so old you can't hardly walk."

"I'm old now—old and faded and tired," Nora said with a touch of bitterness.

"Not so awful old, mother. You've only got a few teeny wrinkles on each side. You wait; I'll marry you and take you sailing on a ship and buy you lots of things."

Samson grew apace. He was big like his mother—a handsome little fellow with fine eyes and a good carriage. He did well at his books and he was popular with his mates. And his mother looked upon him and called him good.

The little bakery flourished so-so. Times when Samson needed new shoes or corduroys, a sled or a special book, Norah had to make shift a bit, but she managed. For herself it did not matter. She was getting on in the thirties now, with a broadening fan of silver over each temple. She never mingled with the social life of the village, and a many-turned frock, a shabby cape or bonnet served well enough, so be that Samson maintained his place among the young folk and had an odd penny or two on hand.

When Samson was in his fifteenth year Mr. Blatchford came over to Leaderburg to see him.

"You know, Norah, he's a big strong boy and ought to lend a hand. I could give him work at the apples—through the summers anyway, though he's big enough to work steady now."

His mother had seemed outraged.

"I want him to have schooling, Mr. Blatchford. I want to send him to college."

"College!" old Mr. Blatchford cried. "On pies and crullers, Norah? Lord, girl, what good would come of that?"

"It'd teach him to take care of himself," his mother answered bitterly. "He's a fine boy and he might make a professor or a lawyer, or a minister even."

"Or a book agent," old Blatchford sneered to himself.

"The Gilt Edge Bakery'll crowd you out. These newfangled places —— What then, Norah?"

"I'm taking the teachers to board this winter," Norah answered stoutly. "And next year I don't know but I'll give up baking and have boarders all the time."

She had long ago told Samson her story his story. Even to Leaderburg the thing had filtered slowly, and one winter afternoon, holding his little hands tightly, when only the glowing stove had lighted the twilight room, Norah had spoken of his father of that lost bitter illusion of hers.

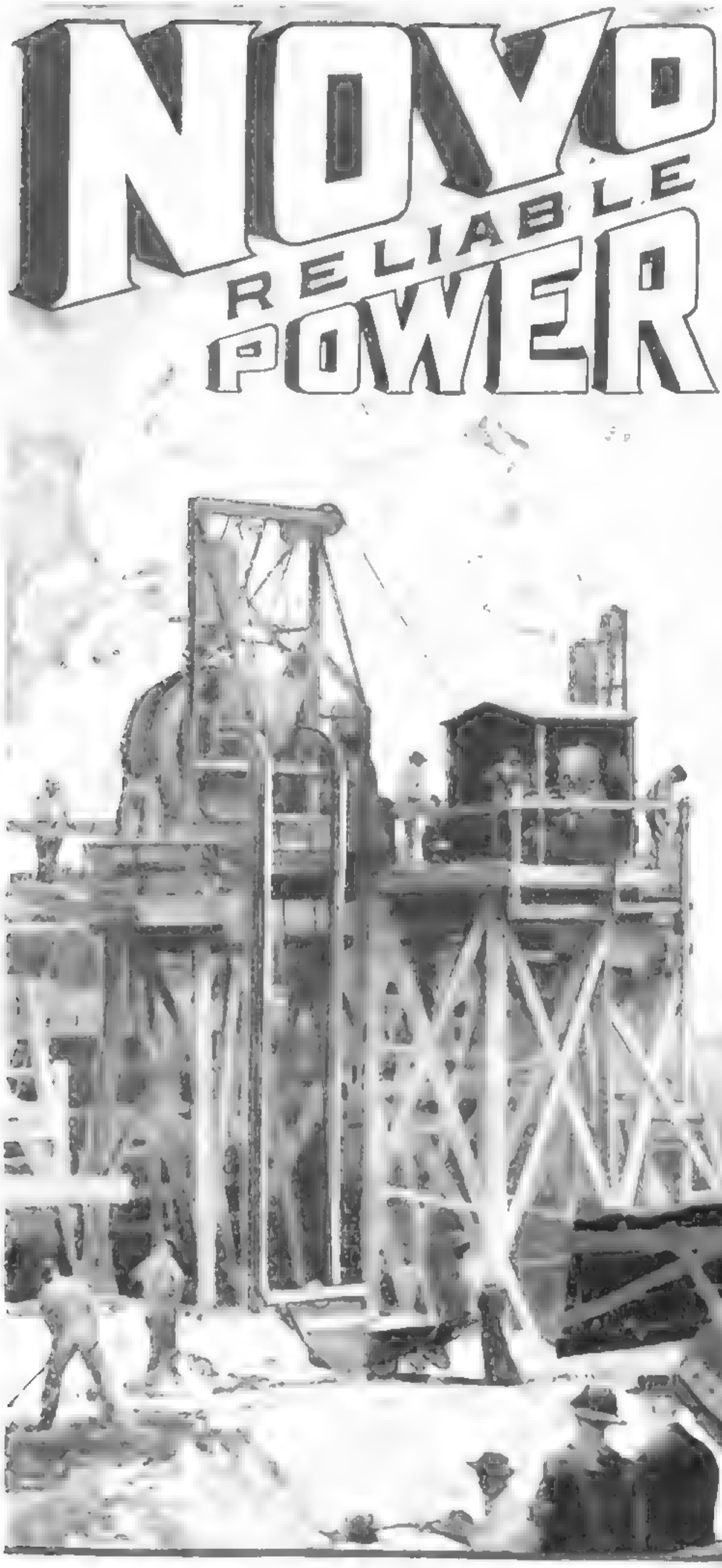
"It's the same's if he was dead," she explained; "just the same. But you've got me left, and we're going to do fine things. If you've not been treated fair, Sammy, mother's going to help you about it. You wait and see. We'll turn you out something splendid."

The boy believed her. Her words heartened him in the face of an occasional gibe or reference that carried its sting. And these occurred only at first, for Leaderburg was kind and youth forgets.

Samson had a happy boyhood and shared all the simple pleasures of the village. Sometimes waking Sunday mornings he would lie adream, busy with pleasant egotistic vagary. Most of the lads he played with were going no further than through high school. But he was going on. One of three: To college, to a higher education, into the world. The son of Mrs. Norah West, of West's Home Bakery, to wrest a sheepskin and a laurel wreath.

It came in due time. Norah closed the bakery, opened a prosperous boarding house, and Samson was able to lend some assistance as soda dispenser at Reid's drug store through two vacations. At any rate, in the autumn of his eighteenth year

(Continued on Page 41)



Pack-Mules of Power

A Novo Outfit is a compact, independent, self-contained power plant. Like a burro of the mountain trails, it can go anywhere, and will furnish efficient, Reliable Power where heavier equipment cannot be used.

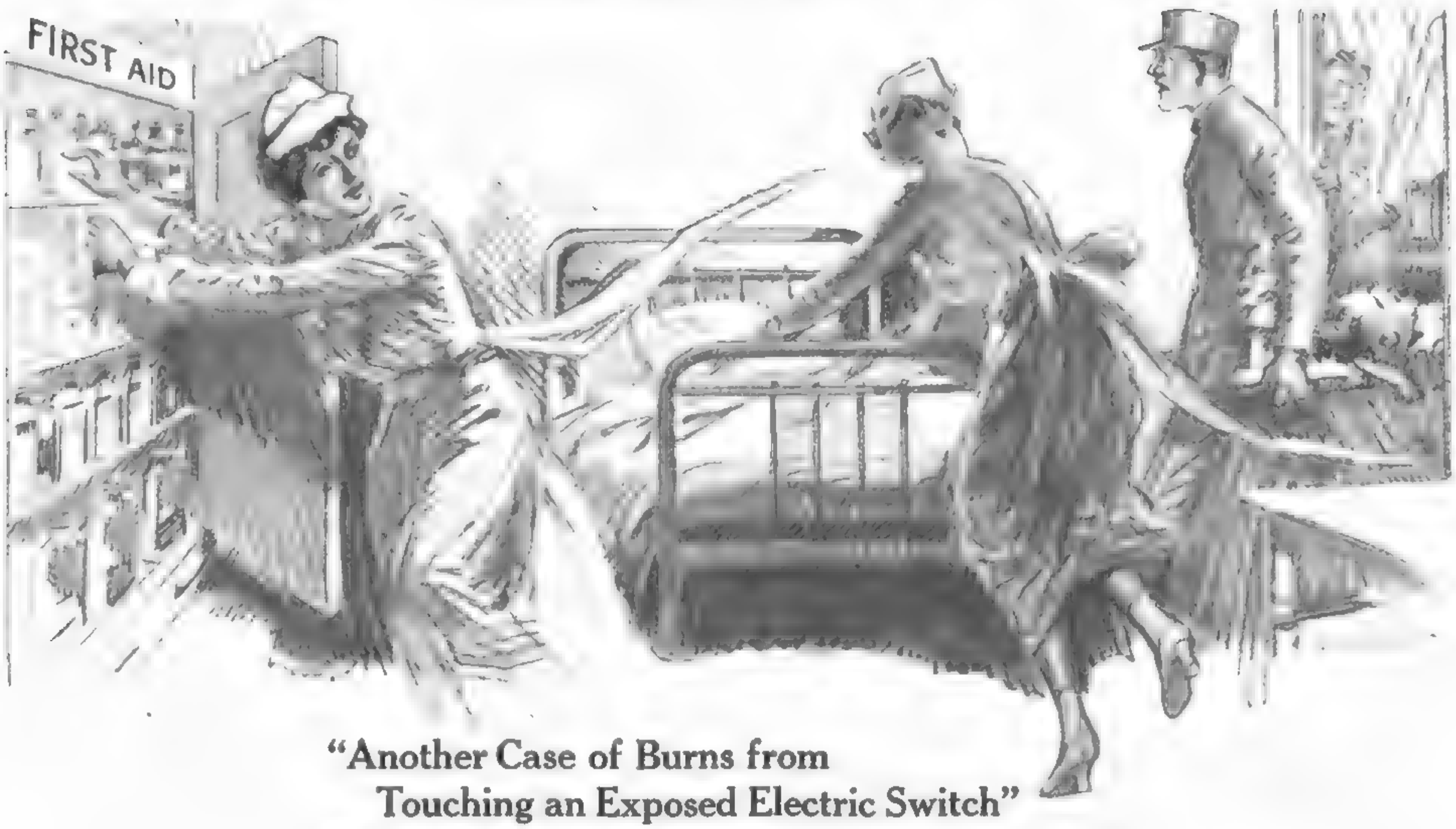
The photograph shows a Novo D. H. Hoist at work on a concrete dock which the Government is building at the Quartermaster's Terminal, Greenwich Point, Philadelphia. The work undertaken by the Snare & Triest Company, Contractors, requires compact portable power—outfits that can be quickly set up and put to work, wherever there is work to do. The hoist shown is one of the many Novo Outfits which are successfully meeting this need.

The more inaccessible the spot where work must be done, the greater the need of Novo Power.

Novo Hoisting Outfits are made for every kind of lifting and hauling, in construction work, mining, lumbering, pile-driving, excavating, grading, conveying, etc. Write for Bulletin No. 11—it will tell you all about our complete line of Hoists.

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr
996 Porter Street, Lansing, Mich.
New York: 1617 Woolworth Building Chicago: 800 Old Colony Building
Canadian Distributors
London Concrete Machinery Co., London, Ontario

Novo Engines, 1½ to 15 H.P. Outfits for Hoisting, Pumping, Air Compressing, Sawing. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, natural or artificial gas. Catalog showing complete line sent on request.



"Another Case of Burns from Touching an Exposed Electric Switch"

IN large factory-hospitals they know that accidental contact with an old-fashioned open-knife electric switch too frequently means instant death.

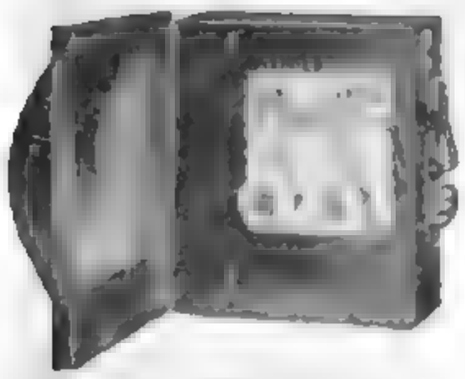
There are hundreds of such accidents yearly. They will continue to happen as long as electricity is needlessly exposed. Make electricity safe for everyone. Why misuse it?

The Square D Safety Switch is an insulated steel box, which contains the switch and is operated entirely from the outside. There is no chance for the workman to come into contact with the powerful, deadly current. To operate the switch, the workman uses the lever outside the box. He can work faster, because he does not have to be always on his guard.

The Square D Safety Switch box can be padlocked shut.

Have your electrician or contractor replace all dangerous open-knife switches that you are now using in your plant or home with Square D Safety Switches. Large industrial firms that employ Safety Engineers have already done so. A few such firms are—American Steel & Wire Co., American Car & Foundry Co., Bethlehem Steel Co., Carnegie Steel Co., Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Goodrich Rubber Co., Hudson Motor Car Co., National Tube Co., Ford Motor Co., Packard Motor Car Co., and Pennsylvania R.R.

Over 300 sizes for homes, office buildings, factories. For sale by your electrical dealer or contractor. See him at once for full information and prices, or write us direct.



"Number Ninety-Six-Two-Eleven Special size for homes. Order one put in your home today Costs less than $2.00."

"Square D Safety Switches make electricity safe for everyone

SQUARE D COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Works: Walkerville, Ont.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh Toronto
Atlanta St. Louis San Francisco Portland, Ore.

SQUARE D
Safety Switch

(Continued from Page 38)

he started out. Norah had bought him new clothes, a papier-mâché alligator bag, a new Bible and a dictionary. Armed with a first quarter's expenses and a shoe box tied in white paper, containing ham and chicken sandwiches, a pumpkin pie, chocolate cake and bananas—to keep him from fainting until he reached the university at Diamond Bend—he bade adieu to Leaderburg.

The last thing he saw as the train drew out past the water tank was the flicker of his mother's waving handkerchief. He knew she was smiling and crying together, and he shut his eyes tightly over his shoe box, a great thick lump in his throat. The big kindly giantess could guide him no more. She had loosed his hand. He must face it alone.

College was very different from home. It took less than a month to teach Samson the meaning of the word "mossback"; to teach him that smart young gentlemen did not wear ready-made ties or eat shoe-box lunches or use camel-back trunks; to teach him that Leaderburg clothes were ridiculous; that the open hand and the eternal treat were the pass-keys to fraternalia.

Initiations, fraternities, pose, precedence, caste, money, social position, athletics—claimed consideration, taught him a new scale of values. By Christmas he was a fearful and naïve mingling of rural proclivity and worldly urban sophistication But he reverted when he reached Leaderburg. Mother's pies and cakes made life carnival for him. It was good to have her arms about him, to have her come in and tuck him up and make the old, old prophecies concerning his future.

By spring he had learned to tread very softly over at Diamond Bend about Leaderburg and his mother. He had made the discovery that most of his confreres were in much better circumstances; that none of them lacked the full complement of family life. So he said nothing at all about his mother's occupation, and when parental allusions were forced he referred vaguely to a deceased father and a maternal income.

He had grown very popular and gave generous feeds in his room. His mother sent him great packages of food every fortnight, and though he unpacked these privately—their gauche and unæsthetic wrappings being too revealing—he had no difficulty in dispensing hospitality, and one way and another he was believed to be the adored of a whole staff of cooks.

By summer his speech and clothing had grown fairly smart and urban, and for the first time he turned the eye of a connoisseur on Norah. His mother did not have the twelve-pound look! In no wise did she resemble the mothers who came to visit the lads at Diamond Bend. Not at all. She had grown very stout, and her waist and hips were all wrong. She was much too tall clumsy. A hot pang of shame flashed into the boy's heart. She was his mother—his good mother whom he dearly loved, whom he wrote to regularly, who slaved for him, who boasted of him in the market place. Yet ——

"Mother," he said, "you ought to get some new clothes. And some kind of a corset; the right kind, that pulls you in—sort of. And some shoes."

It occurred to him how horrible it would be if she should come over to Diamond Bend in the clothes she wore here.

To please him Norah bought a new hat—an extravagant hat, for her—the best Miss Falder carried. But they wouldn't have worn a Miss Falder hat in Diamond Bend, he concluded. It was too small for his big mother. It rode on top of her thick knot like a lid, and its posy of field flowers was ridiculous—infantile.

He didn't come back the next summer, and Norah explained that Samson had made a great many friends, some of them very wealthy. There was a manufacturer's son, a young Fallowell, who had grown fond of him and invited him home. Not to loaf, she explained. Mr. Fallowell's father had offered him a temporary position—Sammy was specializing in economics and finance. She was very proud, and grateful for the pecuniary lift it all meant. But she was, she said, quite lonely, though of course she had Sammy's letters! She read these over and over, especially on quiet Sundays.

After that Samson never spent a full-time vacation with her. His life was busy and crowded, and it seemed to him that commencement came in a flash.

For the first time his mother came to Diamond Bend. His heart smote him, seeing her get off the train seeing how much older she had come to look of late Then he noticed her dress and flushed with distaste. He was young and sensitive and he wished sharply that somebody had taken her in hand. But after all it was graduation time, the rest were too busy with their own folks. If he kept her to himself these two days! She'd only like that—never notice omissions.

So under blossoming horse-chestnuts Samson West performed the commencement-time maneuvers. In cap and gown he figured in class-day festa, received his diploma finally. He came back with his mother to Leaderburg on the last evening. The boarders had gone out. Only the two sat in the shabby sitting room with its faded ingrain and ugly wall paper.

"Well," Norah said, "you fought your fight, Sammy and I'm proud of you. You looked so strong an' fine, dear, in those graduation clothes. And now you'll be getting a splendid position, no doubt. Mr. Webster said the other day there's quite likely openings in Sandby; over there at the bank ——"

"Sandby! Mother!" Samson was lolling on the old sofa, but he got up, walked up and down restlessly, hands in pocket. "Mother, I didn't go to college to fag round in Sandby. I can do better than that. I've got a position."

"You have! You didn't tell me. What is it, Sammy?"

Sammy clenched and unclenched one hand, stared at it.

"Oh, I've had it some time. It's been—a sort of—secret. It's nothing defined—yet sure enough. You see, it's Mr. Fallowell. He promised it a while ago—when I—when we were ready for it. He has that whole chain of factories out West and I can get an assistant managership right off ——"

"Out West!" The color died from his mother's voice. "But you're—so young."

"I'm twenty-two—going on twenty-three." Samson drew himself up. He was a strong handsome chap. "That's not a child, you know," he added in his maturest voice.

"But that's full young to get such a fine place."

Samson colored

"Well, I guess it is, mother—but you see—the truth is—he'd prefer me—because -well, the fact is, it's because of Reinette—his daughter."

For a moment a silence that fairly rang and clamored lay upon the room.

"I—you see—I expect to marry Reinette, mother. The fact is, we're engaged. We've been engaged two years. I—I bought her her diamond ring with my vacation money last summer. That's why I had to come on you so heavy this last year."

Norah did not speak. She stood staring down at her hands—large capable unbeautiful hands linked in her lap. Samson spoke again hastily—fending off that queer clamorous silence.

"I—I didn't tell you, mother—because, well, I didn't want you to worry. I didn't mean to lose my head and get married before I finished. I'm not that kind. Reinette isn't that kind either. She wants me to get on."

Then Norah lifted her head

"Does she know about you, Sammy?"

Samson flushed.

"Yes, I told her—and her father. And it's all right. I told them the bare facts; they—they don't blame anyone at all."

Norah stared down at her empty hands again.

"Mother, she's wonderful! If you only knew! I've got a big picture up in my trunk, but here's a little snapshot of her. You can see for yourself."

Before Norah's blurred gaze a young face sprang out, a slim white-clad figure against greenery.

"Oh, mother, you'd love her! She's wonderful! So fine and dainty. You never saw such little white hands—like flowers. Nothing coarse about her—not a thing. And she loves me. I can hardly believe it. When you think what it will mean for me. Why, it'll do everything for me. Her father'll be right behind me from now on. When you think what that means—when you think of what my life has been—and now the help I'll have—the chance! And think what it'll mean to you, mother. You'll have me right off your hands. I've made a lot of work for you and taken up a great deal of your time. Now that'll all be over. You won't have to bother with me at all. You're finished."

"SHE" knows the richness—the individuality of these delicious chocolates. "She" appreciates his discrimination and good judgment when he brings

Bryn Mawr Chocolates

Exclusive methods give them exclusive freshness. And in their creamy centers—covered with exquisite chocolate—is rare enticement. No other chocolates are half so delicious—and none so daintily boxed. Their superb quality will be a revelation.

At better class candy stores. Or send us $1.25 for perfected Bryn Mawr Package. You'll order again.

F. M. PAIST CO.
The Home of Better Confections
Dept. H, Phila., Pa.

Your *Own* Toilet Articles
Will Go In the FITALL

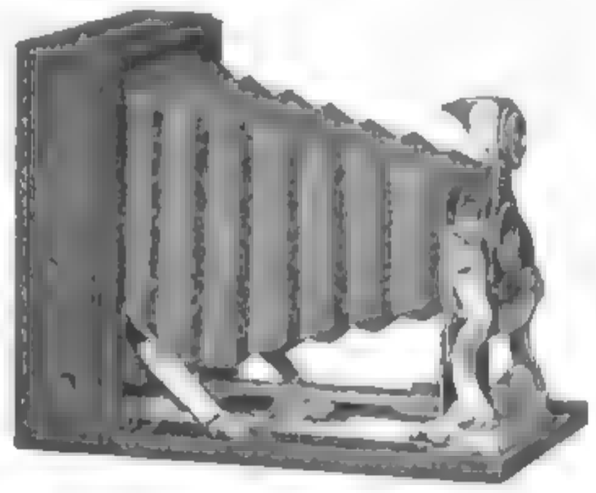
NO more scattering things all through your bag or suitcase that won't go in the ordinary kit. Get a FITALL, the practical kit that securely holds whatever toilet articles you want to take along.

You make spaces in the FITALL to order—as few or many as you require. A simple arranging of the adjustable straps—a gentle pull and looping of strap ends underneath, and in a flash everything is held compactly and conveniently. The patent no-metal lock, exclusively a FITALL feature, does the trick

Select your FITALL in a flexible leather, or an attractive waterproofed fabric. The cost is trifling—as low as $1 50 for the empty FITALLS—a little more West of the Rockies. Or you can buy them completely fitted, too

The FITALL label, only on the genuine, is for your protection. Your dealer can show you this splendid traveling convenience. If not, write us for free illustrated booklet.

EISEMAN, KAYE CO., Manufacturers, CHICAGO—NEW YORK



The Pocket PREMO

$10.00

A wealth of convenience and quality in small dimensions.

This little camera makes 2¼x3¼ pictures, yet is only an inch and a quarter in thickness, three and a quarter inches wide and a shade over four and a half inches long.

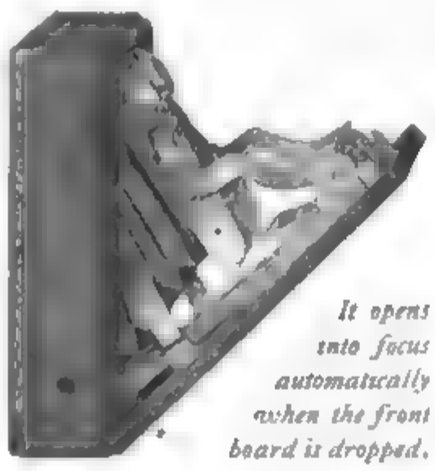
With all working parts fully enclosed when it is shut, it still opens to focus automatically when the front board is dropped. It loads in daylight with Premo Film Packs—just insert the pack, pull out a paper tab and you're ready—the simplest of all loading devices.

Has a meniscus achromatic lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, reversible finder and tripod sockets for either vertical or horizontal exposures.

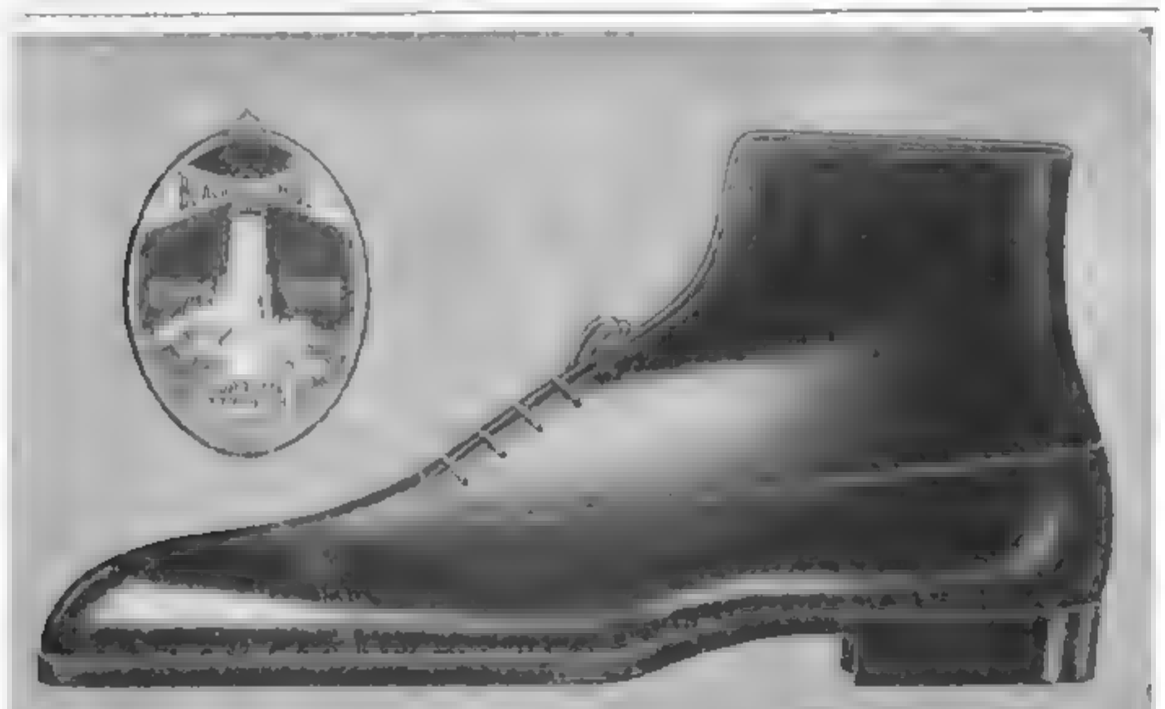
Covered with a fine quality of grain leather and is genuinely good all the way through.

At any Kodak Dealers.

Rochester Optical Dept.
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.



It opens into focus automatically when the front board is dropped.



BEACON

THERE ARE NO BETTER

SHOES

FOR FIT FOR STYLE FOR WEAR

F M Hoyt Shoe Company, Makers, Manchester, New Hampshire

He came over and laid his hands on her shoulders. Norah sat very still. Her hands had a curious limp pose. They had the gaping empty look of one who has been intent on an absorbing manual task and finds herself suddenly empty-handed, her work snatched from her. There was something choked, arrested about her whole look. Then she drew a quick sharp breath.

"I want for you to be happy, Sammy," she said in a choked voice.

"Happy! Mother, I'm so happy I could burst!" He threw back his head; and the beauty and vigor of this young *conquistador* blinded her. He was so good-looking; so good, too, and clever—her Sammy.

She got up, put out her hands gropingly. If this was what life was to bring him—a home in the West, another woman, success, the weaving henceforth of other hands—she must accept it, take it like a man. She fought back the panic in her heart and smiled at him.

III

MRS. NORAH WEST leaned against the pantry shelf and tried to calm herself. It was foolish that her mouth should tremble so, that the knife with which she cut the thick dark spice cake refused to slice evenly. Perhaps a moment alone would help her.

Overhead she could hear Reinette's voice, the thud of trunks being deposited, Samson giving directions. It had not gone quite as she had expected. Her own fault probably. Because of her ineptness. The telegram saying they were coming had preceded them by only an hour. Still she had done the best she could.

She had not gone to Samson's wedding because of an attack of rheumatism—had not seen him at all on his way East again. She had never met Reinette until now. Even now she was not quite sure what Reinette looked like—except that she was wonderful, as Sammy had told her. Very, very little, birdlike, with a sharp, crisp, competent voice, a soft loop of gold hair combed down over one eye, full sleeves that belled over her wrists, a skirt cut with a train, and a shell of silvery beaver hat with a sweeping feather. Norah had felt like a mastiff nosing a Pekingese when she greeted her. But it was plain how Samson loved her—worshiped, rather. He had the attitude of one handing over to his mother a very precious fragile possession. Married a year, and still terribly in love and terribly happy! Norah had watched jealously to see if it was so. And it was true. She had her wish. Her boy was on a very pinnacle of contentment. After all, that's what she wanted—what she wanted!

She had taken Reinette up to the guest chamber and had come down bustlingly to prepare supper. And Samson had followed. Plainly there was something on his mind.

"Sammy," she said, "how big and broad you've grown. It's so good to see you again. You haven't written just so often lately, you know."

"I know it," he said. "I've been so busy and have had to gad round so. Tell me—isn't she lovely, mother?" But he did not wait for her answer. "You know she's different from anything we've ever known. She's—well, a lady, mother. Raised to everything that's fine and expensive."

Norah was getting out some little blue pressed-glass dishes and filling them with canned peaches, and Samson winced.

"Those awful old dishes," he laughed. "Do you still use them? I—I d'know as I'd put them on—while Reinette's here."

"Why not, Sammy? I prize 'em so. You gave 'em to me the Christmas you were fourteen; out of your own pocket money."

"Well, I know—but Reinette! She's used to such fine things—finger bowls and meals in courses and all that. People like the Fallowells don't live the way we did, mother. I see you didn't even get a girl in to help you while Reinette's here."

"I'm still able to get the supper, Sammy," Norah answered quietly.

"But it would look better. I don't like to have you work. And Reinette takes quite a lot of waiting on. She has her breakfast on a tray every morning."

Norah had removed the blue dishes, but the reason for Samson's slight scowl lay in something else. It came out after a minute.

"Mother," he hesitated, "I—I want to ask you something—just while we're here—as a favor to me." He colored and looked a little shamefaced. "It's about—well, I've told Reinette everything—about us, you know; you and me. And the way you had to work. She felt dreadfully about it. And that's over. I'm going to be able to help you a whole lot, so what's the use of dwelling on it? It's just this"—as Norah looked puzzled—"it's just that I wish you wouldn't say anything to stir matters up. I mean by referring to the—the bakery; or, taking in boarders; or—or the pants factory, mother. If you don't mind especially the pants factory. Reinette's so sensitive, and you see she overlooked it all on my account."

Now Norah leaned against the pantry shelf, fighting for calm. She could not have told exactly where her hurt lay, but something deep within her ached and throbbed. And just for a moment she thought of Roscoe Leith—she remembered that he was Sammy's father. He, too, would have served Reinette's whims. And a stabbing, flashing anger leaped in her, quenched immediately. Dear Lord in heaven, was she going to hate Samson's wife—the woman her baby had grown up and loved? She drove her hurt out of her heart. Samson was right. The boy should have what he wished—what he wished.

Presently she went into the kitchen again, calm, though a flushed spot burned in each cheek. She tied a white apron with a crocheted shell on its edge over her broad hips and summoned her children to their meal.

They were very gay. Reinette was resplendent in a trailing thing of lace made over silken pink. She was very kind and polite to Norah, and Norah was very kind and polite to Reinette.

"What a dreadfully dowdy woman—she looks lots older than she really is; and not a bit clever. To think Samson is her son!"

"What a poor frail little bit; always thinking of the styles! She couldn't turn her hand to a sensible chore. To think Samson's her husband!"

But because Samson was the shuttle that wove the threads of their lives into one pattern they bore peaceably with each other, conquered their biological intolerance, and Norah, older and riper, and ashamed before her treasonous thoughts, resolved to like Reinette, to make her a gift of a tufted comfort.

Late in the evening Samson smoked his pipe alone with his mother and told her of his plans. She sat very close to him. She wanted to reach over and take his hand, but hesitated.

Old Mr. Fallowell, it seemed, thought well of Samson's efforts.

"You know, mother," he said a little boastingly, "I think Father Fallowell expected mighty little of me. What he did for me was a gift to Reinette, but he's soon found out. I took hold hard, out there at Milwaukee. What they needed was scientific management—it's the coming thing. I got in touch with Atwell, an expert I heard going over some stuff on a public-service case, and together we put the whole plant on a new basis. Now I'm to have a fling at the Wyoming and Nevada plants. I shouldn't be surprised if Buchner, the general, drops out in five or six years and I get a look in there. Anyhow Reinette's father wants us to run over to Europe in the spring, and I'm to look after some contracts on raw stuff that usually fell to Buchner. He isn't doing all that, mother, just for Reinette."

Samson's face was flushed, his eyes bright.

"Well, you're a bright, honest boy, Sammy. You stuck to your books and went through college. I always meant to give you a chance at something."

"Oh, it's wonderful. You've no idea!" He pulled at his pipe. "And to think, if Jim Fallowell hadn't asked me out to Pittsburgh that summer! I owe him—the whole name of Fallowell—more than I can ever put to words. You've no idea. They've made me. Given me a chance to pull up."

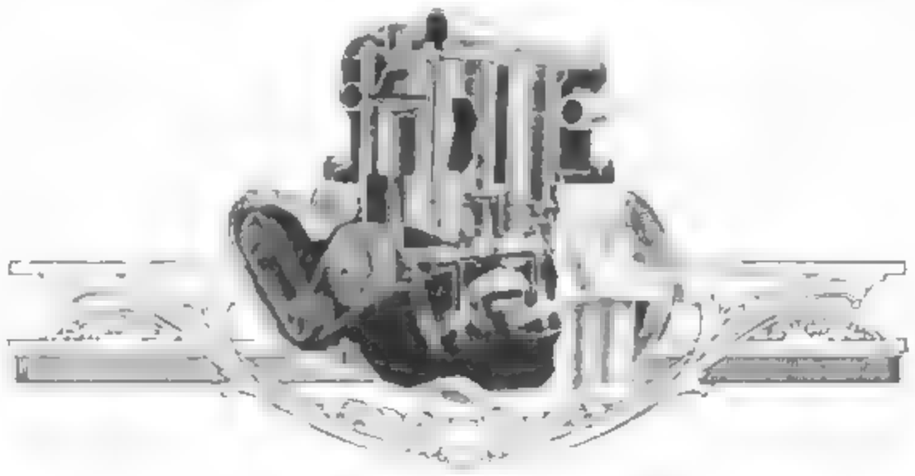
He talked long and eloquently.

He mentioned figures, going concern, overhead, output—matters quite foreign to Norah; but she listened on and on—to Samson's voice. It purled like a silver brook into her consciousness—the egoistic boastful young male telling the tale of his prowess.

"And think what else it means, mother. Think what I can do for you. I owe you a whole lot too. Now you're going to graduate—this is the baccalaureate I'm preaching. You're not going to do another stroke while I live, except for yourself. Just understand that. All your bills here—house rent, table—I pay. And a little maid to work for you, and nice silk dresses for afternoon and Sunday. I used to promise

(Continued on Page 45)

"Sleeve-Valve, the Motor that Always Runs"



OVER the mountainous route of the Cripple Creek-Colorado Springs Stage Line, seven Willys-Knight cars run on railroad schedule *every day of the year.* The grades vary from seven to nineteen percent, subjecting the motor to terrific strain. These Willys-Knight cars were put into service after twelve other kinds of cars had failed. The first car has covered 97,000 miles at a mechanical cost of $149.80. The seventh has gone 30,000 miles without one cent for repairs to the motor. This indicates why the thousands of Willys-Knight owners refer enthusiastically to the sleeve-valve motor as *the motor that always runs.*

Willys Knight
Sleeve-Valve Motor

ASK FOR "THE STORY OF THE CRIPPLE CREEK STAGE"

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., *Toledo, Ohio*

Willys-Knight Touring—Four, $1725—Eight, $2750; Seven Passenger Sedan—Four, $2750 Eight, $3475. Prices f. o. b. Toledo

CANADIAN FACTORY, WEST TORONTO, CANADA

KOHLER

Also MEANS AN ENAMEL

Here at Kohler flows almost unceasingly an iridescent stream of molten enamel—the beautiful complexion of every Kohler product—the joy of thousands of Kohler enthusiasts.

Kohler bathtub or kitchen sink, laundry tray or foot bath, lavatory or drinking fountain—its lustrous beauty and wondrous durability are insured by this blanket of pure white enamel, famous for years.

Into the enamel itself is glazed inconspicuously the Kohler name, a guarantee of quality, an assurance of worth, a mark of achievement.

Kohler products are found everywhere in the better homes, public institutions and factories. More than likely it was a Kohler Viceroy built-in bathtub you enjoyed so much at that fine hotel.

The worthy architect and plumber are Kohler adherents, for this is the line that appeals to their highest sense of achievement.

May we send you a descriptive booklet?

Get the habit of doing things right. This will mean: greater production, less waste, increased earnings. Work for good times, all the time.

U. S. Dept. of Labor.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis. *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.

AND TWELVE AMERICAN BRANCHES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

(Continued from Page 42)

you that, didn't I? Not a thing to do but look after yourself."

"Oh, I couldn't live in idleness, Sammy. I never did," she faltered, but Samson cried her down.

"You'll soon get used to it," he said; "and you'll like it. I wouldn't be comfortable way off out there thinking of you in the East slaving on and on. Neither would Reinette. She says it would be absurd in our position; and it's true. As Reinette's mother-in-law ——"

It was a hard bright week, diamond bright with resolute cheer and assurance. In the end Reinette kissed Norah politely and invited her to visit them. And Norah kissed Reinette and promised.

After they had gone the little house seemed very still.

A brand-new little maid, Letty Barton, was to come that afternoon to do her housework. Two handsome black-silk dresses hung from pegs in her closet. There was no speck or spot in the sitting room or kitchen, yet when she had taken off her bonnet she took a dust cloth and began polishing chairs automatically; but in the middle she remembered Letty Barton was coming. She would never need to do her dusting again. There was a queer hollowness in her heart as she put on her teapot to boil. When her cat came and rubbed against her leg she bent and stroked it mechanically, and when she had poured out her tea she left it standing untasted.

She had a long evening. She had raked out a box of souvenirs and pictures from Samson's babyhood and set them in order for the fiftieth time. Presently a wind came up and set the roof cracking, and at ten o'clock Norah undressed, blew out her lamp and went to bed.

She was awakened by a hideous uproar in the street. Then she remembered. She had been asleep only an hour. The callithumpians were serenading John Newall. He had come out of his shell at last and married Widow Prigett.

When the noise had subsided Norah thought: "After all, I might as well ——" then checked the thought.

The wind was louder than ever, and she remembered how Samson when he was small would come pattering over the floor and climb into her bed, and hide against her.

Well, but never again. Samson was gone. Her work was finished. As he had suggested, she had graduated. She need only think of herself. And suddenly she realized the truth.

"I have no self," she thought mournfully.

In seven years she saw Samson only three or four times. His first boy was born two years after his marriage, his little girl soon after, and with the beginning of the sixth year a second son, named for himself.

On each occasion Norah had been mailed an engraved card: "Mr. and Mrs. Samson West announce the birth," and so on.

With each succeeding Christmas or birthday she made up little packets of gifts, and to Samson sent great baskets of homemade eatables.

Letters were not too plentiful. But this could scarcely be otherwise. Reinette wrote twice every year, chiefly about the children, in a more or less perfunctory way, and Samson whenever he could. His letters were brief, but satisfactory enough. He was getting on wonderfully. Old Fallowell's health had failed, and he threw more and more responsibility on Samson's shoulders. The last photograph he had sent her of himself showed already, at thirty-two, a thickening and fleshing over of his body, a slight scowl about his brows, an utterly foreign mustache.

"I'd hardly know him there's a deep wrinkle coming between his eyes," she thought.

She talked about him a great deal in the village. People praised Samson's progress, spoke respectfully of him. Also they envied her her pensioned condition. Samson sent her a big check every quarter, and no woman in town lived more comfortably. She kept a hired girl at his behest; she was the best-dressed woman in town and gave the most royal tithes to the Buckrose Methodist Church. It was no slight satisfaction to hear her pastor announce "A deficit made up most kindly by Sister Norah West" or "Thanks to the munificent generosity of Sister Norah West the first payment on the Sabbath-school carpet has been made." It was just as though he had thanked Samson publicly. Norah would redden and hold her head high. Yes, she was well-to-do and very comfortable.

Once in the early years she had talked for a minute with John Newall in the vestibule.

"We're getting on, Norah, aren't we?" he had asked, and she thought he looked a little wistful. "Well," he added, "I see our boy's hitting it up pretty fast out West there. But it must make it mighty lonely for you."

"I have everything in the world I want," said Norah stoutly. "He gives me everything." And she saw that Newall's eyes rested on her sleek broadcloth coat.

Once in the beginning Norah went to visit Samson. She had prepared for it almost three months, had made little gifts to carry to them—a stocking bag for Reinette, mittens for little Fred and Reina, a red-worsted horse line with a brass bell for wee Sammy, a quilted muffler for Samson. Over devious rails, through long and clanging hours she took her way to Denver. She stayed less than three weeks.

Samson's home was a fairyland a perfectly appointed palace in which she was a glaring and disrepant note. There were wide corridors, spacious velvet-hung rooms, white-capped maids. The children lived like automatons. They had an English governess and a French *bonne*, and drove out every day in a governess car, in ermine and squirrel. There was no place for homemade mittens, and when she offered little Sammy his horse line he showed her a wondrous affair Grandma Fallowell had bought him in Paris, of hand-painted white kid, with silver bells that rang like chimes. The stocking bag and the muffler were not produced.

Reinette and Samson were very kind, but Samson was absorbed in business and Reinette gave many parties. Norah of her own volition remained in her rooms while these were going on, and though there were comfort, kindliness, a deft maid to assist her personally, a cozy fire to sit by, conveniences undreamed, she became strangely homesick.

When Samson had suggested that she spend the whole winter—that she forsake the East and come to live with or near them—she grew almost frightened. Though he was with her bodily, her son had never seemed so far away. There was an invisible barrier that divided; even his more intimate concepts—memories of his boyhood, of his life with her—faded and grew remote.

She was glad when at last she set foot once more in her little house, when her homely familiar possessions spoke to her, when the past came out of the shadowy corners on quiet evenings and trooped before her eyes again.

IV

IT SEEMED to Norah that the clock was very loud this evening. It ticked and jangled insistently, and she fell to thinking of a piece she had learned in her girlhood—of a clock on a stair that said "Forever-Never."

To-night her clock spoke like that; there was a suggestion of ineffable melancholy in its voice.

It was very still, only for the paced intervals of the strident old clock, the clink and stir of a live coal in the stove, the faint ghostly gnawing of a mouse in the wall—and now and then a shuddering of wind outside that set the old crab-apple boughs near the window rasping and creaking.

Letty Barton, grown old in her service, had gone to the movies. Letty was incurably romantic and was attending Part Fourteen of The Black Cross of Mystery. Five minutes earlier Mrs. Lee Mackay, chairman of the Red Cross department of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Buckrose Methodist Church, had departed, leaving a fresh bundle of gray wool with Mrs. West.

Norah's fingers had shifted and flashed her needles all through the visit. She was like a nun these days, forever prayerful above a rosary of wool. But now she was idle.

It occurred to her how old her hands looked, and across the room, catching a glimpse of her gray head in a mirror, she realized that to-morrow was her sixtieth birthday. Sixty years! Sixty full and empty years that had brought—what? She saw ahead of her a bleak and empty stretch, an arid span lighted only by the winged messengers that came at such long intervals. There was a little packet in her knitting basket now, held by a rubber

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

There's joy in a glass of Welch's. Not only the joy of a cooling drink and the pleasant taste of fresh grapes, but the gladsome feeling of health and energy it gives you.

Ask for Welch's at your club or restaurant or at the Fountain. Drink it diluted with plain or charged water, or blended with ginger ale. Drink a small glass straight as the fruit course for breakfast.

Sold in bottles by grocers and confectioners.

Welch's Grapelade

The new Welch discovery—a pure grape spread without seeds, skins or acid crystals. It is not jam, not jelly—it is better than either. All the goodness and richness of ripe grapes and pure sugar, with the delectable Grapelade flavor. Try it. In 15 oz. glass jars, 35c, in 25 oz. tins, 50c. All grocers

Ask the Fountain man for a Grapelade Sundae

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

Quality Kept up

A wide variety of Fabrics and Patterns that will please the most exacting shirt buyer are on display right now at your dealer's.

If you wish Guaranteed Quality, dependable style and thorough shirt satisfaction, buy—

HALLMARK SHIRTS

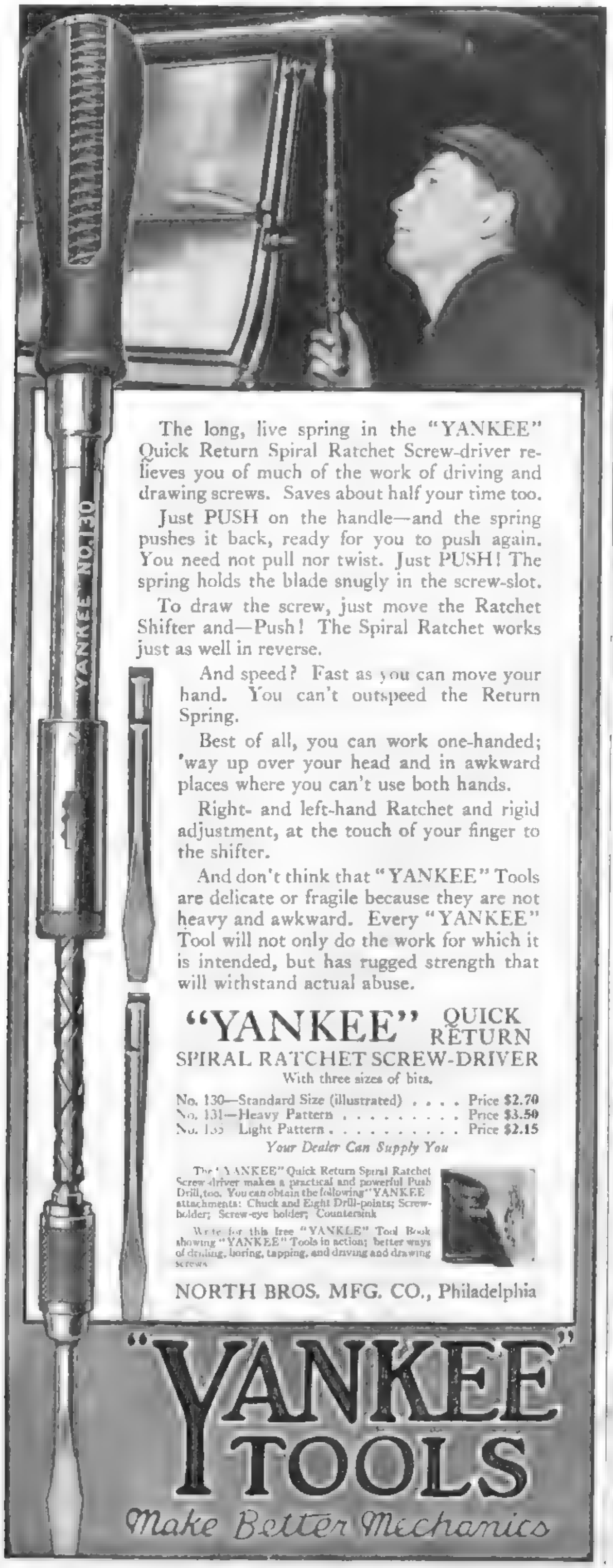
Because they are the shirts with the "Quality Kept Up." Patterns guaranteed fade-proof because they are "Vat" colors.

HALLMARK models for both business and recreation occasions are made in a large variety of patterns—in Silk, Madras and Percale.

Most HALLMARK soft cuff shirts are made with Prestwich Hynge Cuffs—the "Both sides, Right sides" kind, that give double service between launderings.

Prices range from $2.00 to $10.00. *Ask* for HALLMARK.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, N. Y., Makers of Slidewell Collars



The long, live spring in the "YANKEE" Quick Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver relieves you of much of the work of driving and drawing screws. Saves about half your time too.

Just PUSH on the handle—and the spring pushes it back, ready for you to push again. You need not pull nor twist. Just PUSH! The spring holds the blade snugly in the screw-slot.

To draw the screw, just move the Ratchet Shifter and—Push! The Spiral Ratchet works just as well in reverse.

And speed? Fast as you can move your hand. You can't outspeed the Return Spring.

Best of all, you can work one-handed; 'way up over your head and in awkward places where you can't use both hands.

Right- and left-hand Ratchet and rigid adjustment, at the touch of your finger to the shifter.

And don't think that "YANKEE" Tools are delicate or fragile because they are not heavy and awkward. Every "YANKEE" Tool will not only do the work for which it is intended, but has rugged strength that will withstand actual abuse.

"YANKEE" QUICK RETURN
SPIRAL RATCHET SCREW-DRIVER
With three sizes of bits.

No. 130—Standard Size (illustrated) . . . . Price $2.70
No. 131—Heavy Pattern . . . . . Price $3.50
No. 135 Light Pattern . . . . . Price $2.15

Your Dealer Can Supply You

The "YANKEE" Quick Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver makes a practical and powerful Push Drill, too. You can obtain the following "YANKEE" attachments: Chuck and Eight Drill-points; Screw-holder; Screw-eye holder; Countersink

Write for this free "YANKEE" Tool Book showing "YANKEE" Tools in action; better ways of drilling, boring, tapping, and driving and drawing screws

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

band. The newest was more than six weeks old, much handled. Samson had written on a train bound for San Francisco

They were all well and hoped she was the same; Reinette was in Chicago; Fred had entered a training camp; Reina and Sammy were in school. The war had certainly humped his business, made a lot of changes. Reinette was doing a lot of Red Cross work; belonged to a dozen committees. He didn't suppose the war had had much effect back home. Must be pretty quiet in the village. Hoped she was taking care of herself. If she needed anything to let him know. Lovingly, her son.

A usual letter. A natural letter. The sort a rushed business man would write his mother. You couldn't expect—couldn't expect him to turn aside—for what?

Norah herself did not know exactly what she was always wishing for. Life had taught her much. The generations always drew apart. It was inevitable that they could not march together, touch hands closely. And she had no quarrel with life. She had the wisdom of experience and a philosophy born of much lonely meditation. She was unselfish and a sportsman; yet now a deep melancholy fell on her, a throbbing primordial longing that cried out in pity of herself.

Why did not Samson love her more? Why had he gone so far away spiritually? Did he not realize how she yearned for him? Did he not know how she had sacrificed for him? Why was life thus? Why must she sit here in the twilight of her years—alone, so heart hungry? Was it so much to ask—a little more love, a little more interest? Could he not write a little oftener, come to her more frequently? She remembered what they had been to each other. Did he not realize "yet a little while" and she would not be with him at all?

She looked at her gray reflection again—remembered her bleak life. Sixty—and looking seventy. Sixty—and old and forgotten; alone in a room where the clock paced off its irrevocable intervals, where the mouse gnawed and the dry branches scratched on the window.

The wind seemed to sing very loudly in the crab apple. Like the clock it, too, had a voice. It seemed to her to be chanting something immeasurably sad and sorrowful—like the soft evening chanting in the Catholic chapel.

". . . *de Profundis!—de Profundis!*" it seemed to sing, and Norah had a vague fancy that it was like the song of all mothers whose sons have passed on into life and forgotten them. If the thought of all these mothers went into the night on the wings of the wind it would sing into the ear as it did now, she thought—a fugue returning, insistent, to one theme.

The fancy vaguely comforted her. She was not alone. There were others—must be hundreds—through whose fingers the handiwork of years and love had slipped. Bit by bit she grew soothed and heartened against her loneliness. Then her thought returned to Samson. She could at least write him a letter—though she had written twice since hearing from him. She sat down to her little writing desk—got out pen and paper.

"*Dear Samson:* I thought I would write you a line this evening," she wrote.

She always had a feeling that a secretary or stenographer might open her letter. And Samson gave an effect of being so busy, so she must not be too lengthy.

Then she heard the wind again; it was like a voice weeping. She laid aside the sheet, took another.

"*My dear, dear son,*" she wrote. Why should she not write from her heart—tell him her thought? "I am so lonesome to-night. To-morrow is my birthday and I got to thinking. How much I love you, Samson, and how much I miss you. You know when you were a little fellow ——"

Then she remembered. The stenographers again! Samson mightn't be pleased. She tore up the sheet and sat idle.

Suddenly, clumsily she got to her feet. It was curious, but there had flashed upon her an almost telepathic conviction. Samson was coming to see her—to-night! Out of the night, across the space between them, had flowed suddenly a conviction, an assurance. Something—an intangible finger of thought—had reached across and touched her. He was on his way to her.

She tried to shake it off—call it absurd, but it persisted. A strange flush ran through her body, left her tingling. But such things had been heard of before—and her prescience grew and grew. The very atmosphere fostered it—the silence, the eerie gnawing in the wall, the wind's whisper. The material wall seemed to fall away—the voice of the spirit spoke. She had cried out for Samson and he had heard her—willed that she should know. He had remembered her—was coming to her.

"It's my nerves. I must be crazy," she told herself. But she looked at the clock. It was nine. At nine-sixteen the last train from the city came in. Suppose he were on that train.

"I must be crazy," she told herself again, but she moved with soft, straightening touches about the room, smoothed her hair, put on her little violet shoulder shawl to wait for him.

She watched the clock hand slowly creeping round. It reached nine-sixteen. The train was on time. She heard the whistle. In just a few minutes —— She tried to laugh again, but the thing held her. Passionately she willed it to be true.

"He's coming—he must be coming!" she said. "Oh, Sammy! Sammy!"

Then in a little she heard the creak and rattle of the bus in the street, a sudden jerk and stop. She could not move.

There was a step on her porch—a knock. Resolutely she got up, conquered her trembling limbs, opened the door.

It was Linnaeus Parr, the driver, who stood there. He held out a small pail.

"Here's a kit o' mackerel came on Number Forty fur ye, Mis' West. Just thought I'd take it along enrow!."

She received it into her icy hand—closed the door. It had grown very black about her—she could not see the living-room door.

Then she found her way suddenly to her old sofa, and lying upon it she cried with a thin, heart-shaken weeping.

"An—old—baby! A silly—old—fool," she sobbed.

She wept some time. Perhaps her tears absorbed her or the wind sang too loudly, but she did not hear her front door open—was only aware of intrusion when there came sudden footfalls across the room—and someone knelt by her, touched her.

"Mother! For the Lord's sake—are you sick?"

She groped upright then and saw him—unbelievingly—through her tears.

Her beautiful—her beloved. A man of forty, cindery, travel-stained, needing a shave, a bald spot on his head, lines at his eyes—but beautiful as a god!

He had his arms round her tight.

"Why, mother—what does this mean?"

"Oh, Sammy—it's nothing—nothing. I'm ashamed. I—I'm all right. Just a little tired. But you'll cure that. Seeing you ——"

"Well, good Lord!" He looked at her puzzled. "I didn't know you ever got monkey shines like that. I thought only Reinette ——"

"Oh, I'm all right, dear—all right. Let me up. I want to go now and get some supper for you. I've got chicken and biscuit. I'll have it all hot. You see, I—I didn't expect to see you ——"

"Well, it is funny."

He got up and looked at her, threw out his chest a bit.

"I expected to stay West all winter. But what do you think, I'm going down to Washington—to stay during the war. For a pair of spurs and a dollar a year." He threw back his head and laughed. "Now what do you think of that for a salary?"

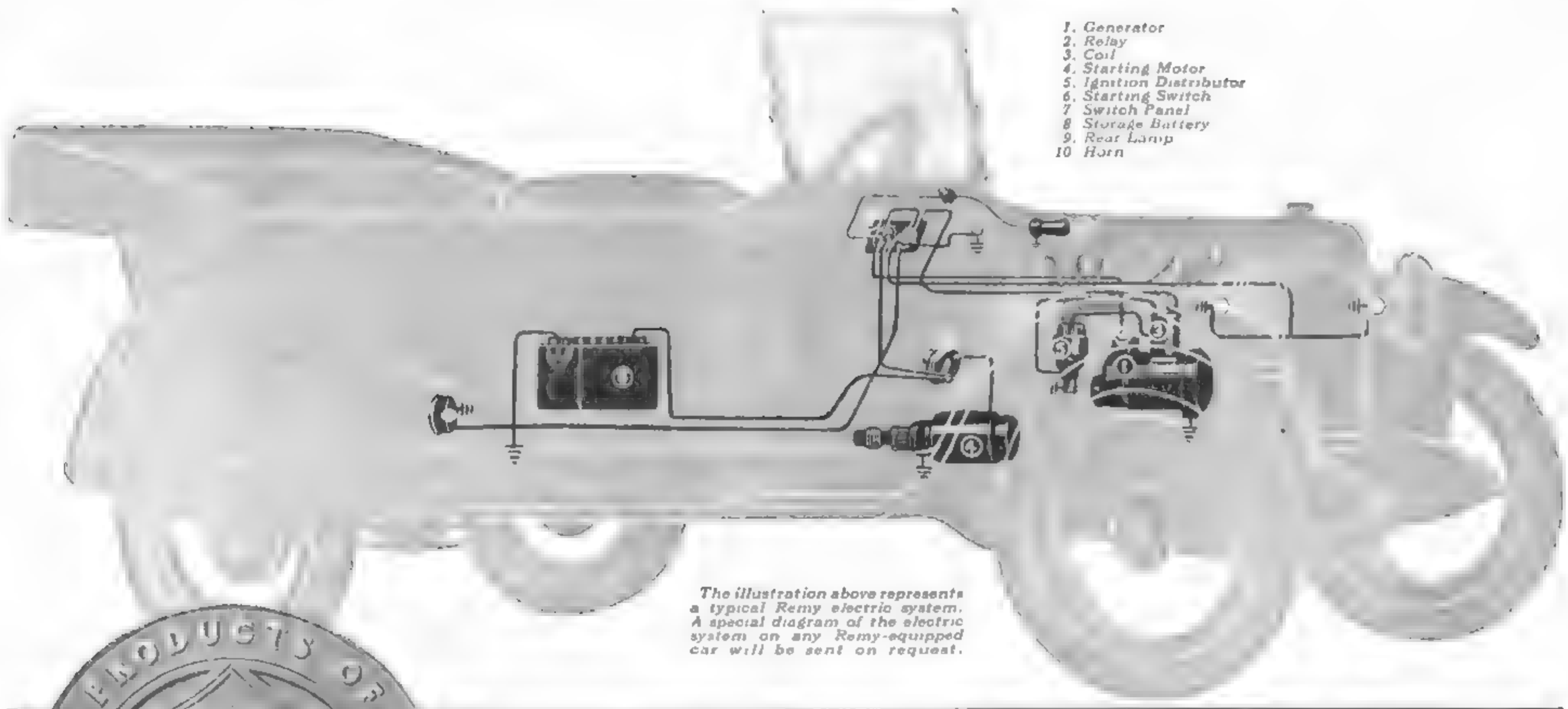
She laughed with him out of wet eyes.

"I don't see how they'd get along without you, Samson," she answered proudly.

"Well anyhow I'm on my way, and I thought I'd stop over a bit and see you. I might have waited a while, but Reinette's fixing a colonial room, and she's dead set on getting those old luster jugs of grandmother's. Nothing would do but I must stop on my way down and ask you for them." He rubbed his hands, advancing to the fire. "When Reinette wants anything she wants it like thunder," he laughed.

It was only for a heartbeat that Norah quailed. Only because of the luster jugs was he here —— Then she fought it away. No matter; he was here. It was enough. And he should have what he wished, gladly. For the first time in years she could do something for him—give to him. But Samson had turned from the fire, frowning a little.

(Concluded on Page 48)



The illustration above represents a typical Remy electric system. A special diagram of the electric system on any Remy-equipped car will be sent on request.

PRODUCTS OF CONSTANT PERFORMANCE
REMY

Know More About the Electric System on the Car You Choose

Do you realize that in your automobile you have a complete electric power plant—the most nearly self-operating, self-sustaining feature of your car? It is the one important feature that acts automatically and requires least attention from you.

In the complete Remy System you have a reliable Starting Motor which cranks the engine instantly regardless of weather conditions. Remy's precise manufacturing methods insure this positive action.

Proper lighting for night driving is accomplished through the Remy Generator and a storage battery. Only years of persistent work and scientific study have evolved Remy's Perfect Illumination.

The Remy Generator, equipped with the exclusive, patented Remy Thermostat, adapts its output to the seasons—supplies more current in winter when the demand is greater, and in summer cuts down the current to avoid overcharging of the battery. No other Generator combines these desirable features.

The Battery Ignition Coil and Distributor produce the spark that fires the engine. Remy Ignition insures constant, satisfactory operation of your engine.

These are the most important units that comprise the electric system; upon them depends the continuous and satisfactory performance of your car.

Realizing this, Remy engineers have planned each unit with painstaking skill—prepared it to serve to the uttermost—given it the faculty for positive, perfect action that has earned Remy products their title—"Products of Constant Performance."

Take interest and pride in your Remy Electric System. Don't tamper with it merely out of curiosity, but know its functions, give it the little attention it does need—and it will serve you well.

We have a new booklet which will give you a better understanding of automobile Starting, Lighting and Ignition in general, and the Remy System in particular. The story is simple and interesting. Write for a copy. It is yours for the asking.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY
Motor Equipment Division
Detroit, Mich.

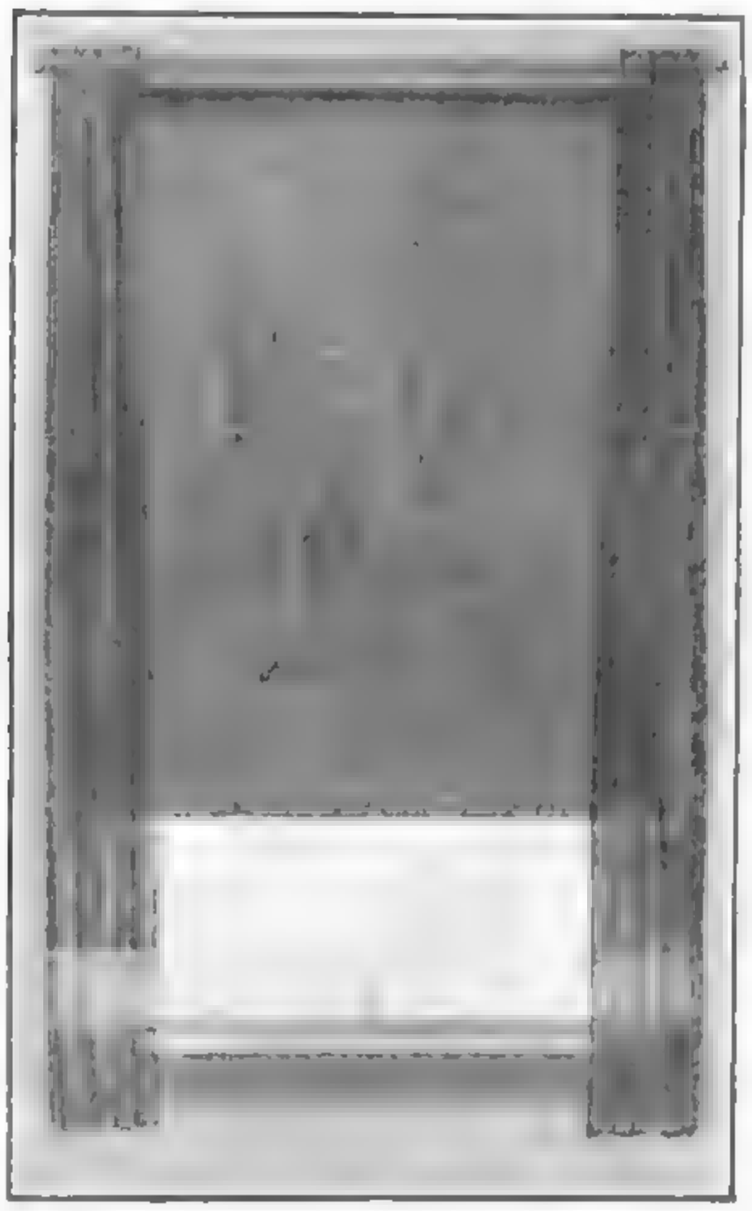
General Offices and Factories:
Anderson, Indiana

Laboratories:
Detroit, Michigan

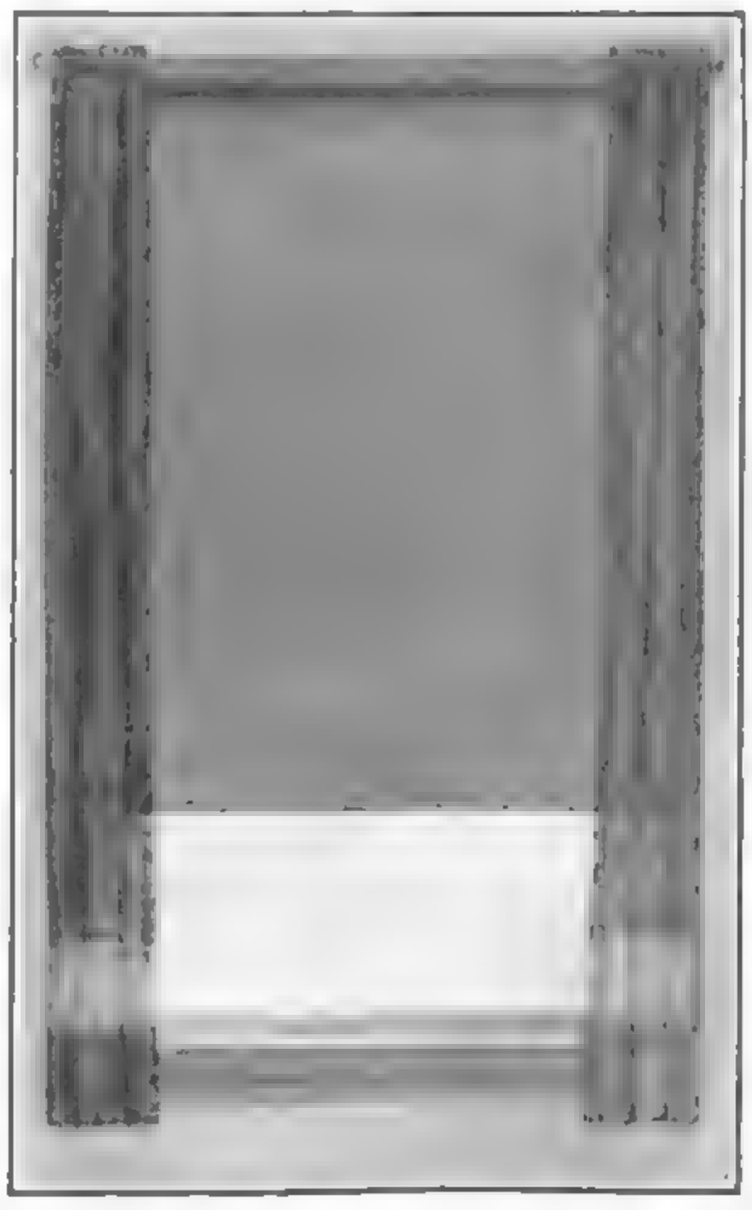
Tractor Equipment Division
Chicago, Illinois

REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS



An ordinary window shade—a coarse muslin cloth coated with chalk and clay to give it weight and smoothness. This brittle filling quickly loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags



A Brenlin Window Shade—so heavy, so tightly woven no chalk or clay is needed to give it weight and smoothness. That is why Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It wears and wears

Why one window shade cracks and sags why Brenlin wears and wears

What has happened to your window shades when they look like the shade to the left above?

Since their basis is *cloth*, why should they crack? What is it that causes unsightly pinholes to appear in them?

Exactly the same thing that causes a piece of school chalk to snap so easily in your fingers!

The ordinary window shade is made of cloth so coarse, so loosely-woven that something must be added to it to give it weight and smoothness. And so it is covered with a coating of chalk or clay before the tint is applied!

This coating is hard and brittle. It breaks easily. What happens to the shade when it is put to the strains and jerks of everyday usage—when the wind sucks and snaps it—is not hard to imagine. The filling loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags.

Now note how Brenlin is made

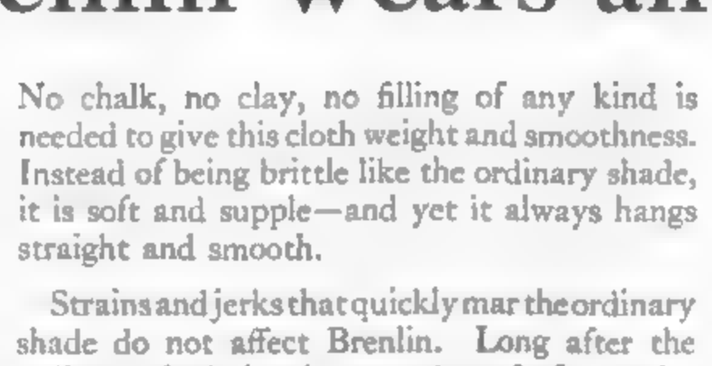
An entirely different kind of cloth is used for Brenlin—a fine, heavy, tightly-woven material—perfectly and carefully made.

No chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind is needed to give this cloth weight and smoothness. Instead of being brittle like the ordinary shade, it is soft and supple—and yet it always hangs straight and smooth.

Strains and jerks that quickly mar the ordinary shade do not affect Brenlin. Long after the ordinary shade has been made unfit for use by cracks and pinholes, Brenlin remains like new. That is why Brenlin, though it costs a few cents more at the start, is the cheapest window shade you can buy.

See Brenlin at your dealer's

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town today—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material. He can also show you Brenlin Duplex, differently colored on each side.



Make two tight folds in ordinary shade material. Hold it to the light. See the cracks and countless pinholes

Fold Brenlin, the long-wearing window shade material. It remains unbroken, no cracks, no pinholes

Make sure you are getting the genuine Brenlin try the famous Brenlin test in the store. Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance, Camargo or Empire shades will give you the best value obtainable in shades made the ordinary way.

Free book on how to shade your windows beautifully

Send for this attractive book today. It tells how you can make your windows and your whole home beautiful. It suggests delightful ways to use the many charming Brenlin colors. With it we will send you actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

Chas. W. Breneman & Co., 2037 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Brooklyn, N.Y. Branches: New York City, and Oakland, Cal. Owners of the good will and trade marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

Presidential manse of the University of Kentucky, occupied by the president, Dr. Frank L. McVey. Shaded throughout with mauve Brenlin by George H. Connell Co., Inc., Lexington, Ky.

Brenlin
the long-wearing window shade material

(Concluded from Page 46)

"And that's that," he said; "but it's not all by a darn sight. I got to thinking a lot coming in on the train. About you, mother. I mightn't have done more than think, but now finding you—this way. See here!" he said sharply. "There's something wrong about this business. When I think about your life—and all you've done for me

"No, listen to me—and the way we palled round! I'm only beginning to wake up—realize a few things. I've been unfeeling, but not intentionally. It's been a matter of values: I've been a kind of a purblind ass. I'm not really yellow; and to-night—well—I was just wondering whether we couldn't fix a little deal on the side. Reinette and the children are staying West, and I'm dead sick of living in hotels. And you're alone too much. It's just this: What would you say to coming along to Washington with me, looking after me, cooking me a real meal once in a while this winter? We'd get an apartment and we'd have a little honeymoon of our own. You'd do just as you please. Rest a whole lot or go round sight-seeing, and take care of me; I'd be under your feet some. But you'd run things your own way, just like old times. Just a crazy idea of mine—if you'd care about it, mother."

SIMONETTA

(Continued from Page 7)

the place and the people for making him decide to stay and curse.

An old man walked in, thereby falling under Thurston's displeasure. He wore his white hair it was very fine and straight—cut long, after the manner of Liszt. He had on a long frock coat that in Thurston's eyes gave him the look of an ambassador out of a job or a teacher of languages looking for one. He also annoyed Thurston because he looked at the faces in the lobby too vulturinely the sort of glance that one fancies both sees and smells easy prey. This made Thurston hate him almost with enthusiasm, though he admitted that the old chap's eyes did not rest on him more than a tenth of a second.

The old man stood still for a moment in the middle of the lobby and then shook his head with the naïveté of the logical Latins who do not know why you should not share their chagrin if you are the kind of man they are willing to believe you are. They would do as much for you! In the frank appeal for sympathy Thurston saw only superlative impudence.

The old man hesitated, took off his hat as if it sat overheavily on his brow, and suddenly lurched drunkenly toward Thurston. Instinctively the American jumped to his feet, supported the old man and helped him to a chair.

He was breathing very quickly, almost pantingly, and his nostrils dilated unpleasantly. He mumbled something in Italian, and pulling a handkerchief from the upper outside pocket of his frock coat he wiped his face with a trembling hand. Thurston saw that he had long fingers—the kind that all portrait painters love to paint—delicate patrician features and a beautifully shaped head.

On his pulling out his handkerchief a small flat package wrapped in soft black paper dropped from his pocket unnoticed. Thurston picked it up and held it toward its owner. At the sight of it the old man started violently and snatched it with a lightning movement. He felt of it with his fingers, placed it in his inside pocket and patted the coat two or three times, to make sure the package was safe in his own pocket.

Suddenly he seemed to remember what courtesy required of him. He turned to Thurston and with a strongly marked Italian accent said: "*Merci bien, monsieur!*" He hesitated, looked at his right-hand neighbor, who was obviously an Englishman, turned to Thurston again, on his left, and asked: "*Vous parlez italien, monsieur?*"

He looked so hopefully at Thurston that Thurston's anger ebbed and he nodded almost pleasantly; whereupon the old man looked as though he had been rewarded far beyond his deserts.

"Ah-h-h!" he sighed, a long but not despondent sigh. Then he drew in the breath he had expelled and nodded his head congratulatorily. Finally he rose and bowed so politely that Thurston was compelled also to rise.

"Perhaps, signore, I may ask, trembling with the fear of an unpropitious answer, one question?"

The old man looked as if he were waiting for permission to present to Geoffrey at least thirty millions in gold.

But as he continued to wait Geoffrey was forced to reply: "I pray you to ask it."

"Perfect! I know, of course, that you are not an Italian, but only from your clothes and from the cephalic conformation."

"And also from my voice and my accent," smiled Thurston.

The old man shook his head in dissent. Then: "But the question—I may ask it?"

"Yes."

"Did your father—to whom may the Lord give rest!—love paintings?"

Thurston was enough of a Yankee to answer the question with another question: "How did you know he was dead?"

"How do I know your hair is fair or your eyes of the gray of the north? You tell it in eighty languages and carry it written in two hundred—all over your face, your shoulders, your hands! Look at them! Your father has been dead almost a dozen years—not quite. But your answer: Did he love paintings?"

"He did," admitted Thurston reluctantly. The reluctance was on general principles.

"Ah-h-h!" The breath again went out of him with an effect as of deflating a balloon. Then he pursued tragically: "Behold! Comes now the executioner of hope! At what age were you when he first talked seriously to you of them?"

"I was very young; probably under ten."

"Ah-h-h! And he stopped talking to you about them?"

"Only when death laid a finger tip on his lips."

"So! Did he buy many?"

"He collected Flemish primitives."

"And you?"

"No."

"You collect any kind of paintings?"

"No." Thurston spoke very coldly.

"Do you ever buy any?"

"Never! I have too many as it is."

"Ah-h-h! It is well! It is fortunate! It is more than lucky for me! Do you not think so, signore?"

The old man's face beamed with intense delight. But Thurston answered:

"If you mean that I have not been compelled by an obsession to add to my burdens you are right."

"Ah, no! I meant that since you do not collect you will not covet. And if you will not covet you can judge. Do you know the works of Botticelli?"

"Who does not?" said Thurston politely.

"Your reply is a delicate compliment; but since I am not his father you need not have paid it to me. Have you seen many of his paintings?"

"Yes. Those in the Uffizi and the Accademia and the Pitti; in the Vatican; the Lemmi frescoes in the Louvre; the Venus and Mars and others in the National Gallery in London; the Chigi Madonna in Boston; and examples elsewhere."

"Ah-h-h! Then I can say to you without fear: 'Come with me to my house!'"

"I do not buy them," said Thurston coldly.

"Precisely! If you did you might compel me to sell to you by means of the white blackmail of gratitude."

"Be reassured. Your pictures are absolutely safe from me, sir."

Thurston's voice was cold. The old man stared at him and nodded three times before he spoke:

"Signore, beyond all doubt the most difficult task that a man may perform is to convince another man that he is grateful. A debt is the chain of slavery; and I love freedom and the right to spit my opinions in any man's face!" The old man spoke with a sort of angry dignity. "To be sure, you do not know how valuable the—the object you returned to me is. Therefore I overlook your suspicions and address myself exclusively to your common sense. I, who am the one in the ten millions—a grateful man!—would thank you with a deed. To do this I must, however, annoy you with more speech."

"You do not annoy me, sir," said Thurston, much too politely."

If you want to know what men buy

ask the proprietor of a hotel drug store. You know—the snappy little store with a back entrance opening into the hotel lobby. He gets practically all of the traveling man trade.

Now you may not know it, but when traveling men get to buying an article regularly, it's a certain sign that the general public will do likewise. Traveling men are the wisest and gamest buyers in the world. They are not afraid of a new idea and you can't come too strong for them on quality.

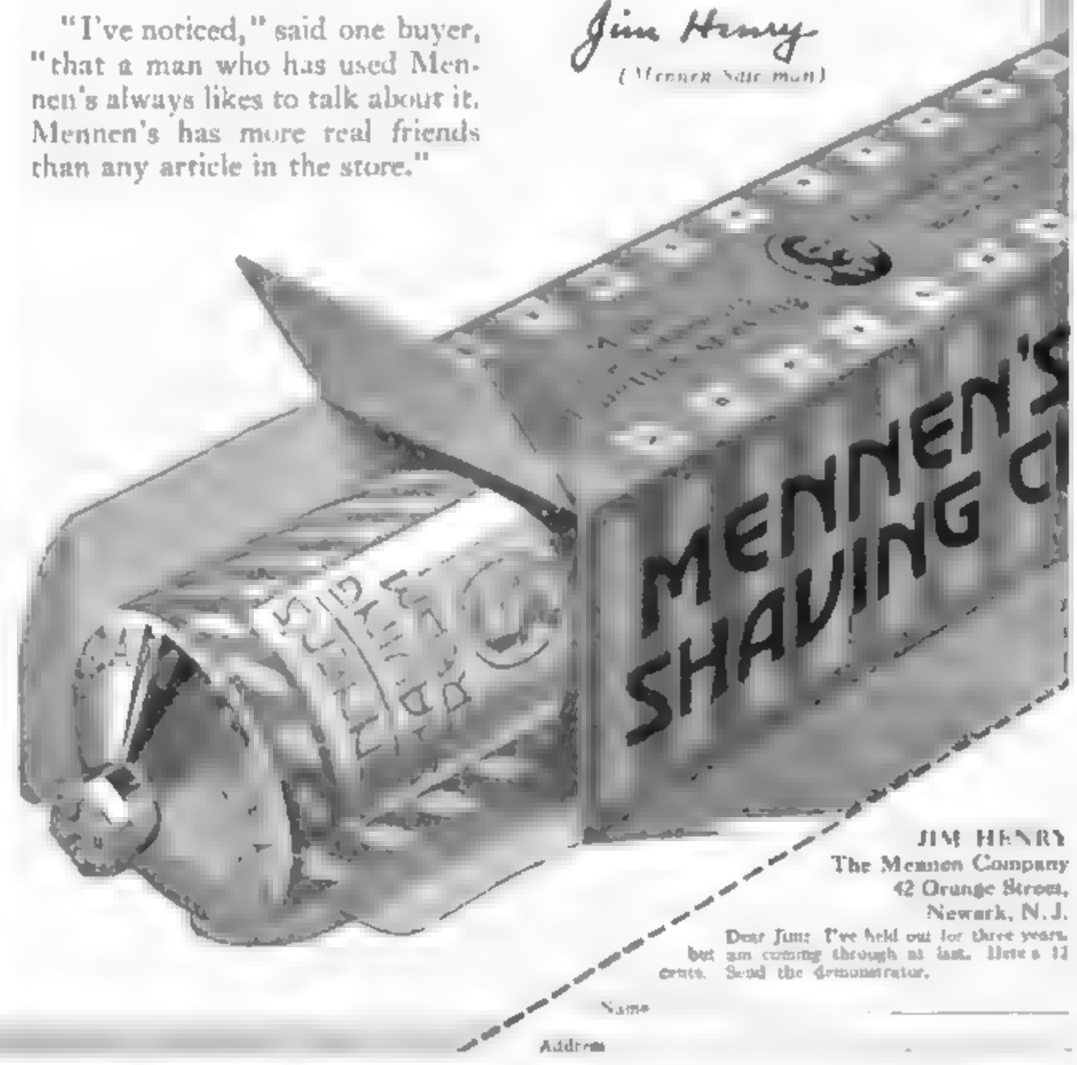
I make it a point therefore to check up from time to time, the sale of Mennen's Shaving Cream to traveling men. In the last month, nine hotel drug store buyers have told me that they sell more of Mennen's than of all other shaving creams put together.

"I've noticed," said one buyer, "that a man who has used Mennen's always likes to talk about it. Mennen's has more real friends than any article in the store."

By the way, the green and white barber pole tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream is a common sight, nowadays, in Pullman dressing rooms. If there was any way of deciding, I'd bet hard money that 75% of traveling men inject a little happiness into their lives each morning with a cold water lather of Mennen's. Mennen users don't mind Mr. Pullman's little joke of putting a hot water sign on one of his cold water faucets. A cold water lather of Mennen's will soften your beard wonderfully and stimulate the skin as well.

Send for a 12 cent demonstrator tube and prove it. Remember—three minutes' work with the brush—no rubbing—and use a lot of water.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



JIM HENRY
The Mennen Company
42 Orange Street,
Newark, N.J.

Dear Jim: I've held out for three years, but am coming through at last. Here's 12 cents. Send the demonstrator.

Name _____

Address _____

The DICTAPHONE —for Letter-Writing

Does it the Easiest Way

By slipping the receiver off the hook and pushing the button, you can talk to a customer thousands of miles away; or to some executive or department-head in your factory; or pass on instructions, while they are fresh in your mind, to thousands of employees.

You talk as directly and easily to these people as if you were talking to them over the telephone. Then you hang up the receiver, and forget the dictation until the typewritten letters and memorandums come back to you to sign.

Thousands of concerns in every line of business dictate to The Dictaphone because it is scientifically simple, convenient and mechanically perfect; and because it doubles the daily output of letters, improves their quality, and lessens their cost.

15-Minute Demonstration

On request The Dictaphone Man will call with a machine, and in about fifteen minutes prove to you that The Dictaphone is the most convenient dictating system for *your* office and *your* work. Phone or write today.

THE DICTAPHONE

Dept. 113-D, Woolworth Building, New York City

Branches Everywhere *Write for Booklet, "The Man at the Desk"*

There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

"The Shortest Route to the Mail Chute"

"Ah-h-h! I perceive courtesy congealed; the politeness of the north, which is so near the Arctic! Very well then, signore! I, who am old and alone in my house, would show you something that I would not show to my king; something that no one knows I possess. And though you are safe from me because the doors and the windows of my house are wide open, I am not safe from you because you are strong and quick, and because you are of the race to whose heart anger brings ice in lieu of heat, enabling you to think without feeling; and also very accurately to count all the drops of blood! But if still you fear, you might leave all your money with the clerk here. You might tell him that you are going with me to my house—and that if you do not return to this hotel at a given hour he is to notify the police."

"I did not think you were a murderer, signore," said Thurston calmly; "and I did not fear for my pocketbook. I am, however, absolutely certain that your picture will remain in your house."

"Signore," said the old man, nodding slowly, "I take it that though you are young and of the Anglo-Saxon race you are sitting in a hotel chair in Florence in this night of moonlight because adventure to you has the alluring face of a table of the statistics of the production of linseed. To the careful, death comes preceded by an army of yawns. Ah, signore, a heroic last chapter, to sit and yawn and yawn and sit until the pale one whispers: 'It is time to stretch your legs—in a recumbent posture, O daredevil!'"

"If you will do me the honor to lead I shall do myself the greater honor to follow." And Geoffrey Thurston bowed politely. The old man's speech at last interested him.

"Ah-h-h! Since the word-wound is word-healed I can smile again. Your mother was, of course, French?"

"My grandmother," admitted Thurston.

"Ah-h-h! A marvelous thing, the persistence of the blood; and nowhere so strong as here, in Florence. Deign to accompany me, signore."

Thurston followed the old man, who chatted as he went, telling the American the story of an edifice or the legend of a street. Once Thurston picked a house at random and asked for its biography.

And the old man instantly answered: "In that very house, signore, was hatched the conspiracy of the Pazzi when they plotted against the Medici. In that one, three doors farther, now ironically occupied by the French consul, was born Piero Capponi, a man both great and picturesque."

He seemed to know Florence as a loving son knows his mother. To most people a city is merely a stepmother.

They walked nearly an hour before they finally stopped at a house in the Via di Pinti.

"An old house, signore, where our family has acquired the habit of being born. On the records it appears as a legacy from father to son from the twelfth century to my twenty-fourth year. Of course one can see that it was improved in the late fourteenth and early sixteenth centuries. The foundations date back nearly to the days when Flaminius came this way building the roads, in order that the city of Florence might spring up, the fairest blossom of Tuscany. My dear father always held that the present house dated from the time of Petrus Igneus, in the eleventh century. I myself think the main walls are a hundred and fifty years older. And I—I have no son to leave it to. The last of my race—and old! Old! Old! Enter, signore!"

Thurston said that from the moment he crossed the threshold he felt that he had stepped into the last quarter of the fifteenth century. Not that it suggested a museum or an accumulation of antiques. It was a house in Florence in the time of the Magnificent, with people living in it who could look out of the windows and see Lorenzo or hear his smutty songs as he passed by.

The light came from old lamps—tremulous, yellow tongues that spat shadows over the corridors—glooms that lengthened uncannily when the lamps flickered. Thurston said it was as if unseen imps spread black rugs made of ghostly India rubber and then snapped them back as he moved draftily past the lamps!

All the pieces of furniture that he could see with his expert's eye were good, some of them extremely good; several were really museum pieces. They exuded antiquity as a man exudes sweat; you could feel their age with your eyes shut.

"I should like to see these by daylight," Thurston told the old man.

"You know the street and the number of the house and the owner of it, and you have young legs. The week has seven days. The house has been so long on this site that it has acquired the dislike of the aged toward movement. So——" He shrugged his shoulders, leaving the obvious to his guest's penetration. Then he went on with a sort of cheerful recklessness: "But now I shall show you something that I ought not to show anyone."

He opened a door at the end of a corridor and stepped aside to let Thurston pass. Thurston said that for a moment he hesitated. He felt disturbingly certain that something could happen to him—something that made him clench his fists and hold himself ready to fight.

He entered. It was a noble room with a high beamed-ceiling and tall, narrow windows and doors. In many antique candelabra candles burned. By their soft light the American saw that the room was full of wonderful furniture. On the walls were tapestries—one very fine and the rest mediocre and in rather poor condition—but all of them soft-hued and obviously coeval with the furniture. On the wall facing the street windows, above a row of walnut armchairs whose backs and seats were upholstered in wonderful red silk damask, was the portrait of a woman.

It was the woman herself!

Thurston forgetting everything else quickly went up to it. The old man took a seven-branched candlestick from a table and gave it to Thurston.

"Hold it to the right," he said. And then he held another light to the left of the picture.

It was undoubtedly the portrait—probably the famous lost portrait—of Simonetta, the wife of Marco Vespucci, the beloved of Giuliano de' Medici. It was the same face of the Venus and Judith and Veritas, only overpoweringly alive. There was no story here, no allegory; only a great portrait.

In Thurston's mind there was no doubt of its authenticity.

It was by Botticelli at his magnificent best.

You knew her and you did not know her; then you wished you might know her; then you were certain you must have known her!

Thurston said he wanted to speak to her.

"I mean, speak aloud. Don't think this is tommy rot. Every man who knows how to look at pictures has held conversations with portraits. I remember once laughing at a remark a woman by Frans Hals made to me—in Dutch, too, that somehow I understood as if it were English!"

Simonetta was speaking to him, not in words but in harmonies.

Thurston turned to the old man, but the old man spoke first.

"You still suspect, signore?"

"I am very grateful," replied Thurston. "It is an astonishing portrait."

"What would be the nature and amount of the wager, signore?" asked the old man quizzically.

"Wager? Oh, I see! Well," said Thurston, "I am not a rich man, but I would wager five thousand lire that it is a portrait of the Bella Simonetta by Botticelli."

"By Sandro himself, eh?"

"I think so. Don't you?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders.

"What do the experts say?" persisted Thurston.

"Not a word!"

"I don't understand."

"They have not seen it."

"And you have no curiosity to know whether they think Botticelli painted it or not?" Thurston was frowning collector-like. The old man, mildly rebuking, answered:

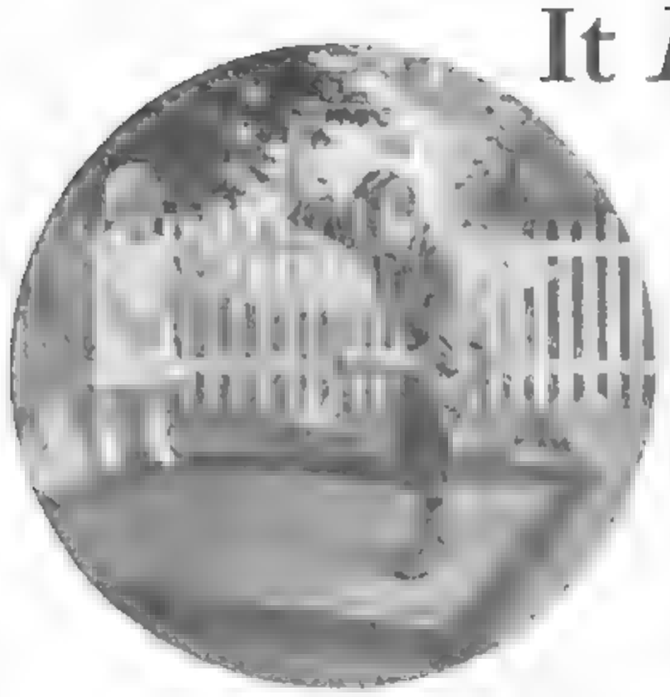
"Must a man know the chemical analysis of the stars to love their beams? That panel is beautiful. It speaks to me, and, I perceive, to you also. I am not a rich man and I am growing old. Ah, signore, the ten million crutches we must have to help us take the last few steps! Now if I get experts, what happens?" The old man answered himself by shaking his head. He would not do it!

"What happens?" echoed Thurston.

"They say: 'Yes; it is Botticelli!' Their words, therefore, increase not my happiness but my unhappiness, since I cannot permit myself to own such a luxury as an undoubted Botticelli; and I love it, signore! But suppose they say it is decidedly not by

(Continued on Page 53)

It *Beats* . . . as it Sweeps



Only The Hoover beats out buried dirt—mercilessly, costlessly. The carpeting is fluttered more than a thousand times each minute upon a cushion of air. Deeply-lodged grit is loosened and shaken forth. Beaten to the surface, powerful suction removes it.

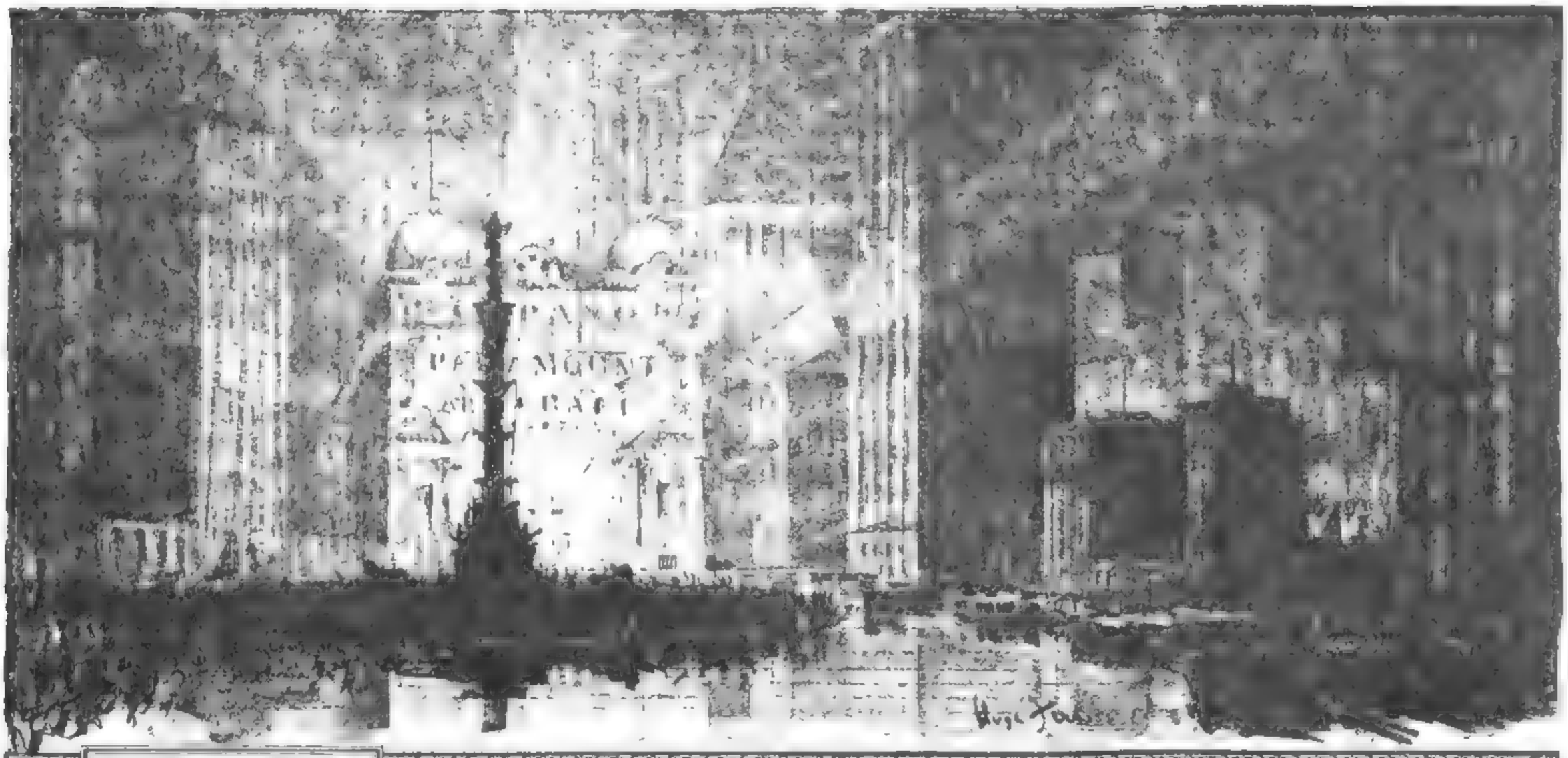
Only The Hoover sweeps while it beats. Its Beating-Sweeping Brush is patented. Whizzed like airplane propellers, twenty-four large soft bristle tufts make countless sweeping contacts. Even hairs, lint and threads that cling like cockle burs are speedily collected.

as it Cleans

Only The Hoover *beats* . . . as it sweeps as it suction cleans. So in a Hoover you have more than an electric vacuum cleaner. You have even more than a vacuum cleaner and an electric sweeper. You also possess an electric carpet-beater. Is it not apparent why The Hoover cleans *clean?*—Why it is being purchased in overwhelmingly greater numbers?—Why its makers are the world's largest? ¶ Concluding advantages of The Hoover are: That it correctly straightens any crushed-down nap. That it rejuvenates colorings and patterns. That it is *guaranteed* to make all rugs and carpets wear much longer. ¶ Just run your Hoover over: beat, sweep, lift nap, restore colors and vacuum clean in one operation!

"How to Judge an Electric Cleaner" is a booklet you should read. Obtainable from Hoover dealers or by writing The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., North Canton, Ohio, and Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

JUST RUN YOUR HOOVER OVER



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Released Up to April 30th

Paramount

JOHN BARRYMORE in
The Test of Honor
*ENID BENNETT in
The Lion Man
BILLIE BURKE in
MARGUERITE CLARK in
Let
ETHEL CLAYTON in
Pettigrew
*DOROTHY DALTON in
The Hom
DOROTHY GISH in "*Pe*
LILA LEE in *Tw*
VIVIAN MARTIN in
Little Comrad
*CHARLES RAY in
WALLACE REID in
and WANDA

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

A
LITTLE WOMEN
from Louisa M. Alcott
A
THE
THE
A

Artcraft

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S PRODUCTIONS
The Little Princess
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in
D
ELSIE FERGUSON in
Eyes of the Soul
D. W. GRIFFITH'S PRODUCTIONS
The Girl Who Stayed at Home
*WILLIAM S. HART in
MARY PICKFORD in
Rebecca of
HELEN STERLING in
The Girl Dodger

*Supervision of Thos. H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT
PARAMOUNT-
PARAMOUNT
MR. AND MRS.
Pa

What's the brightest spot in town?

THE spot where hearts beat faster.

The spot where the audience becomes one living unit of happiness.

The spot where no man or woman can remain isolated.

The spot where the spirit of Paramount and Artcraft catches everyone happily up.

You know where the better theatre is in your locality, don't you?

Then you know where Paramount and Artcraft Pictures are.

You are happy there because you are in touch with the pulsing heart of all humanity.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is out to see that there is at least one spot in every tiny section of this country where every human being can get in quick touch with the best fun in the world.

That's Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

—and they're *yours!*

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *1st Vice-Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*

NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 50)

Botticelli? Then they slay the belief of these many years that if ever I needed a few thousand lire I could always raise them by pledging the panel. If you, who are probably not a Pierpont Morgan, would wager five thousand lire that it is by Sandro you would, of course, lend at least that much on it, would you not?"

"Yes," said Thurston; and immediately felt sorry he had committed himself. He looked at the portrait. Then he immediately felt sorry the old man did not accept his offer.

"Then why should I call in the experts? No, signore! Leave me my panel and my delectable incertitudes. One sleeps more tranquilly when one does not know so much!"

"It is the same woman he has painted in so many of his works," muttered Thurston, "but she did not speak so articulately in them as in the—"

"Not to you, young man," corrected the old man. "The speech of the lips is a matter of mood. You do not chase away a foe in the voice that you use to welcome a friend."

"I should like to see the panel in the daytime," said Thurston abruptly.

He carefully explained to me that this request greatly surprised him, as he certainly had not intended to make it before he spoke.

"Ah-h-h! I thank you, signore. I thank you!"

"Why?" asked Thurston.

"For giving me the pleasure of seeing you again. You and your usual recklessness have cheered me unutterably. At my age that is a very great deal.

"Of course I would not accept your money. I am, nevertheless, very grateful. But—" He shook his head apologetically.

"But what?"

"But in lending to me you would be risking lire, and there are many lire in the world, all exactly alike; while I should be risking my Simonetta, and there is but one. And yet, signore, I know she—and I—would be safe in your hands!"

Thurston bowed, for he saw that the old man had paid him a very great compliment.

"The Treasure of the House, Signore," Acquiesced the Servant Impressively

"Botticelli or not, you are not the kind that would run away with it!" And the old man nodded to himself, to convince himself.

Thurston smiled, but he thought he really would like to keep the panel. Never had he seen a mouth so delicately sensitive, eyes so overflowing with dreams, cheeks so exquisitely caressable. He felt as he used to feel when he was a child and stood before one of his father's Madonnas and felt that he would like to kiss her hands because they were the hands of the Queen of Heaven but also because they were very beautiful and soft and must give out celestial odors.

If Simonetta stood before him in the flesh and he was compelled to love her he would love to love her as he loved her portrait—from below and from a distance, reverently, feeling her presence in exquisitely subtle ways, never once touching her!

"You know how to look at paintings," broke in the old man. "You love them, therefore you have the eyes to see the soul. Are you equally competent to examine old panels with the cold eye that sees dates and names and—and lire, signore?"

"I know what my father taught me. He knew many experts—"

"Experts!" interrupted the old man scornfully. "Were they hid behind the door to see Simonetta posing for Sandro? Did they aim a cinematographic camera at the master? And make affidavits of the date, on the spot? Tut-tut! All I see, all I care to know is that poor Simonetta, who died in 1476, lives here, in a house in the Via di Pinti, at this moment honored by the presence of an Anglo-Saxon who would use a magnifying glass to see not more truly but more untruly! And he would scrape the back of the panel to see if the age of the shavings is indeed four and a half centuries.

By all means, signore, come and study my Simonetta. Observe! I am not calling it Botticelli. And yet," he hesitated for an instant, "if not Botticelli—who?"

"I cannot answer that," said Thurston.

"Ah-h-h! Any afternoon between two and five I am here. Do not hesitate to come. Your worst crime would be to rescue me from sleep, the twin brother of death. And I prefer to live while you look at my Simonetta through a magnifying glass with the aid of our brother, the sun who gives us the day and lightens us therewith, as the blessed Saint Francis said."

The old man made an end of speaking, and bowed.

Thurston took it as a polite dismissal and said: "I thank you. I wish you a very good evening, signore."

The old man shook his head and assured Thurston: "It is I who must give thanks to you. I wish a thousand dreams to attend you—all of Simonetta, signore! Surely she is worthy of any man's dreams."

He conducted Geoffrey ceremoniously to the street door and bowed again with a courtliness that had something medieval about it; the suggestion of a politeness that came from very deep within—as though the old man's mind did its thinking in fifteenth-century verse.

III

ON HIS way to the hotel Thurston thought of his adventure. He had taken a walk not to the Via di Pinti but into the middle of the fourteen hundreds. The old man exhaled the breath of bygone centuries. His language, it now struck Thurston, was archaic, rather than the jargon of the antiquarian. Who was he? And the house! To walk through it was to plunge into the past as one jumps into a filled bathtub. The house spoke Dantesquely; the furniture was the furniture of Boccaccio's time.

And the portrait!

Its value did not lie in a signature but in the charm of its overpowering vitality. Even after he was away from it and had only memory to urge him he was still obtaining new and pleasurable sensations from the remembered sight of Simonetta's face. Could the panel in truth be the lost portrait of the fair Simonetta by Sandro Botticelli?

After breakfast the next morning Thurston went to the Accademia to see the Primavera. Then he went to the Uffizi, where he saw the Birth of Venus for the hundredth time—and, he said, for the first!

The Venus at whom he gazed with newly opened eyes was not the goddess that came

The Tooth Wrecker Has Been Conquered

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

We Know How to End Film

This is not written to ask you to buy something. It is to ask you to test something which dentists have thoroughly tested. And to see what it does for your teeth, at our cost.

Ordinary methods do not keep teeth clean. Doubtless you know that. You find that teeth discolor, find that tartar forms. A dental cleaning must occasionally remove it. And millions who brush teeth twice daily do not prevent decay or pyorrhea.

Dental authorities know that the reason lies in a slimy film. It is ever present, ever forming. It clings to the teeth; it gets into crevices, hardens and stays, and resists the tooth brush.

That film causes most tooth troubles. It absorbs stains, and the teeth look discolored. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. Dentists call the film "bacterial plaque." Those germs, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, and of many other troubles.

Your present methods do not end that film. A new method does combat it in a most efficient way. It is now embodied in a dainty dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we ask you to prove it out.

Prove This At Our Cost

Dental authorities have put Pepsodent to many sorts of clinical tests. Its efficiency is now beyond question. The results are so clear, so conspicuous, that anyone will realize them at once. We urge you to watch them on your own teeth for ten days, then draw your own conclusions.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of pepsin is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Heretofore this method seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. But science has lately found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, has revolutionized teeth cleaning. It has conquered our greatest tooth enemy.

Judge this for yourself. Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

This test costs you nothing. It will be a revelation. And it may save vast discomfort, both to you and yours.

Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 422, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name_____

Address_____

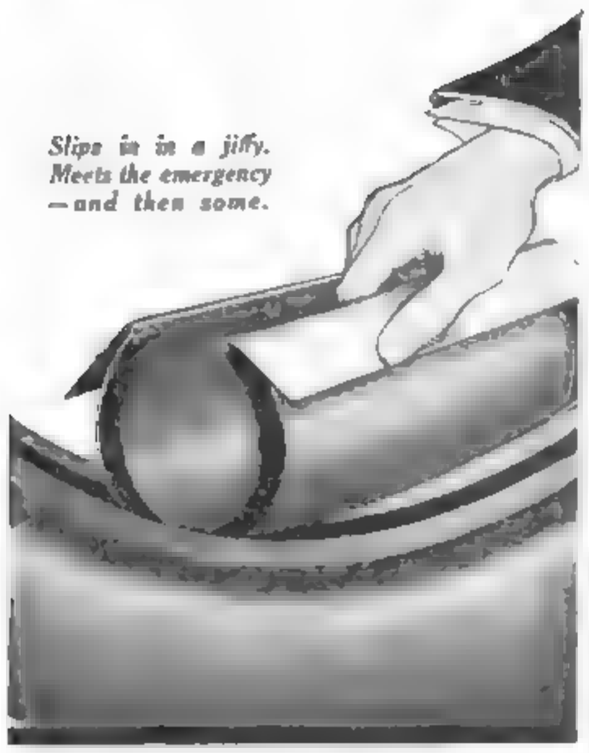
Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(1523)



To Repair a Blowout

REGARDLESS of how watchful you are of your tires, there are times when bad luck catches you—miles from a garage, perhaps.

Then's when you'll thank the dealer who sold you two or three Racine Supreme Inside Blowout Patches.

You can trust these patches in any emergency—just as you can trust the complete line of

RACINE SUPREME TIRE SUNDRIES

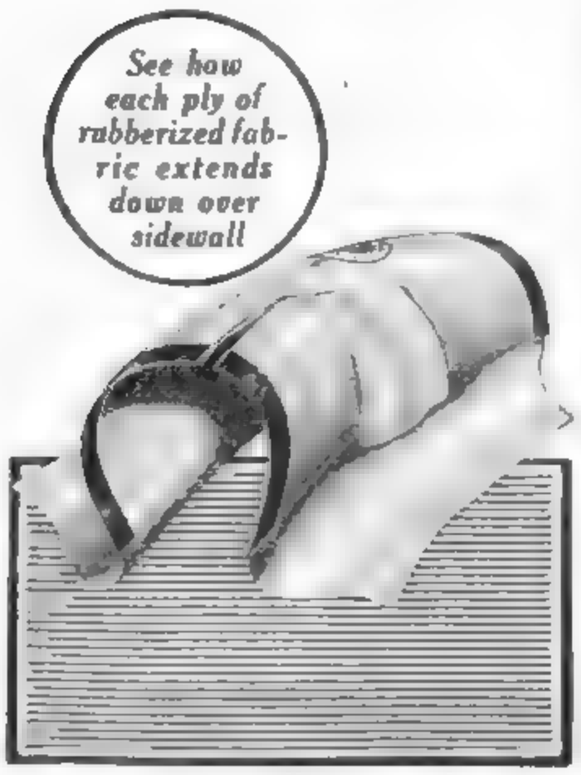
We have cut open a Racine Supreme Inside Blowout Patch, in the picture below. You can see its superiorities for yourself. Note how each of the multiple plies extends down, well beyond the point where strain comes. It is rubber tipped, to prevent tube chafing, *and is extra long.*

Extra Tested

Every article in the line is Extra Tested. The same extra care that gives extra wear to *Racine Multi-Mile Cord* and to *Racine Country Road Tires*, gives extra service to Racine Supreme Tire Sundries.

The good dealers in your locality sell Racine Supreme Tire Sundries.

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY
Racine, Wisconsin



forth from the waves in the full splendor of her disturbing beauty, to land in Cyprus, but Simonetta emerging from the dungeon of dreams. She was not glad of what was to come; she was longing for what had been, to be again!

The reason was now plain to Thurston for the first time, student of the Florentine Renaissance though he had been for years. Botticelli painted Simonetta's portrait in 1475 and kept it in his *bottega*. Had he delivered it to his princely patron the panel would be in the Uffizi Gallery to-day. From that portrait it was that Sandro had painted, passionately but reverently, not indeed Venus, but a woman whom death had made so coldly pure that she must be painted with the chastity of a love that loved the memory of a love!

Thurston took pains to make it plain that he was a Wall Street broker and not a rhapsodist. He knew a great deal about paintings but he spent his days in the financial district, where gumption was as necessary as lungs. He asserted with heat that he had never written a line of verse in his life.

"So help me Bob," he declared emphatically, "I began to think of Sandro's painting in a way that would have made my father clap me into a lunatic asylum! You know, Botticelli has been called the painter of the wind, and you hear a lot about his being the master of line. But it came to me as I stood there that the reason why Botticelli loved to paint the breeze was not to convey that amazing sense of rhythm but because he wished to paint the breeze that also had loved Simonetta and therefore made audible the verses that the roses recited under their breath, the same breeze that blew kisses at her hair. That was the secret of the rhythm that conveyed to you that feeling of the utter beauty of a life full of love and of a love full of life!"

Thurston here paused. After a moment he said very earnestly: "Don't think I am exaggerating. But I can tell you that as I looked I began to share Sandro's hatred of the darkness that encompassed Simonetta when they buried her, out of which he brought her when he painted the Venus. And I shared his love of the light that loved Simonetta. When light called to light the strands of her hair were lost among the locks of the sun and her eyes could not be told from the stars!"

He said he stood before the Venus until he no longer heard the banalities of the Baedeker brigade about him, but fifteenth-century Italian. When he realized this he pulled up sharply. He said he did not mind going crazy, but he wished to take notes about it while the change was taking place. He left the gallery, hailed a carriage and took a long drive.

He craved intensely to describe in detail to somebody—to anybody!—what he was certain Botticelli's feelings must have been while he was painting Simonetta. But there was nobody there to listen to him and he himself was obliged to listen to the trees by the roadside. Their young leaves whispered insistently that he had better make haste because the season of love had not much longer to run. At the same time he was very glad to observe, on his return to the hotel, that he ate a very good meal with a relish that was eminently sane. He admitted, however, that while he ate he thought of Simonetta: What an easy thing it must have been to love her!

He decided to go to the house on the Via di Pinti that afternoon to see her portrait.

An old servant in much-faded livery opened the door. Thurston said to him: "Your master told me I might see him if I came between two and five." Then a thought came to him that made him ask the old man: "Is he never to be found after five?"

"Never, signore."

"Say to him that the foreigner from the Albergo de' Medici is here."

The old man bowed and then preceded Thurston rheumatically up the stairs and ushered him into the noble room on one wall of which was the portrait of Simonetta.

"If you will benevolently deign to wait here the master will come suddenly, signore," the servant said in the Florentine vernacular that changes the l's into r's and aspirates consonants that are not meant to be aspirated. He bowed thrice, each bow lower and more apologetically respectful, as though he felt that the first two had been merely introductory to the third. He proceeded to open the street windows. Then he went away gratefully, at last having received unmerited permission to keep on breathing. Also quietly, so as not to annoy the nobility.

Thurston saw at a glance that all the furniture was in that condition of disrepair into which we allow furniture to fall when we cannot send it to the cabinetmaker because it is in constant use. But he did not stop to examine the pieces. He approached the portrait and looked at it closely.

It was undoubtedly a Botticelli. He could not doubt it, now that he had come back to it after so closely and clairvoyantly studying the works of Messer Sandro in the Uffizi and the Accademia. Moreover, it was infinitely more vital than any other portrait by the hand of that master.

Very plain it was now to Thurston, Wall Street broker though he was, that though Simonetta had not loved Botticelli, Botticelli certainly had loved Simonetta. He did not blame Botticelli. Months afterward, he said, he read what Politian had written: "It seemed an extraordinary thing that so many men should love her without exciting jealousy and that so many ladies should praise her without feeling any envy."

"Ah-h-h!" he heard. "I am honored, signore."

Thurston turned. The owner of the portrait bowed from the threshold of the opposite door. Thurston walked toward him and extended his hand in the American fashion, which always makes oversensitive foreigners think they are offered something that they have not thought of asking. The old man took it.

"It is the American directness," he said. "It always suggests an utterly unnecessary haste in everything you do, even in mere living. You consume yourselves by persisting in not consuming time to be human."

"Oh, no! We recognize the brevity of life when we are about six months old, because we have so much to accomplish before we take the long rest cure. That's why I came to see the panel by daylight and to ask if you would sell it." It was the first time, Thurston said, that he had the honesty to tell the truth.

"Ah-h-h! I have not lost my small rents since I last saw you. Therefore the portrait is not for sale. Would you care to examine it still more closely?"

"Yes, signore; very much."

"It is not very heavy." The old man took down the picture and gave it to Thurston, who noticed that it did not need dusting.

The old man, who was watching Thurston, said: "Every day I dust it myself very carefully. In my father's time it was cradled. Because it has not traveled far from its birthplace it is so happily preserved."

He led the way to a long window that gave on a balcony overlooking the street. Then he went back, took a powerful magnifying glass from a wonderfully carved sixteenth-century table and gave it to Thurston, who began to examine the picture carefully.

"I perceive that you know a great deal about old paintings. It adds to the very great pleasure you already have given me."

"My father," explained Thurston, "had some very good Flemish primitives, which I have inherited, among them one attributed to Jan van Eyck, which is really by an unknown master."

The old man shrugged his shoulders. Then, as if apologizing for the shrug: "The mania for attributions, born of the vanity of collectors or the greed of dealers, has always amused me. I know so many experts. And they know so much, so very much, that is not so! It comes from the modern vice of knowing the unknowable. They would tell me this portrait was not by Botticelli—until after I sold it to them."

"And your own opinion?"

"Listen, young sir: I have lived in this, my Florence, so many centuries! What she has been my ancestors have been. Her old families have come to less, and ours with it. My father now and then sold a picture, a jewel, a statue—and lived on. I myself have imagined needs—and also have sold. There is no argument, no theory, no fact used by the authorities on the painters of our Renaissance with which I am not familiar. I have upstairs in my chamber a Madonna and Child finer than the Magnificat. It is not mentioned in any of the lists of the experts. But I prefer that you do not see it."

"As you wish," said Thurston politely. "It cannot be finer than this portrait. But the other portraits ——" He paused. The old man with an air of magnanimity said:

"The profile in the Pitti is not her portrait and it is not by Botticelli, although possibly it came from Sandro's *bottega* in the Borgo di Ognissanti. The Simonetta in Chantilly is by Piero di Cosimo. And so of the others. Concerning this I know ——" He caught himself abruptly.

"Have you any documents?" irrepressibly asked Thurston.

"Nothing, signore, excepting the panel itself. The face is obviously the same as you have seen in our galleries—Venus, Judith, Justitia, Veritas and even Fortezza; the same as in the Mars and Venus in London and in the Lemmi frescoes in Paris. Study this panel—the wood, the priming, the pigments, the brush work, the color, the line, the personality—everything that makes a painter's work his work and no one's else. Don't ask experts. Ask the panel. And what will it answer?"

"Botticelli," answered Thurston with reluctant honesty. Then he added: "It really doesn't matter to me who painted it or how or why; all I know is that it is a very beautiful thing. But you said you did not care to sell it."

"No," said the old man very promptly, "I do not; though if it went to anyone I should like it to go to you because you are wise and honest. If I should need money you would lend it to me on the security of the panel, would you not?"

"I would lend you up to twenty-five thousand lire and charge you no interest, but pay myself with the pleasure of looking at it. I confess that I think this is the truest portrait Botticelli ever painted. But I am puzzled. It makes Simonetta younger than she was when Sandro could have painted her. And also virginal; more innocent than a married woman admired by a great personage could possibly have been in the fifteenth century in Florence."

The old man's face clouded with a quick frown.

"Yes, yes!" he exclaimed. "I saw that myself and wished she had married early."

"She was only sixteen when she married Marco Vespucci," remonstrated Thurston.

"A mere girl," admitted the old man slowly. "She died in 1476, in the spring. They carried her to the Church of Ognissanti through the streets of Florence uncovered, that all might see her beauty, which was still greater in death than it had been in life, according to Politian, who saw her. You can see that hers is not the face of one who had midnight lovers, but rather twenty-four-hour worshipers. She might have been the adoration of Giuliano but certainly she was not his mistress. On the night she died Lorenzo saw a new and beautiful star, and he wrote that it must be the soul of Simonetta arrived among her sisters."

"The Botticelli myth came later," suggested Thurston.

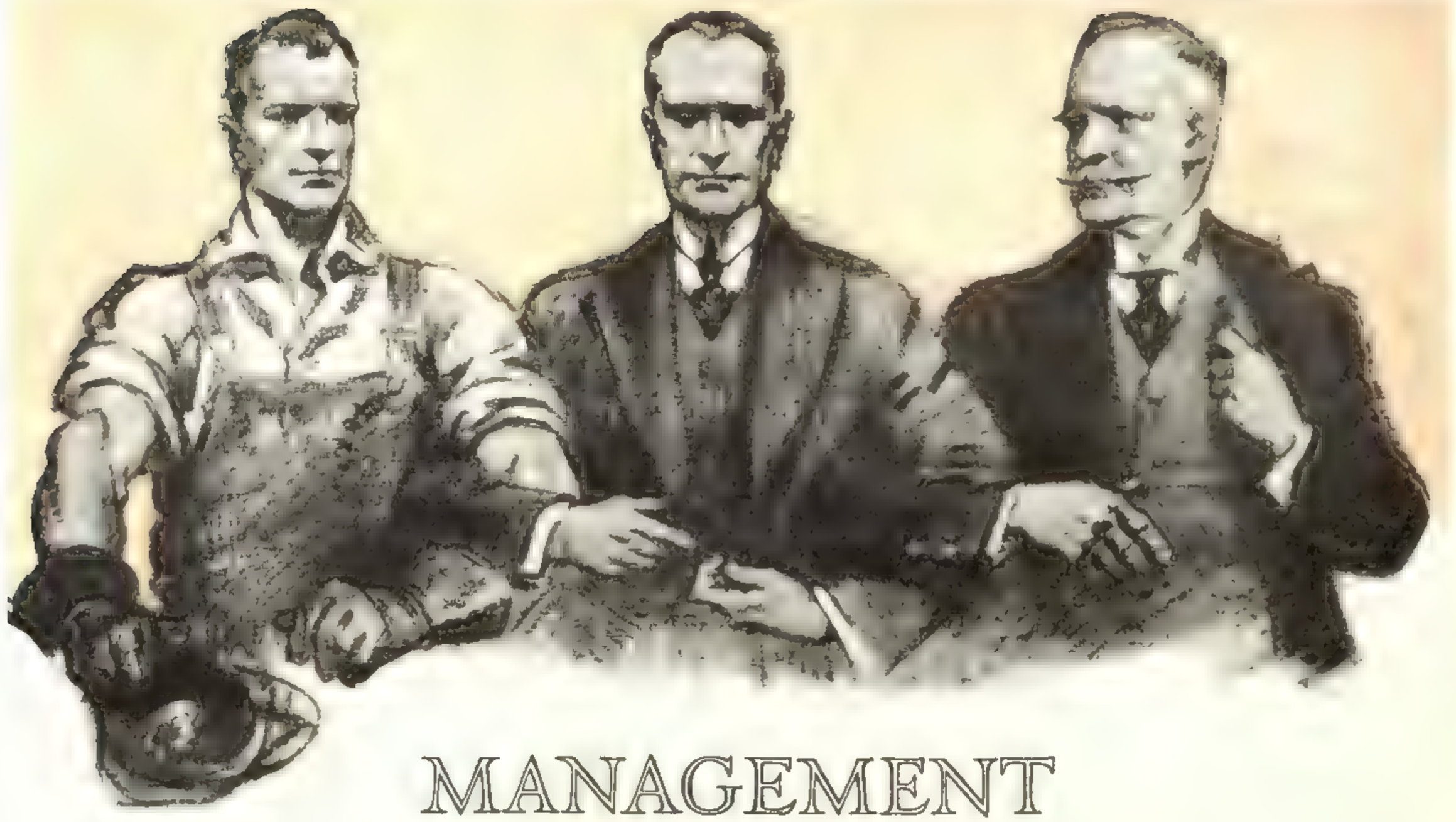
"The myth?" echoed the old man almost defiantly. "Botticelli was a poet. He thought of her in cadences, hence the exquisite rhythm of his figures—painted stanzas that explain why anatomy did not interest him but draftsmanship did. He was a neurotic, and his one love had left this world; you will observe that his figures do not walk like flesh and blood, but merely move gracefully, as Simonetta might in Paradise.

"Also, loving her he loved blossoms, their colors and their lines. He was the first to paint *tondi*—round as flowers."

He was silent. To Thurston it seemed as if the old man had been a contemporary of Sandro, he spoke with such assurance. Yet the Simonetta of the Birth of Venus and the Simonetta of the portrait were not the same.

As if he had divined Thurston's thoughts the old man pursued musingly: "To his half-sick mind, in his reaction against carnal love that made him so easy a prey to Savonarola later on, he thought of his one pure love in terms of flowers, of divine rhythm. The phrases he addressed her were addressed to her when she was not there to hear. He painted the Venus, you will remember, after her death, from sketches of her; it may be from this portrait. He could not make Simonetta into a Madonna, but neither could he turn her into Cytherea. What he painted was an Aphrodite, who wore the face of Simonetta as she might have worn a beautiful cloak borrowed for that one journey. Ah, young sir, if you love with the artist soul that is in you and at the same time as a man of red blood and sun warmth you will see at once all the blue flowers of June and the blue light of June noons and the eyes of the mother of your children azurely answering 'Yes, yes, yes!' to you!"

(Continued on Page 56)



MANAGEMENT

—equally responsible to Capital and to Labor

THE familiar picture of industrial production a century ago, included the mill beside the dam, the owner's house on the hill and the workmen's homes scattered along the valley.

Production was on a small local scale. There was constant and intimate contact between the owner and his men.

* * *

Then markets opened up—nation-wide—world-wide. Production was forced into larger and larger units.

The little mill spread itself over several acres of buildings, filled with intricate machinery. The valley of scattered homes became a bustling town.

The man who owned the mill had to call upon friends and strangers for capital to extend his plant. Also, he found he could no longer direct the increasing number of workmen engaged.

So the "corporation" was born and management stepped in as a necessary link between *those who invested their money and those who invested their labor*.

* * *

At first, corporate management was naturally eager to show profits. Too often management considered itself solely the servant of the money invested. Pressure for dividends often became the only consideration.

"Management for dividends only" made machines of the workers. Managers pushed foremen. Foremen in turn pushed their men for production, —without consideration for justice.

"Labor troubles" multiplied. Generally they were believed to be matters of the pay envelope and the time clock. But the underlying cause in most cases was a consciousness of injustice.

Labor and capital both suffered. Both called management to account for their troubles.

* * *

Management had to face the facts.

In plant after plant, today, management is earnestly studying the needs and working conditions of the men inside its own four walls. The value of human relations in industry is being rediscovered. The principle of the "square deal" is being applied. The energy of the worker is being developed and guarded. Initiative is rewarded. Promotion beckons.

* * *

What is happening?

In industry, as with nations, the principle of might is discredited—right is coming into its own.

More energy and greater production are being gained through mutual good faith than was ever gotten by force.

The "square deal" yields more dividends to stockholders, better earnings for men—and growing content for both.

And finally, enlightened corporate management is developing a character—as distinct as the former owner-management type—but stronger, more dependable and more permanent.

* * *

At Hydraulic, we are working out this responsibility of management for men.

Every advance we have made has been justified by practical results to our stockholders and to our men (many of whom are themselves becoming stockholders).

The increasing spirit of initiative and interest on the part of our men is yielding a larger output, with better and more uniform quality. We have been able to hold our men and to attract a better class of recruits. All hands are more contented.

Our investment in men is more important to us than our investment in mechanical equipment. Machinery receives expert care and constant attention. What about men?

* * *

There is a long way yet to go. But our money, our management and our men have linked arms and are going forward to the point where it may fairly be said that "Hydraulic is more than a place to work."

¶

This is the fourth of a series of articles in this publication. On May 17th will appear "The Square Deal—What Is It?" Reprints of former articles will be sent on request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY
of Cleveland

HYDRAULIC
PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

Neat, clean carbon copies

YOUR letters *and their carbon copies* reflect your ability. The "boss" appreciates *your* work when he asks for a carbon copy of a certain letter you have written and you can show him a perfect carbon copy. Perfect letters and perfect carbon copies count when promotions and raises are in order.

MultiKopy Carbon Paper makes perfect copies—clean, neat, legible. It's the cleanest carbon paper you can use. Comes in five colors; we recommend black and blue.

Every letter you write deserves a perfect carbon copy. You can keep your work clean-cut and neater by using MultiKopy Carbon Paper.

Want to try it—free?

Let us send you some samples of MultiKopy

We shall be glad to send you sample sheets of MultiKopy Carbon Paper so that you can see for yourself how you can improve the quality of your work through its use.

For sale by principal dealers throughout this country and Canada.

Improve the appearance of your letters by using Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons. They give sharp, clear impressions.

F. S. WEBSTER CO.
335 Congress St. Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK
114-118 Liberty Street
PHILADELPHIA
908 Walnut Street
CHICAGO
4 North Franklin Street
PITTSBURGH, PA
841 Park Building

(Continued from Page 54)

Thurston was so thrilled, he said, and he heard so many yes's, that he turned quickly toward the panel to see if some of the affirmatives did not indeed come from Simonetta's own lips. He declared that it was not until he had done this that the amazingness of his action struck him.

"Her eyes were blue?" he asked, to make conversation, looking at the portrait.

"Beyond peradventure! Like the sea and the sky—the only two big things of this world. Do you know why the mantle of the Immaculate Conception must necessarily be blue also?"

"No."

"It is so logical," interrupted the old man, "that you will know why if you will think three seconds. Pardon me, signore, but will you tell me which talks to you more intelligibly—the sea or the sky?"

"The sea, of course," answered Thurston.

"Of course, because you are English and young and soul lazy and afraid! You still pursue sirens at the world's end instead of kneeling before angels in your own room. Oh, yes! The waves of the sea are brass trumpets. But the blue of the sky is an organ—the music you hear when you think of your Creator."

"A wonderful portrait," muttered Thurston, who had been listening to Simonetta rather than to the old man. "It—almost breathes."

"When you read Petrarch do you see the poet eating bread and cheese? Do you hear him sneezing? No. But you are made conscious of his ghost hovering above your head. So with this portrait. The artist gave of his soul that her soul might be forever on that piece of wood. The quintessence of her is before you. Do you wish to put a leech on her chin? Would you have her grunt piglike? We hope that the dead can listen; but we know that they talk. Look at her! Is she silent?"

"No," said Thurston.

"Your great Shakspere lives; but your sister cannot marry him. But the portrait of Simonetta—ah-h-h!"

It occurred to Thurston that a man easily might love a woman for whom he did not have to buy food and raiment and shoes. Yet if a man could love the Simonetta that talked without moving her lips and also the Simonetta that could kiss and murmur "Oh, love, come to me!" it would be like being in heaven ahead of time.

"You are thinking, signore?" The old man spoke sympathetically.

"Of Pygmalion and Galatea," confessed Thurston slowly. "Has such a thing ever come true of a portrait?"

"There are numberless stories," smiled the old man, "but you miss the essentials. The immortal loves are all unhappy loves. You love and dream! It is not necessary to have and to hold."

"No," acquiesced Thurston slowly, "not necessary, but ——"

"Most delectable when one is young. But, believe me, a nest of regrets in old age!"

Thurston rose.

"Signore," he said, "I have to thank you for an hour of happiness."

"And I for your forbearance in listening to an old man's loquacity."

"My name is Geoffrey Thurston, and my home is New York."

"My home is this, and my name is Giovanni Vespe. I shall be glad to have you come whenever time hangs so heavily on your hands that my harangues lose their terror for you. The servant will admit you at whatever time you may honor us, whether or not I am at home. It is yours to command my humble household."

"A thousand thanks and a thousand, as they say in Sardinia. Good afternoon, signore."

"*A rivederla*, Signor Tors—— I cannot, with these lips, pronounce your name."

"Thurston."

"Sor—Tor—— Useless! Let me say: Friend from America."

IV

THURSTON left the room with a last glance at the portrait. As he walked along the Via di Pinti toward the Arno he wondered why, after he had sworn never to do it, he was so anxious to buy an old painting at an absurd price. It was not a Botticelli because it could not be. The old man would have sold it long ago. A portrait of Simonetta Vespucci by the master would be worth almost any price. Any one of a dozen collectors would gladly pay twenty-five thousand dollars for it. Perhaps fifty thousand dollars. Possibly more! Of course it was against the law to take such a picture out of Italy, but it could always be exported clandestinely; or some variation of the subterfuge of the Chigi Madonna might be resorted to. The problem, to the spring-smitten Thurston, was not to prove that the panel was by Botticelli, but to acquire it.

To put a dollar value on paintings that one liked was absurd. The possession of this picture would give him far more pleasure than the possession of ten gilt-edge thousand-dollar bonds. Therefore the picture was very cheap at five thousand dollars. That it was an old painting and a very good painting he knew. Its value ——

Its value began to rise as he thought of the owner's disinclination to sell it.

He had made twelve thousand dollars in B. R. T. to take a vacation with. He would not pay a sou more than five thousand dollars for the panel—unless on further examination he became certain that it was a Botticelli, in which case ten thousand dollars would be one-tenth of its market value.

He thanked his father who had taught him so much about fifteenth-century painters. This would enable him to bet on his judgment with confidence.

He called a carriage and drove toward Fiesole. It was only when he had ridden three kilometers into the country that he saw a face or two of the Tuscan type of Botticelli's day. It irritated him not to find a girl who looked exactly like Simonetta's portrait.

"I think," he assured me, "that if I had met one I would have stopped the carriage and spoken to her. I remember that when I returned to the hotel I wished so vehemently to see the portrait again that I realized what had happened to me. Of course it was that the collector instinct, inherited from my father, had suddenly come to life in me. I then and there swore that though I would buy the portrait if I had the opportunity I would never buy another painting, so help me Bob!"

Failing to buy the panel he would leave Florence on the next day.

Having decided what he would do he became again a cold-blooded business man—that is, after dinner he walked slowly to the old man's house in the Via di Pinti.

"Of course only a collector can understand my feelings," Thurston was careful to explain. "It happened to be not only a panel that I desired to own but the portrait of a beautiful woman. At all events the combination somehow did for me."

He knocked at the door of Vespe's house. The old manservant opened it. Thurston asked him: "Is the master at home?"

"No, signore."

"Will he return shortly?"

"I cannot say, signore."

Thurston found a lira, gave it to the old fellow and asked: "Is it his custom to return early?"

"When the luck is bad, yes."

"You mean?"

"He returns from the Casino when he loses all or wins enough."

"He has no fixed rule, then?"

"One: In times of storm he does not return at all."

"He said I might be shown to the room where he received me to-day."

"Yes, signore. Do you wish to enter?"

"Yes."

The old man again preceded Thurston to the room where Simonetta's portrait hung. He lighted the candles and held a seven-branched candlestick before the panel.

Thurston gazed at Simonetta's face. The beauty of this portrait was that while he looked at it he did not need anyone else to talk. To own one's favorite audience is the greatest luxury in the world. No price is excessive when —— There was a polite cough from the old servant.

"A very fine painting," said Thurston, who did not like to tell the whole truth.

"The treasure of the house, signore," acquiesced the servant, so impressively that Thurston looked at him.

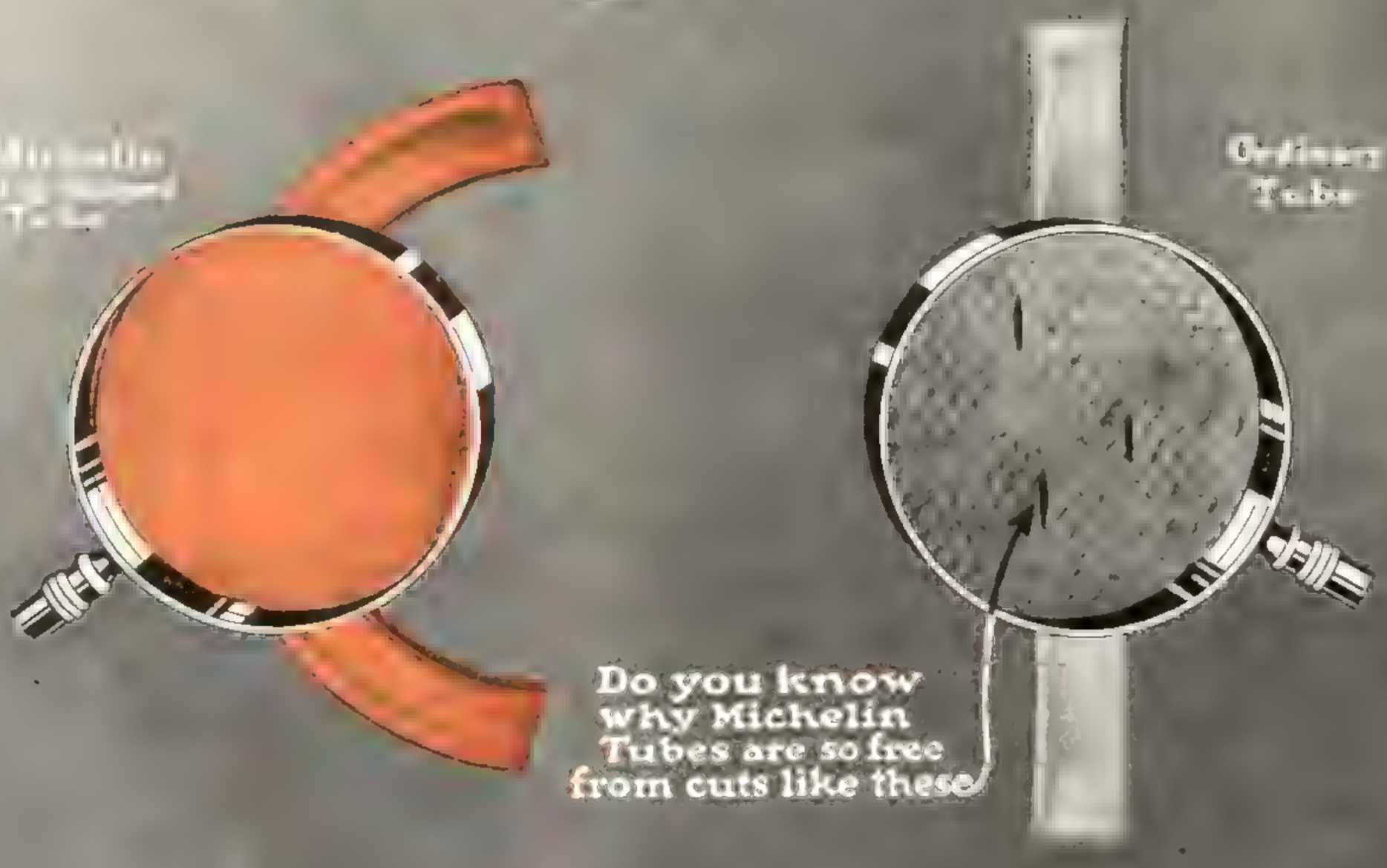
An old man he was, with thin, snow-white hair and two days' growth of fine white beard on his chin, which gave to his face the suggestion of a trip to a flour mill. His eyes had the peculiar appeal that you see in the eyes of old family servitors whose masters have lost their wealth—a look that seems to say "If you would only feed me regularly I could be faithful longer!"

"Say to your master that I came to see him, and when I found him absent went away regretfully." And Thurston gave the servant another lira.

(Continued on Page 59)

"Study the Brush Work, the Color, the Personality. Don't Ask Experts. Ask the Panel. And What Will It Answer?"

MICHELIN Toughness

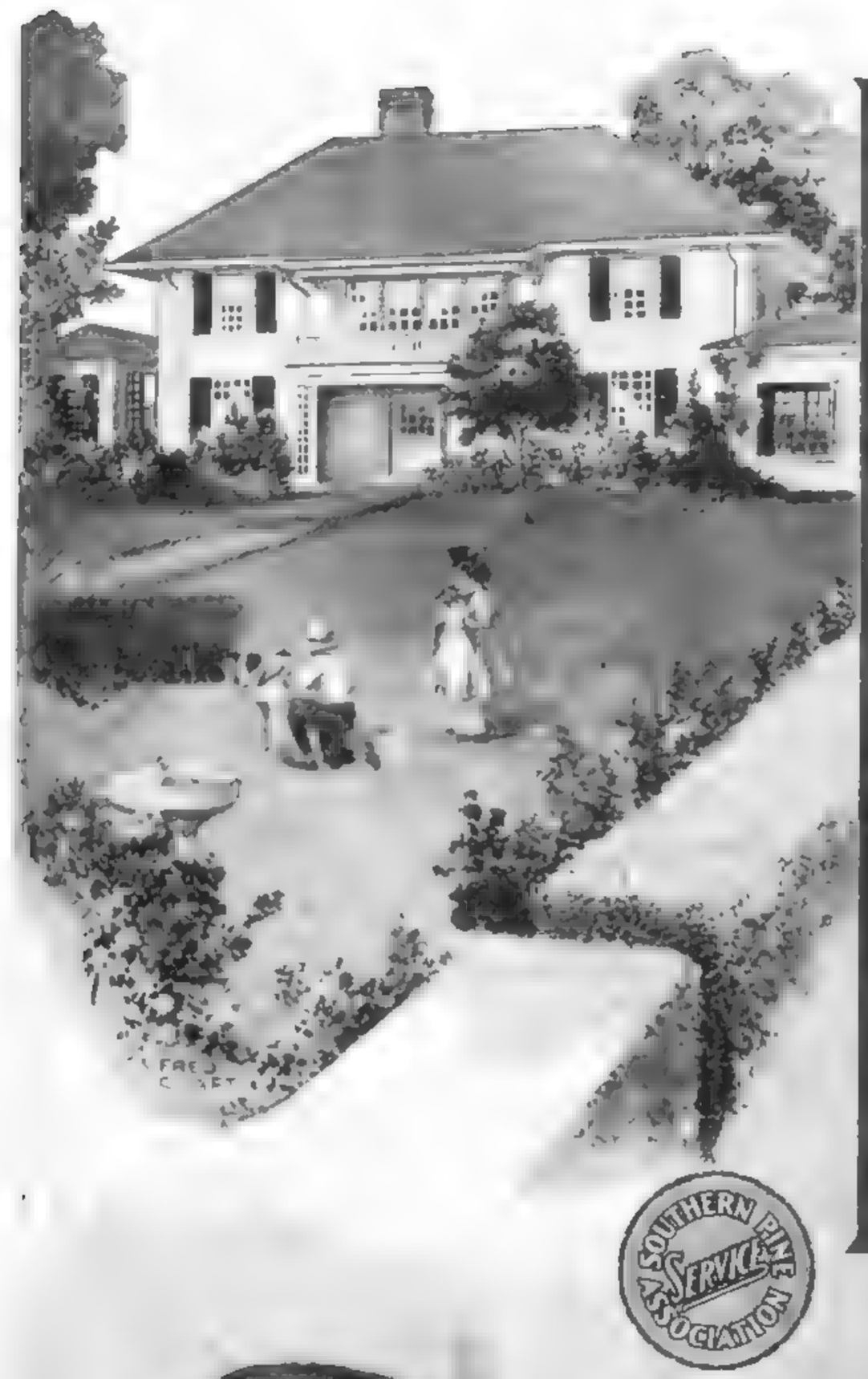


Many experienced motorists use Michelin Tubes because they have noticed that small stones and particles of dirt which get inside tires do not cut Michelin Tubes as they do other makes.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, N. J.

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Limited
782 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

Dealers in all parts of the world



"The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home"—M. de Montlosier

Build a Home First

The great reconstruction period has begun. Be a part of it.

To have a home *first* is your obligation to country, community and family. Can't afford it? Of course you can—if you *will.*

Endless rent paying is senseless waste. That money should be at work for you and yours. You'll be astonished how quickly it will make a home, your home.

Interview a lumber dealer or an architect. Either will be glad to advise you how to finance the building of a home. Enjoy the independence and contentment of ownership. Entitle yourself to true citizenship.

Build NOW, and build of honest, economical

Southern Pine

"The Wood of Service"

You want not a house, but a HOME. And only wood, sturdy, adaptable SOUTHERN PINE, can give it that atmosphere of warm, inviting, homey hospitality for which you yearn. From every standpoint, a home with plenty of sunlight and garden is the best investment a man can make for himself and family.

Consult your local lumber dealer. Don't wait another day. For your own sake, for your children's sake, for your country's sake, *own your home.*

Southern Pine Association

NEW ORLEANS, LA

If you wish special home building helps, write today for the booklets we have prepared on this subject.

SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION SERVICE

–But it isn't a Home

(Continued from Page 56)

"Signor Inglese, what you have told me I shall tell him. He is always here in the afternoon."

"Good night," said Thurston, hating to go away.

"*A rivederla*, signore!" said the servant hopefully.

As Geoffrey stepped into the street an old man came along—evidently blind, for a little boy led him by the hand. The old man walked feebly and as they passed Thurston he saw that the small boy was weeping silently, making obvious efforts not to sob lest the old man hear him.

Thurston stopped him and asked: "What is it, little boy?"

The youngster raised on tiptoes that he might whisper in Thurston's ear: "He is blind and faint from hunger and we have a long way to go!"

"But we are not beggars!" hastily put in the old man, who had the sharp ears of the blind. "Let us walk on, Luigi."

"Little boy, if it were given you to choose, which would you food or a carriage?" asked Thurston

The blind man heard and answered bitterly: "The carriage, Excellency! If I must die on my arrival at my house why waste the food? The carriage! Oh, yes!"

"Luigi, run and find one," Thurston told the boy. "There are always some yonder, before the Military Hospital. I shall stay here with him and wait; make haste."

The lad rushed away madly—as if he would outrun the awakening of the delectable dream. Presently he rode back in a cab, jumped down and stood behind Thurston, intelligently putting the foreigner between himself and the cocchiere's quick lash. Thurston inquired where the old man lived and then asked the cabman to name the fare.

The cabman did; whereupon the blind man howled inarticulately and the lad shrieked "Robber from Sicily!" Thurston said calmly that he would pay half. The cabman shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, spat and snapped his whip insultingly three times before he said "Very well!"

Thurston gave the fare to the blind man, saying, "This is for the coachman." Then he gave him a five-lire note saying: "For food and wine which you shall get on the way. No! There will be no extra charge for the stopping! That is provided for in the coin which you hold in your right hand, which is more than the Sicilian cabman asks. Forget not the wine, and—my friend, if you must thank someone thank God in your heart. He sent you to me and me to you."

Then Thurston whispered to the little boy: "This is for thee! It is my command that thou speak not of it lest they take it from thee. Good night and good luck! Coachman, drive quickly!"

He watched the voluble party drive away in the direction of the quarter where people breathe eighteen times to the minute and call it living. He stood there staring after the cab's lights, thinking of poverty, of life, of old age, of death, of the three separate deaths that are called Living, Growing Old and Dying. . . . A long time he stood there, thinking. . . . Centuries passed. . . . His soul traveled beyond the birthplace of the stars.

A voice behind him called softly: "Messer Foreigner!"

He did not stop to ask why anyone should call him by a fifteenth-century appellative. He turned quickly. In the dim light he saw a woman. A black shawl covered her head and face cowlwise.

"From on high I beheld thy good deeds, O traveler, who hast come to succor our poor"

The voice was low and very sweet. The intonation was different from that of other Florentines, even as her phrases were archaic. He saw only the blackness of her raiment. Not a sign of living flesh. He did not feel creepy exactly, though he admitted that he stopped just this side of a shudder.

But he answered: "I did nothing."

"From old limbs thou hast taken the ache of travel, and from the empty stomach the ten thousand hunger pains that bring to the ears the hum of Death's wings. Wherefore have I descended to do thee a service!"

Thurston, vaguely uneasy, said: "Lady, I fear you heard wrong I gave the boy a small coin with the advice "

"As thou gavest advice, advice to thee shall be given. Thus: Buy not the portrait!"

"The portrait -"

"My portrait!"

"Your portrait?"

"I, who am Simonetta ——"

"Simonetta!" repeated Thurston. He said he felt his hair stand up straight, while his back was covered with gooseflesh.

She nodded affirmatively; or at least there was a downward sweep of the upper blackness before him. Then the shawl fell from her head

"Huh!" grunted Geoffrey Thurston, aged thirty-one, a New Yorker, and, to boot, a Wall Street broker. There in the dim star glow, helped by the yellow electric light on the corner, in the year of our Lord 1910, standing in the Via di Pinti, he saw with his own shrewd gray eyes Simonetta, the wife of Marco Vespucci, the beloved of Giuliano de' Medici, the worshiped of Sandro Botticelli, the beautiful flower that withered suddenly in the year of our Lord 1476!

He could not speak, but he felt he must act, for doubt was intolerable. He took a step toward her; but she engloomed her head with her shawl, and then, once more a shadow, she merged with a black square on the side of the house—and the light was not!

Thurston found himself feeling a solid wall with trembling hands.

He described his feelings at some length. He said his first thought was that he had imagined he had seen an apparition, whose words he imagined he had heard. Then he became certain he had recognized the Simonetta he had seen so often of late, the Simonetta whom Botticelli had painted It was the same face, the same eyes, the same hair, the same mouth —— No, not the same mouth. Yes; the same mouth, speaking.

It was the Simonetta who had become a star in heaven in 1476. But, of course, it could not be! Nevertheless, it was. Of course she could not return from the grave. Certainly not! But she certainly had. If she had not spoken he might have disbelieved the evidence of his eyes. But he had heard her voice—a voice that came from far away. Of course it would come from far away. At the same time there was no sense in being an utter ass. Certainly not!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"To the Fourth Generation"

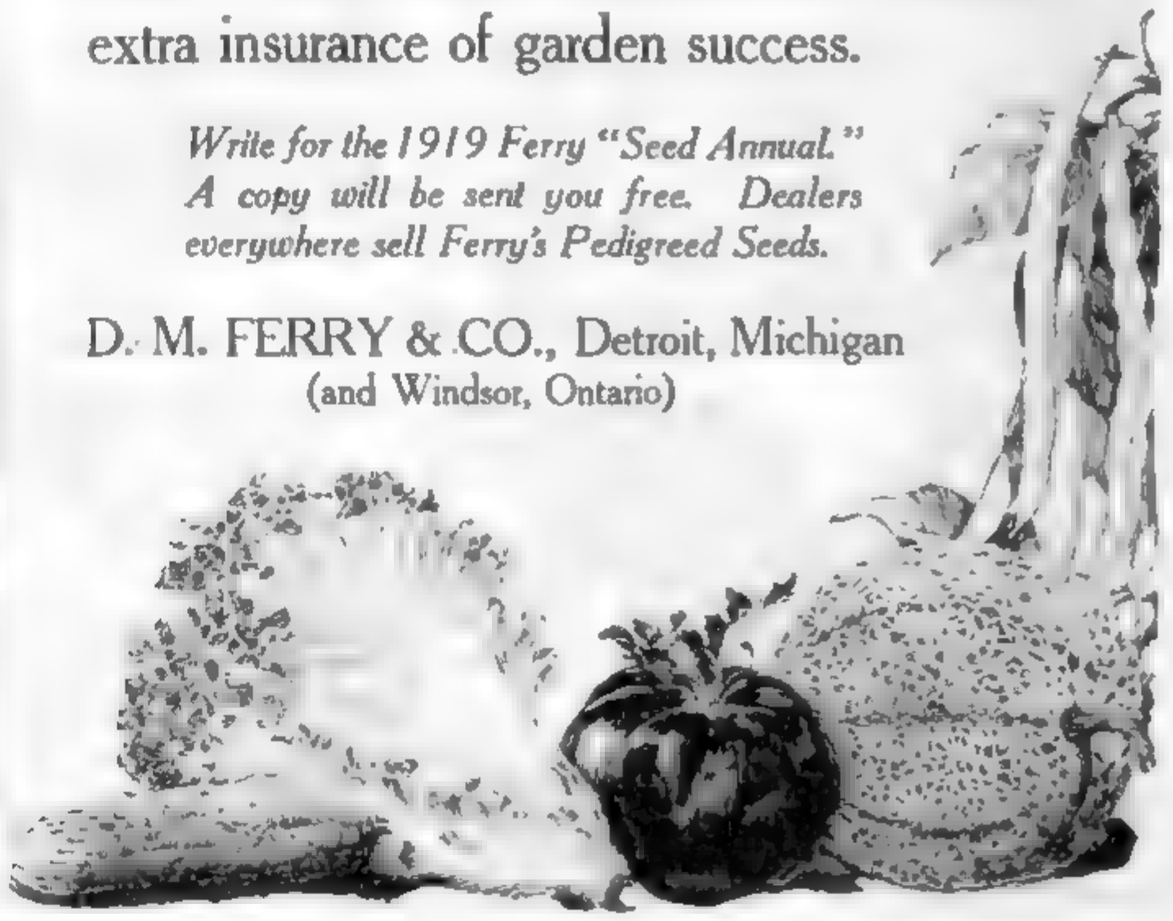
Imperfect flowers, tasteless, ill sized or tough vegetables have "no pride of ancestry, no hope in posterity." Their imperfections, under ideal conditions, might be worked out in from four to forty generations. But you cannot afford, year after year, to select the best samples from vine and plant and rear the seed to restore the perfect qualities Nature ordained.

FERRY'S SEEDS

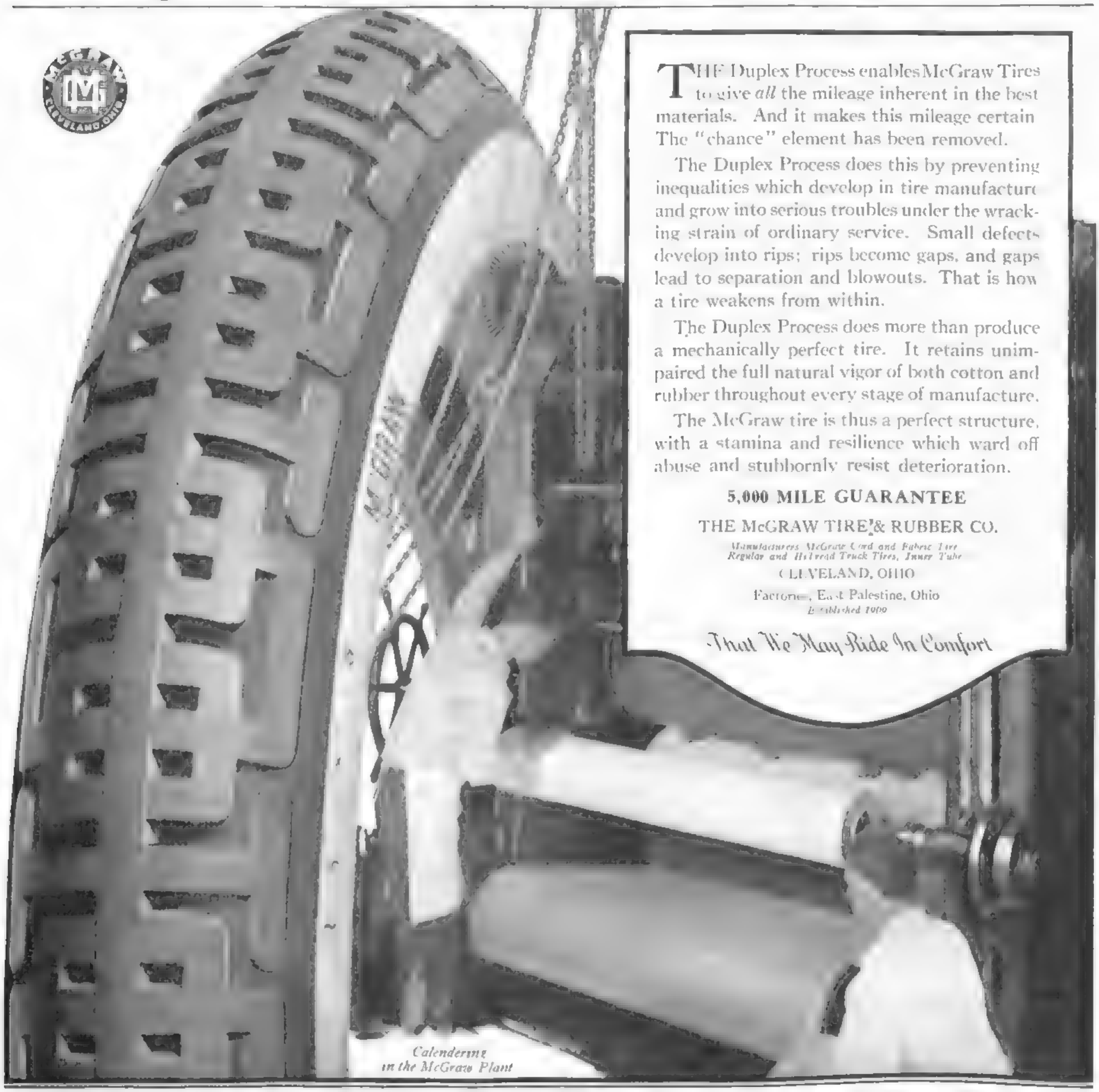
are the result of many generations of scientific selection. They hold the promise of Nature's perfect qualities freed from every impoverishment. Plant Ferry's Seeds and enjoy this extra insurance of garden success.

Write for the 1919 Ferry "Seed Annual." A copy will be sent you free. Dealers everywhere sell Ferry's Pedigreed Seeds.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Michigan
(and Windsor, Ontario)



Taking The Uncertainty Out Of Tire Service



THE Duplex Process enables McGraw Tires to give *all* the mileage inherent in the best materials. And it makes this mileage certain The "chance" element has been removed.

The Duplex Process does this by preventing inequalities which develop in tire manufacture and grow into serious troubles under the wracking strain of ordinary service. Small defects develop into rips; rips become gaps, and gaps lead to separation and blowouts. That is how a tire weakens from within.

The Duplex Process does more than produce a mechanically perfect tire. It retains unimpaired the full natural vigor of both cotton and rubber throughout every stage of manufacture.

The McGraw tire is thus a perfect structure, with a stamina and resilience which ward off abuse and stubbornly resist deterioration.

5,000 MILE GUARANTEE

THE McGRAW TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Manufacturers McGraw Cord and Fabric Tire Regular and Hi-Tread Truck Tires, Inner Tube

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Factories, East Palestine, Ohio

Established 1909

That We May Ride In Comfort

Calendering in the McGraw Plant

McGRAW

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 21)

he heard there was a German colony, and found work on a coal barge.

It was here that the journalistic instinct dawned upon him. He began to carry river news items to the Westliche Post, which presently took him on its staff of regular reporters.

The rest was easy. He learned to speak and write English, was transferred to the paper of which Hutchins was the head, and before he was five-and-twenty became a local figure.

When he turned up in New York with an offer to purchase the World we met as old friends. During the interval between 1872 and 1883 we had had a runabout in Europe and I was able to render him assistance in the purchase proceeding he was having with Gould. When this was completed he said to me: "You are at entire leisure; you are worse than that, you are wasting your time about the clubs and watering places, doing no good for yourself or anybody else. I must first devote myself to the reorganization of the business end of it. Here is a blank check. Fill it for whatever amount you please and it will be honored. I want you to go upstairs and organize my editorial force for me."

Indignantly I replied: "Go to the devil. You have not money enough—there is not money enough in the universe—to buy an hour of my season's loaf."

A year later I found him occupying with his family a splendid mansion up the Hudson, with a great retinue of servants, and carriages and horses, living like a country gentleman, going to the World office about time for luncheon and coming away in the early afternoon. I passed a week-end with him. To me it seemed the precursor of ruin. His second payment was yet to be made. Had I been in his place I would have been taking my meals in an adjacent hotel, or sleeping on a cot in one of the editorial rooms and working fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. Really it seemed dollars to doughnuts that he would break down and go to smash. But he did not—another case of destiny.

I was abiding with my family at Monte Carlo when, in his floating palace, the Liberty, he came into the harbor of Mentone. Then he bought a shore palace at Cap Martin. That season, and the next two or three seasons, we made voyages together from one end to the other of the Mediterranean, visiting the islands, especially Corsica and Elba, shrines of Napoleon, whom he greatly admired.

He was a model host. He had surrounded himself with every luxury, including some agreeable retainers, and lived like a king aboard. His blindness had already overtaken him. Other physical ailments assailed him. But no word of complaint escaped his lips and he rarely failed to sit at the head of his table. It was both splendid and pitiful.

Absolute authority made Pulitzer a great tyrant. He regarded his newspaper ownership as an autocracy. There was nothing gentle in his domination, nor, I might say, generous either. He seriously lacked the sense of humor, and even among his familiars could never take a joke. His love of money was by no means inordinate. He spent it freely, though not wastefully or joyously, for the possession of it rather flattered his vanity than made occasion for pleasure. Ability of varying kinds and degrees he had, a veritable genius for journalism and a real capacity for affection. He held his friends in good account and liked to have them about him. During the early days of his success he was disposed to overindulgence, not to say conviviality. He was fond of Rhine wines and an excellent judge of them, keeping a varied assortment always at hand. Once, upon the Liberty, he observed that I preferred a certain vintage. "You like this wine?" he said inquiringly. I assented, and he said, "I have a lot of it at home, and when I get back I will send you some." I had quite forgotten when, many months after, there came to me a crate containing several dozen bottles. He never forgot anything.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The ninth will appear in an early issue.

HEROES ALL

(Continued from Page 17)

Everybody on that bridge divined it. To the commander there opened in this fraction of a second two terrible alternatives: He could hold his present speed, and the sharp prow of the Shaw, razorlike, would slice the Aquitania through as if she were an iceberg of green cheese, and this would be done with comparative safety to the destroyer and her crew, but with the destruction of a twelve-million-dollar ship and an appalling loss of life. Or he could retard his speed, causing his own ship to curve less sharply; then it would be the Aquitania that would do the cutting, without harm to herself but to the almost certain wiping out of the destroyer and her crew.

That last alternative Glassford seized instantly. While his hands still wrestled with the refractory rudder he barked his first sharp order:

"Full astern!"

This signal was flashed down over the telegraph to a chief machinist's mate, Fred H. Macfarlane, who was in charge of the engine-room watch. This young man was sauntering about below, slanting an eye into the pump room or taking a look at his gauges, humming "K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy," and happily content that his turbines were grinding out twenty-nine and a half knots an hour, which was every turn that was in them, when suddenly both engine telegraphs went to "Full astern."

With a sharp exclamation to his throttle man, Guy M. Settliff, the young man closed off the high-pressure throttle and threw both engines astern, while his assistant cut out the low-pressure throttle. The engines answered immediately and had been going astern for fifteen seconds when the telegraph rang again "Full astern," which was the usual confirmatory order in emergency cases.

Almost directly after this, as it seemed to the men shut in by the steep walls of deep-down engine and boiler rooms, there came a crash, followed by total darkness. The C. M. M. jumped for the switchboard and threw in the circuit breaker. The throttle man had been knocked unconscious, and as the young chief started to pick him up, while a hell of noise swept by overhead, he noticed the starboard engine stop. Leaving the fallen man he darted to the throttle again and tried admitting steam in ahead motion, but the engine still stuck, and now only the port screw was desperately pulling the little craft astern. The engine-room mate tried to communicate immediately with his captain.

"On the bridge! On the bridge!" he bellowed hoarsely into the speaking tube, but the bridge was as silent as the death that reigned about it.

By this time water was entering the engine room from somewhere and rising over the floor plates. Perhaps there was a lump in the young fellow's throat and a choking sense of being cut off from something in his breast as he turned to Engineman John M. Ginns and to Settliff, who had by now regained consciousness, and said: "Well, pals, all we can do is wait orders."

And perhaps they all three cast longing glances at the ladder leading upward; but they waited! Already they had shut down the main evaporator so that both pumps could be put upon the rising water, and now the light of flames had become visible overhead.

But these were by no means the only men below who, ignorant of what fate had overtaken their ship, held stubbornly to their posts. In the forward boiler room one side of steel had suddenly leaped off, leaving an opening that yawned widely to sea and wind, through which flames from burning oil were blowing in; yet here Fireman Thomas Y. Worsham was methodically putting out burners under the boilers and making all "secure," as they say in the Navy. With him was a water tender, George E. Fernandez, who had not even been on duty, but with the first note of alarm had leaped up and rushed below to do what part he could. In Number Two Fireroom another water tender, Fred. H. Suberg, and another first-class fireman,

Shaving Results!

The delightful pleasure of a *velvet* shave—with your skin left cool and smooth—is assured you every morning, if you will just use

Twinplex Stropper

for your double-edged blades

To enjoy *luxury* shaving at home with a safety razor, you must strop your blade just before each shave. Every shave gets the razor edge out of alignment, like this [illegible]. Stropping smooths it back, like this [illegible]

With Twinplex, you can strop your double-edged blades perfectly, just as the barber strops *his* razor. Twinplex holds the blade at exactly the right angle, strops both edges at once, then reverses the blade and strops the other side. Strop your *new blades* before using. Have 100 velvet shaves from *one* blade.

Get 30 days' TRIAL of Twinplex

Twinplex Stropper is sold at cutlery, hardware, drug and department stores everywhere. Your dealer will sell it to you on 30 days' trial, with privilege of return, and give you a *10 year service guarantee.*

Make this trial of Twinplex *now*—and get *real* shaving results.

Free descriptive booklet on request.

Twinplex Sales Co.
1637 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
224 Fulton Street, New York

Twinplex Sales Co. of Canada
591 St. Catherine St., Montreal

$5

He Will Take

The Bubble Grains, As You Know

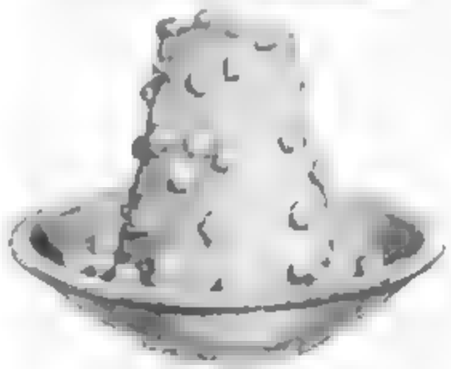
Offer a boy a dish of bread and milk, and a dish of Puffed Wheat in milk. You know he will take, ten times in ten, these flaky, toasted bubbles.

In Puffed Wheat every food cell is exploded. The grains are shot from guns. He gets a scientific food, where digestion is easy and complete.

When children like it better—vastly better—why not serve some Puffed Grain to them in every bowl of milk?

Serve Fruit

With Puffed Grains and watch and folks will always choose the blend



Serve Ice Cream

Serve it plain, then with a garnish of these flimsy nut like bubbles. See which children like the better

Serve Soup

In clear form, then with Puffed Grains in it. See what these toasted bubbles add

Serve Nut Meats

Then serve Puffed Grains, crisped and lightly buttered. See which boys prefer.

Offer Him Choice At Breakfast

Serve Puffed Wheat to him, and beside it any other wheat food.

He will see in Puffed Wheat flimsy, toasted bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

He will taste an almond flavor, much like toasted nuts.

There was never a whole-wheat dish ever created which could tempt a boy like that.

When Puffed Grains are best for them, and are liked best, why not always serve them?

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains Each 15c

Except in Far West

How to Serve

With cream and sugar.
With melted butter.
In bowls of milk.
As ice cream garnish.
In your soups.
Also douse with melted butter for hungry children after school.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(3062)

Edward M. McCanna, were not only remaining at their posts but they were keeping up steam!

The conduct of these men in the "black gang" seems to have been a very fair earnest of what might be expected from the crew as a whole.

What had happened meantime upon the bridge was somewhat as follows:

Seeing that his first signal for full speed astern had been answered immediately the commander next sounded "General Quarters," which gave the alarm to every sleeping man to rouse and rush to deck or duty. The sleeping quarters below both forward and astern were instantly alive with tumbling, rushing, leaping farms, snatching at clothes and leaping for the steel-runged ladders leading upward. A thousand times "General Quarters" had sounded in the past and these men had rushed deckward, expecting to confront an enemy or some desperate crisis, and always before they had been disappointed, sometimes happily, sometimes unhappily; yet they turned out now with the old speed and the decks were peopled with their flying figures.

Discerning the nature of the danger which threatened, first-class Gunner's Mate John W. Romspert had dashed aft like a race horse and put the depth charges upon "safety"; none too soon either, for a moment later that entire rack of depth charges was being tossed about as if it had contained barrels of corks.

An Official Board of Inquiry Has Found Commander William Glassford Guilty of Courage and Rare Seamanship, and Has Commended Him Highly

The commander meanwhile, though he knew that his engines were going full speed astern, looked anxiously over the side for some signs of diminution of that terrific speed at which his ship was being hurled at the innocent sides of the Aquitania. Second after second, each an eternity in length, passed before it became apparent that the instantaneous promptitude with which his order had been obeyed in the engine room was having the desired effect. Eventually, however, this did become apparent. Slowly but surely the curve of the little vessel's turning had been retarded. She would not strike the Aquitania.

But now the other danger loomed suddenly. She would not strike, but she would be struck. She would not kill, but she would be killed. Instead of piercing the Aquitania like a giant torpedo she was driving harmlessly and helplessly under that oncoming bow.

It is a sufficient tribute to the nerve and the courage of the chief actors in this stirring drama to say that though the commander was pulling the whistle cord with one hand and the siren cord with the other, and in response to his orders the alarm bell was being clanged fiercely, thus giving his crew below every possible warning, not an officer nor a man upon that bridge moved an inch from the post of duty. This was the more remarkable since it was evident to their practiced eyes that this mountainous mass, towering sixty feet above them and rushing forward at dizzy speed, was going to strike almost if not exactly upon the spot they occupied.

To appreciate the emotions of that moment the reader will reflect that every person upon this bridge was young. The commander was the oldest, and he was but thirty-two; some of them were probably under twenty. The sensations of one of these young men as he described them to me may possibly stand for all.

The Shaw had become very dear to him and he conceived of her not as a shape of steel with inwards of machinery, but as a creature with a living soul. Now, rather than of the individual lives about to be taken, his own among them, he thought of this living bounding spirit about to be shockingly crushed out of the little ship, and second by second his mind experienced all the agony of such a situation. Something like this the sequence of the ideas occurred to him, being recorded in a sort of mental voice that was like a hypnotic monotone:

"The Aquitania is one hundred feet away and the Shaw is still alive. But she is going to be killed! What a pity! What a-a-a-a pity! Fifty feet away and the Shaw is still alive! Twenty-five feet and—still alive!"

"I saw her five feet away," he confessed to me solemnly, "and my soul exulted that the Shaw was still alive."

Striking at a slight angle four feet forward of the starboard side of the bridge the great ship passed through the lesser one as if she had been a streak of foam. In passing, the Aquitania severed ninety feet of the Shaw's bow, which went floating off with living men in it, while the remaining two-thirds of the destroyer was raked for the whole length of her port side. So severe was this raking that it had stripped open the forward boiler room, and literally plucked the mainmast out of the ship and flung a portion of its gear into the strut supporting the starboard propeller in such a way as to stop the engine on that side.

Naturally this grind of steel on steel as the Aquitania passed through had struck a thousand sparks. It was these which, kindling the oil in the forward tanks, burst asunder by the collision, now wrapped the wounded ship in flames. The exact sequence of events for the next fifteen minutes is probably not determinable, but there is common agreement and abundant evidence that coolness and intelligent action predominated over every and any tendency to panic. The commander's mind appears to have been working with machinelike precision. Into it had hurdled the memory that the Jacob Jones, commanded by his friend, David Worth Bagley, had, when torpedoed, sunk in four and a half minutes.

"Four and a half minutes! I am going to sink in four and a half minutes!" registered itself sharply upon the dial of his consciousness. "Loose the life rafts!" was therefore his first order.

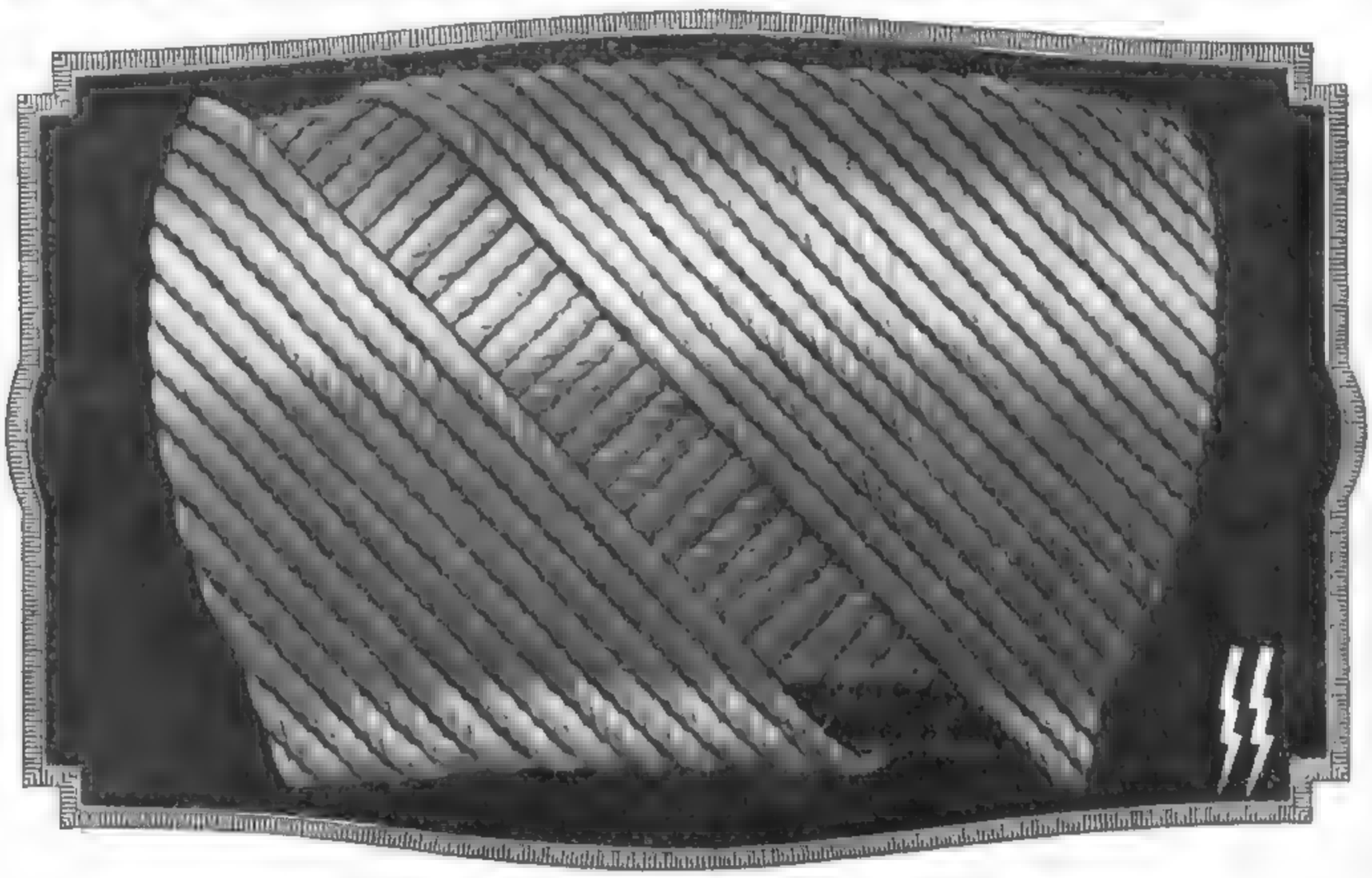
Just how all the men got down from the crumpled, collapsing, flame-encircled bridge will probably never be known. It was recalled that Seaman Rafferty, after sticking to his wheel while the ponderous mass of the Aquitania passed within five feet of him, was yanked overboard by flying tackle, to be later fished out, when he coolly turned to about the deck; while little Dick Roser, who, to my observation, hardly qualifies for the bantam-weight class, never budged before the threatening impact of fifty-two thousand tons; and when those tons had done their worst and passed on he climbed atop the staggering bridge and began to release the life raft anchored there, in obedience to his commander's orders.

Glassford was seen to climb down over the port side, where there was less flame, and by the aid of a stanchion to swing himself again to the deck. Here his orders were first for the rescue of all the injured, and second for the crew to retire aft away from the flames, which were now enveloping the fore part of the ship

(Continued on Page 65)

Here is the way it looks on the inside

The CARLISLE Tire



Note those unbroken strands of Rope, each tested to 235 pounds stress. Is it any wonder blowouts are reduced to the vanishing point?

THIS picture shows the Carlisle Tire before the rubber tread is put on.

Our reason for showing the tire in this way is that we want you to see the strands of rope.

Note that there are two plies. Note that each strand is unbroken. Note that each strand is insulated and separated from all surrounding strands. Note the size of the strands, remembering that each has a breaking resistance of 235 pounds.

Now you can clearly comprehend why Carlisle Tires so wonderfully resist blowouts; why they withstand hard usage in such an amazing way; why they are so astonishingly resilient; why a car equipped with Carlisle Tires "rides differently"; why Carlisle equipment saves the mechanism of your car and cuts repair bills; why it increases gasoline mileage some 25 per cent.

But here's something you should remember always: there is no substitute for a Carlisle Tire. The Carlisle casings are built on special machines. No other apparatus will do the work. You could no more build a Carlisle Tire on an ordinary tire machine than you could weave a silk handkerchief on a sewing machine.

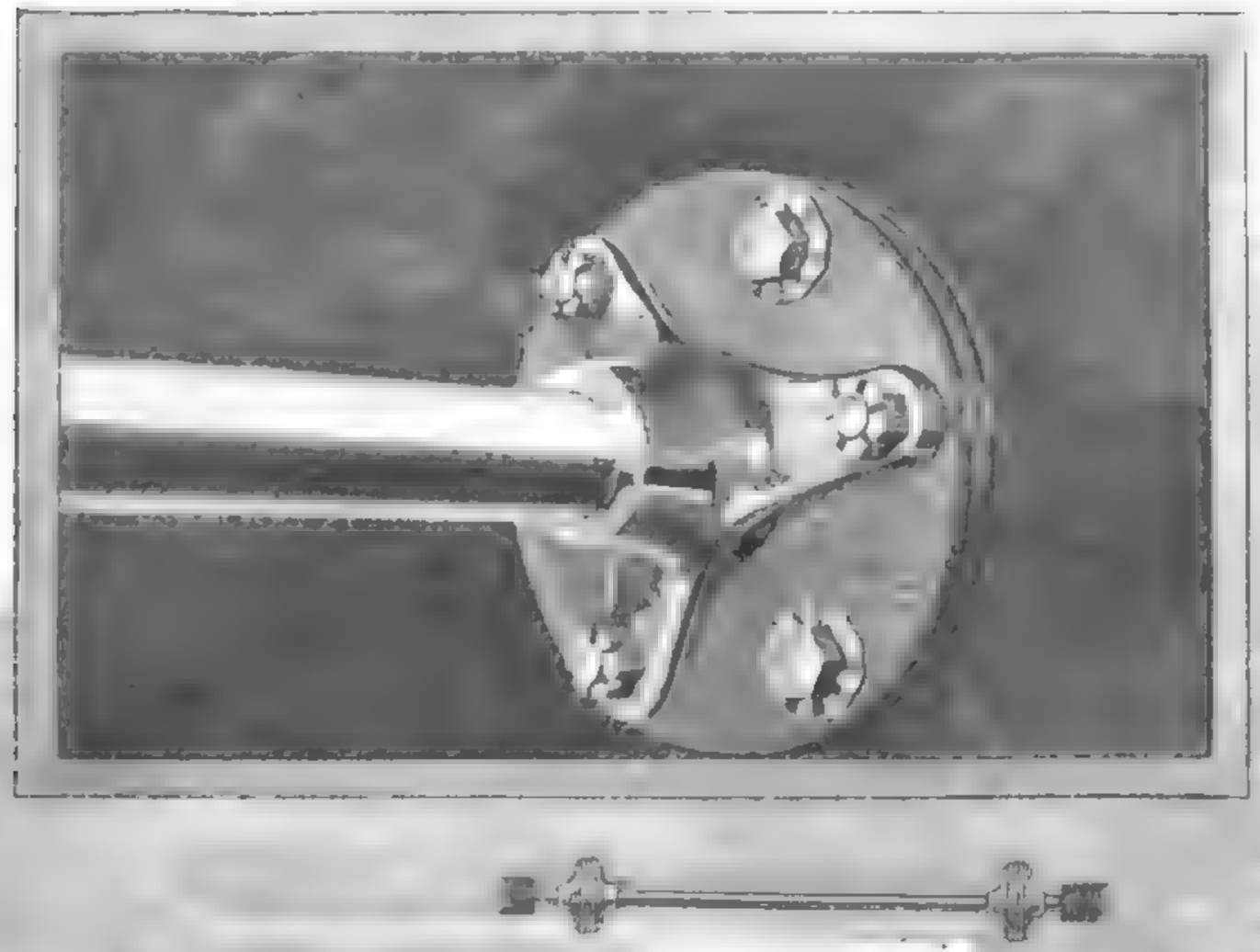
Our chain of distributors reaches from Coast to Coast.

CARLISLE CORD TIRES

ANSONIA, CONN., The Todd Rubber Co
ATLANTA, GA., New South Rubber Co.
BILLINGS, MONT., Northwestern Auto Supply Co., Inc.
BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Binghamton Oil Refining Co
BOSTON, MASS., Dayton Tire Co
BRIDGEPORT, CONN., The Todd Rubber Co.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Arthur W. Delaney
CHARLESTON, S. C., Auto Tire & Equipment Co
CHARLOTTE, N. C., Barringer Garage Co.
CHICAGO, ILL., C. J. Van Houten & Zoon
CLEVELAND, OHIO, M. & M. Company
COLUMBUS, O., Sherwood-Crippen Rubber Co
DALLAS, TEXAS, E. L. Bale Tire & Rubber Co
DANBURY, CONN., The Todd Rubber Co
DENVER, COL., Cartwright Tire & Rubber Co
DES MOINES, IA., Diamond Tire & Supply Co.
DETROIT, MICH., Detroit Tire Co
EL PASO, TEXAS, C. D. Freeman (El Paso Cycle Works)
FRESNO, CAL., C. P. Seeberg
GREAT FALLS, MONT., Northwestern Auto Supply Co
HARRISBURG, PA., Standard Auto Supplies Co.
HARTFORD, CONN., The Todd Rubber Co
HONOLULU, T. H., The von Hamm-Young Company, Ltd
HOUSTON, TEXAS, Bering Tire & Repair Co.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Gibson Company
JOPLIN, MO., Kienachmidt & Hemphill
LOS ANGELES, CAL., Geo. H. Grabe
LOUISVILLE, KY., James T. Short
MANCHESTER N. H., The Marathon Tire Co
MANILA, P. I., Teal & Co
MERIDEN CONN., The Todd Rubber Co
MILWAUKEE WIS., Milwaukee Tire & Supply Co
MUSKOGEE OKLA., Muskogee Tire Repair Co
NEW HAVEN CONN., The Todd Rubber Co
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Shuler Auto Supply Co., Inc
NEW YORK, Carlisle Sales Company, Inc., 237 W. 58th St
NORWICH CONN., The Todd Rubber Co
OKLAHOMA CITY OKLA., Frederickson Tire Co
PHILADELPHIA PA., The Hamlen Co
PITTSBURGH, PA., Miller & Woodward, Inc
POCATELLO IDAHO, Northwestern Auto Supply Co
PORTLAND, ORE., Pacific Tire & Rubber Co
PROVIDENCE, R. I., Invincible Tire Co
RENO, NEVADA, McIntosh Motor Sales Co
ROANOKE, VA., Motor Car Equipment Co
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Carlisle Tire Co
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Tansey-Crowe Co
SAN JOSE, CAL., San Jose Auto Supply Co.
SCRANTON, PA., Lackawanna Auto Co.
SEATTLE, WASH., Steam Supply & Rubber Co
SIOUX FALLS, S. D., H. F. Brownell Co.
SPOKANE, WASH., W. S. Melcher
STOCKTON, CAL., Willard Hardware Co
ST. PAUL, MINN., Milton Rosen Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y., Syracuse Auto Supply Co
TACOMA, WASH., Steam Supply & Rubber Co
TOLEDO, OHIO, Union Supply Co.
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA, Hyslop Bros. Ltd
WALLINGFORD, CONN., The Todd Rubber Co
WASHINGTON, D. C., L. G. Herriman
WILKES BARRE, PA., Lackawanna Auto Co

Export—J. B. CROCKETT COMPANY, Inc., New York

CARLISLE CORD TIRE COMPANY, Inc., Andover, Mass.



Cushioning the shocks that rack your car

Old style metal universal joint intensifies every strain on the chassis

IN A MOTOR boat the engine pulls directly against the even resistance of the water. There is no rear axle, no differential and no universal joint.

In many makes of automobiles, however, the metal-to-metal connections of the driving shaft conduct the power from the engine to the rear axle with a direct strain on the driving machinery.

The ordinary metal type of universal joint, which is part of this metal-to-metal connection, intensifies every jar and jolt and does nothing to cushion the strains that rack your car. Very soon, too, the metal joint wears loose and what was at first a strain becomes a series of jerks and shocks.

How Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints cushion the shocks that rack your car

To meet these conditions the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint has been developed. It is constructed of flexible fabric discs which act as a cushion. Even *more* flexible than the ball-and-socket type of joint, and more *enduring*, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint cushions the jolts and jars by transmitting the impact from the motor in a smooth, even flow of power to the rear wheels.

No lubrication needed

Having no metal-to-metal wearing surfaces the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint requires no lubrication. It runs in absolute silence, *smoothly* and without backlash.

For over three years, on both passenger cars and heavy duty trucks, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint has stood severe tests for endurance. In many cases it has given 60,000 miles of hard service without replacement, adjustment or attention of any kind.

Ask to see the universal joint on the next car you buy

When choosing your next car, ride in one equipped with Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints. Start the car yourself, drive it slowly, speed it up, then reverse. You will find a smooth and even application of power. Every vibration in the drive shaft is cushioned, even the jolts, caused by the rise and fall of the rear axle, on rough roads.

Send for our new book, "Universal Joints—Their Use and Misuse." It will give you in detail the construction of the Thermoid-Hardy Joint, records of performance, opinions of leading engineers and manufacturers who have adopted it.

Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints carry our well-known guarantee: ***Thermoid-Hardy will make good—or WE WILL.***

Thermoid Rubber Company

Sole American Manufacturers

Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, N. J.

New York Chicago San Francisco Detroit
Los Angeles Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Boston London Paris Turin

List of users

Advance-Rumely Co.
Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co
American Motor Truck Co.
The Autocar Co
Collier Co.
Crow-Elkhart Motor Co
Dart Motor Truck Co.
The Dauch Mfg. Co.
Dixie Motor Car Co.
Doane Motor Truck Co.
Duesenberg Motors Corp.
Fageol Motor Car Co.
H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.
Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co
Hebb Motors Co.
Hendrickson Motor Truck Co
Hinkley Motors Co.
Holt Mfg. Co.
The Howard Co
International Motor Co.
Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co.
Lexington Motor Car Co.
Locomobile Co. of America
Manley Motors Corp.
Menominee Motor Truck Co
Mercer Automobile Co.
Moreland Motor Truck Co.
Nelson & LeMoon
E. A. Nelson, M. E.
D A. New Comer Co
O'Connell-Manly Truck Co
Oneida Motor Truck Co.
O. Armleder Co
Parker Motor Truck Co.
Reo Motor Car Co.
Root & Vandervoort Engineering Co
Sanford Motor Truck Co
Service Motor Truck Co.
Stewart Motor Corp.
Studebaker Corp.
Stutes Mar Tractor Co.
Templar Motors Corp.
Trego Motors Corp.
Twin City Four Wheel Drive Co., Inc.
Walter Motor Truck Co
Ward-LaFrance Truck Co., Inc
Victor Motor Truck & Trailer Co
Wichita Falls Motor Truck Co
H. E. Wilcox Motor Co.
Zeitler & Lamson Truck and Tractor Co

THERMOID-HARDY
UNIVERSAL JOINT

Makers of "Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining" and "Thermoid Cruhide Compound Tires"

(Continued from Page 62)

The stage of action meanwhile had broadened to include the waters round the ship. The severed bow was floating two hundred yards off, reeling and staggering dizzily, but floating, and, it will be remembered, with a portion of the crew still in her, while living men were also struggling in the water.

The Aquitania, of course, had never slowed her speed a second. To do so would have made her a helpless target for any submarine that chanced along, and this was the spot where submarines were expected. The Conyngham, without orders—for the S. O. P. had temporarily now no means of sending orders—went on in escort of the convoy, while the Kimberley and the Duncan proceeded first to the rescue of the men in the derelict bow and those visible in the water. Sublime heroisms and little tragedies were being enacted all about.

Clarence C. Moore, a chief gunner's mate, made his way safely out of the intricacies of that ninety feet of severed bow, but though it threatened now to dive for the bottom at any moment he could not bring himself to leave it till he had gone back and made his perilous way through every compartment of that structure to make sure no injured or helpless comrade was imprisoned there.

Carothers, a man from Los Angeles, whose initials and rating I have not at hand, was swimming strongly as the Kimberley drew near.

"Over there!" he shouted. "Over there! Get those fellows first. I'm all right!"

So the destroyer nosed on over to where Charles J. Libby, a boiler maker, had staged a double rescue. Chief Yeoman Newman, slightly wounded and in an exhausted condition, was afloat in a bureau drawer which threatened to capsize with every wave that tossed it, while Machinist's Mate H. L. Ketterer was still afloat—but all in. Libby helped both these men to a kapok mattress, and then lay by, bending a rescuing line about first one and then the other before he would himself be drawn on board.

When the destroyer went back to pick up Carothers he was gone. The treacherous seas had plucked the brave fellow down.

"I'm all right!" said Carothers of Los Angeles. And he was!

But by this time something was being enacted on the deck of the Shaw that for absolute disregard of personal danger in the interest of the general safety would be difficult to match. Seeing that the flames from the burning oil tanks bade fair to reach the forward magazine the commander had ordered it flooded.

With the giving of this order the executive officer of the Shaw, Lieutenant Commander Van L. Kirkman, comes prominently into the story and stays there till the last line is written. Kirkman is a tall, spare, harmless-looking person with an ingratiating smile and a scholarly air that somehow savors much more of the study than of the chart room of a destroyer. But Kirkman's appearance was deceptive in this regard as in some others. For information as to some of these others, see the merry group of British naval officers who entertained him one night in Portsmouth.

Kirkman's duties as executive officer took him all over the ship. His duties as navigator—at which, by the way, he was a wizard—often sent him flying bridgeward when a speck of sun was out, his precious sextant, wrapped in a towel to protect it from the salt spray, under one arm, while his one free hand pulled his lank form up the ladder in a succession of spasmodic jerks. It was one day after landing on the bridge in this fashion, quite breathless from a tussle with wind and sea and pitching ship, that he convulsed the watch by inquiring soberly:

"Captain! Would you honor a requisition for a tail?"

He thought that a prehensile tail would be of invaluable assistance to a man of his occupation.

When the rudder jammed Kirkman had been asleep in the chart room, but at the first sound of the unusual he had rushed to the bridge and remained there till the bridge became untenable. He was supervising the rescue of the wounded when the commander's order for the flooding of the magazine reached his ears. Kirkman seemed to feel instinctively that this was a job for him, because the flooding device was in the chart room, which, like the wardroom below it and the bridge above it, was wrapped in a dense body of flame, while directly underneath all three was the magazine itself.

But two other officers, Lieutenant Riley and Ensign Ross A. Dierdorf, insisted upon sharing the luxury of that extra-hazardous enterprise with him. The commander and crew in silent admiration saw these three men disappear in clouds of enveloping smoke, and then waited—for the magazine to blow up or for these men to return, successful. Eventually they returned, faces blackened, clothing on fire, eyes smarting, staggering like drunken men, temporarily blinded and utterly downcast because they had been unsuccessful. They had dared the hell of flame and this prospective eruption of high explosive in vain; for though they had gained the chart house and Kirkman had actually got his wrench upon the valve control it refused to turn. The collision had put the mechanism out of order.

This put an end to hope.

Without another word Commander Glassford had an order wigwagged to Lieutenant Commander Cobb to lay the Duncan alongside to take off his crew. Executive Officer Kirkman seeing this order go out, and himself refreshed by the sharp cool breeze that whipped his burning cheeks, turned now to look after his men in the engine room. The time of this visit seems to be very accurately fixed at about six-ten A.M., or twelve minutes after the ships struck. It had been a fairly full twelve minutes, but it had not been long enough for the chief machinist's mate to cease worrying about his starboard engine, and he blurted out this trouble instantly to Kirkman. Worry about an engine now struck the exec. as funny. He laughed.

"Fine work, old boy," he chuckled. "But we have to get out. We're liable to sink any minute."

There was evidence enough of this in the engine room, for the men were now sloshing round in water up to their knees, and it was deepening constantly.

"Stop the port engine and secure!" ordered the executive.

This was done. The C. M. M. passed Ginns and Setthill up the ladder, plumped Silberg and McCanna, who were still standing by in Number Two Boiler Room, and himself reached the deck while the Duncan was being maneuvered against the Shaw. The sea was choppy and nasty and the Shaw wallowed badly but Lieutenant Commander Cobb laid his ship alongside beautifully, and as again and again the little destroyers rolled together the crew of the Shaw half leaped and were half pulled on board the rescue craft.

"Come on!" Cobb bellowed from the forward bridge, where he had remained to maneuver his ship the better, when he saw that Commander Glassford still held back.

"Shove off!" ordered Glassford, with a pushing motion of his hand, for he was still S. O. P.

Lieutenant Dickinson, the executive officer of the Duncan, was a personal friend of Glassford's and he hurried aft to plead with him at close quarters.

"Come on, commander," he urged. "Your magazine will blow up any minute."

"But it may not blow up," argued Glassford, who even then was dividing his attention between the man whom he was addressing and a thoughtful contemplation of the mass of flame and smoke which transformed the forward end of his ship into a raging funeral pyre. "Tell Cobb the situation is this: A few of us are going to stand by till the magazine does blow up and then see if there's anything we can do to save the ship. Shove off!"

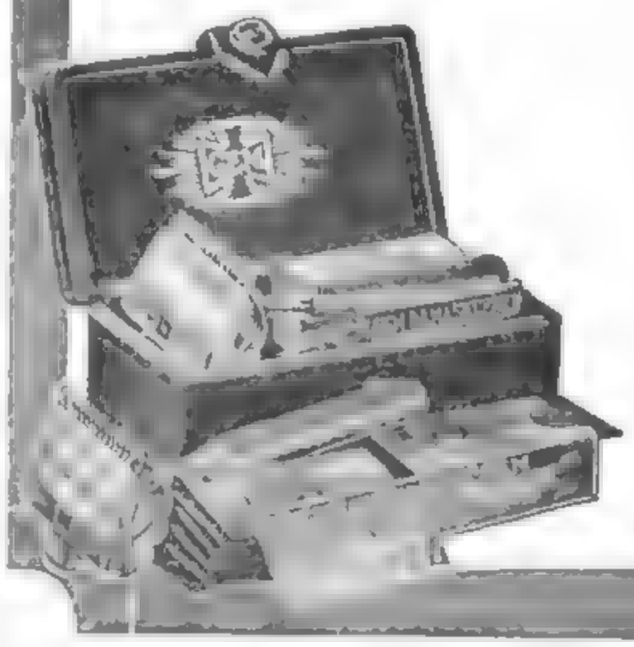
With a puzzled face the young executive officer turned and waved a hand to the commander on the bridge, who was still not certain that he had heard aright, and reluctantly the Duncan parted from the wallowing hulk. As she did so a great hue and cry broke out upon her decks. Ensign Dierdorf had boarded the Duncan thinking that the order was to abandon ship. When he saw his commander and a small group knotted about him still upon the afterdeck of the Shaw he made an effort to rush back, but officious hands restrained him. Avoiding these he ducked down on to the forecastle and as the ships swung close for an instant he leaped, caught the guard wire of the Shaw and was triumphantly drawn on board again.

This made the group of men who now huddled about the commander waiting for the magazine to blow up to include all the living officers of the ship's company, who in

GEM
DAMASKEENE
RAZOR

You can expect perfection in the **GEM Razor**—and get it. Make your first shave a **GEM** shave and so long as you use the **GEM** your hopes for easy, clean, quick, safe shaving will be fully realized—millions of **GEMS** in use today—the friend of men of all ages, in all walks of life, for over 25 years.

If the blade is right you are assured a good shave—if it's a ***GEM Blade*** *you make assurance doubly sure—unmatched for keenness, smoothness, durability.*



$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete

Includes frame, shaving and stropping handles, and seven **Gem Blades** in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for travelling.

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal

Figbuds

Happy thought!

Send a box of FIGBUDS.

The happy box of confections—whatever the occasion.

Instead of always puzzling over what to send, or how to express your message—remember "Calarab Figbuds."

The California confection—you will like—your friends will like, and beneficial for the children. All they want to eat cannot hurt them.

50 FIGBUDS 50c

With a box always at hand you have something unusual to pass visiting friends. What a treat from sunny California—and the price so small.

By Mail 50 cents

If you cannot buy from dealer we will mail package of fifty Figbuds, prepaid to any P. O. in the U. S., for 50 cents in stamps. Anyone not satisfied with Figbuds will have their money refunded. Other Calarab products—Figs, Oranges, Apricots—each 50 cents by Mail.

BISHOP & COMPANY
Los Angeles, California

See What 7 Dishes Do

Try this bran-mixed dainty every morning for one week. See what it does for good cheer and for fitness.

Bran is Nature's laxative. Nearly everybody needs it, and all doctors advise it. Drugs are nowadays taboo.

Pettijohn's supplies the bran in a delicious wheat-flake dainty. You will like it as well as you like its effects. It will win you to bran habits—bring you sunnier days.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent of bran.

Also Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine patent flour, 25 per cent bran. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. (3013)

addition to those already mentioned were Lieutenant Commander Henry G. Shonerd, Ensign Theodore C. Briggs, Machinist James H. Cody and Carpenter George R. Litton. There were also twelve of the crew: Ira L. Harris, Charley S. Bostick, Orvil Driver, Robert L. Easeley, William C. Kessler, and the Romspert, Macfarlane, Ginns, Suberg, Fernandez, Settliff and McCanna already mentioned. These men had all volunteered to remain, but without their knowing it they had all been rather carefully selected as men of special fitness for such duties as might now devolve upon them. The fact that in moments like this such a selection was thought of at all, to say nothing of its being sagaciously made, is significant of the state of mind in which commander and executive officer were facing their problems. It is probably true also that there was not a man who had gone over the side to the Duncan who would not have felt himself singularly honored by an invitation to remain on the Shaw.

As the Duncan drew away a loud explosion sounded forward in the neighborhood of the burning chart house and the air was filled with screaming fragments of metal that punctured the smokestacks and cut some of the stays from the already sagging bridge. Almost immediately another such explosion followed, preceded and accompanied by a spattering of rifle shots. All realized that the four-inch shells for the forward gun, secured in upright racks round the chart house, were being detonated by the fire beneath and round them, and that the small-arms ammunition in the wardroom gangway was going by the same route. For a few minutes the decks of the derelict were swept by a perfect barrage of death as this ammunition continued to explode.

Yet it was realized that this was mild compared to what would happen if the ampler supply of four-inch ammunition for the waist guns began to go off, and already this part of the ship was a cloud of smothering smoke and the decks about these steel shell boxes were beginning to warp and bend with the heat. Commander Glassford himself led the dash upon these all-but-smoking explosives. He was followed and assisted by every officer on the ship except Cody, who was elsewhere engaged, and by the Chief Boatswain's Mate Kessler, by Chief Pharmacist's Mate Driver, by Romspert and by Fernandez. It was a choice scramble of ranks and ratings, but with the forward ammunition still peppering deck and housings and hurtling through the air these men one after another picked up the huge shells, already warm to the touch, hugged them to their breasts and carried them to the rail, where they rolled innocuously into the sea. The nearest known approach to an actual casualty to this party was when the commander found one of the exploded rifle bullets in his coat when he next undressed; yet each man had danced with death every moment that he was engaged upon this enterprise.

With this danger to individual life disposed of there remained two others that threatened momentarily the life of the ship. One was the magazine and the other was the hole in the side of the forward fireroom, big enough to fling the chassis of an automobile through, and into which the sea was leaping with every wave and by just so many additional tons of water was overcoming the buoyancy of the craft. The explosion of the magazine was an incident that nothing could now be done to avert; and indeed it does not appear that at this time there was a hope in the mind of any that the ship could be saved. What was done that ultimately operated toward that end was rather in the way of stubborn performance of duty while a duty remained that could be performed.

It was in pursuance of this policy that Kirkman led a working party in an attack upon the breach in the boiler room. It was also in pursuance of it that the commander had set the rest of the crew at work upon that tangled mass of wreckage a part of which held the starboard propeller motionless. They had worked upon it once before the Duncan came alongside. Now they redoubled their attack, operating with sledges and chisels, gnawing at refractory stays and cables with steel saws, and pulling at the whole mass with a hastily contrived derrick.

The propeller refused to free, but there were not wanting evidences that the spirit of the men continued indomitable. Signalman Easeley noticed the Shaw's flag floating by in a mass of wreckage, coolly leaped overboard, recovered it, clambered up the sides, fastened it to an oar and lashed the oar above the afterbridge, which had now become the commander's post of command. Inspired by this act of an enlisted man some of the officers fished out Glassford's senior officer's pennant from the sportive waves and raised it high with cheers and laughter. Incredible as it seemed, Kirkman was back now too, reporting that with mattresses, with wreckage and lashings, he had blocked out the sea from the forward boiler room.

This gave time to fight the fire if a way to fight it could be found.

"Where's Macfarlane?" inquired the commander, an idea about pumping the oil from the forward tanks forming in his mind.

The chief machinist's mate should have been among those working to free the propeller, but he was not there. Machinist Cody found him down in the pump room up to his thighs in water and prowling and prying amid his wheels and coils, forgetful of the executive's orders to keep out of there.

"How's everything down there?" demanded Glassford, seeing where the mate appeared from.

"All right, sir! I can get up steam if you will give me a crew!" he answered most surprisingly.

Steam! On this battered and burning hulk? A lump probably swelled in the commander's throat. He had never wanted steam so badly in all his life, but up to now had not felt justified in assuming responsibility for ordering men below while the magazine was still a menace. But the magazine had not blown up yet. It might not—especially if an engine crew could get some steam jets pouring into the flaming mass of the oil tanks.

"Hop to it, kid!" exclaimed the commander, in language most undignified, but with that snap to his tones of command which had never left them during all these trying eternities of time.

In an astonishingly short interval an exultant voice from the engine-room hatch, beneath which men were paddling about like ducks, reported steam up. Two jets were immediately ordered on the fire. After a considerable time it appeared that they were beginning to have some effect.

"Start the engine!" ordered the commander.

The port engine was started and began slowly to draw the burning hulk astern. The other propeller had stubbornly refused to free, but it seemed to Glassford now in looking over the side that this gentle astern motion was doing more to free it than all their labors.

"Try the starboard!" he bawled down the hatch.

There ensued an anxious moment while the young engineer carefully eased steam into the turbine.

"By God, she turns!" he shouted excitedly, and she did—both screws were turning and watchers over the side saw the last of the wreckage flung free of strut and blades.

All that lacked now was steering power, and a machinist had for some time been at work upon the steering gear. He found that a small set screw which drifted from its moorings and moved no more than a few inches had jammed the rudder and caused the accident. This difficulty was adjusted in a few minutes. The auxiliary steering gear on the afterbridge was next tested and found to be working. The Shaw, with one-third of her gone, with the fire still raging forward, with her bridge a crumpled collapsing mass, was steaming and she was steering.

A cheer was raised on the decks. It is possible that a faint light of exultation appeared in the commander's eyes. At any rate a great hope was dawning. The steam jets appeared to be making headway with the fire; the slow backward movement of the ship was drawing the trailing wake of smoke forward, freeing the workers on the ship from its choking clouds and permitting the air and the whole situation to clear up, and perhaps the spirit of daring and resolution was rising higher in all breasts.

During this entire period the Duncan and the Kimberley were circling the Shaw constantly in a vigilant outlook for submarine enemies, the Duncan on the inner circle, the Kimberley on the outer. Now seeing that the fire appeared to be dying down the Duncan wigwagged an offer for a tow. Commander Glassford had never been towed in all his nautical life, and he did not wish to be towed now, for there is a certain stigma of humiliation which attaches to being towed. But there were far stronger arguments than that against it. One was that in such a sea it would be most difficult; another was that it was dangerous, since it reduced both the towing ship and the towed to a maximum speed of a few knots and rendered both helpless before that submarine attack the peril of which was never absent from the mind of either of these young commanders.

Commander Glassford shook his head and then said something short and sharp to Easeley. Easeley made his arms move violently, a little flush of pride upon his cheeks at the tenor of the message he was sending.

"Tell the Kimberley to lead me to the nearest port; I will follow," was its daring import.

Again a cheer went up on the decks of the Shaw as the little group spelled the flying letters out, and a responding cheer rose from the decks of the Duncan as the anxious watchers there caught the signal and were challenged by its boldness.

What they said on the Kimberley as the order was relayed to them I cannot pretend to know, but will venture that it was something eulogistic of the courage and uncomplimentary to the judgment of Old Bill Glassford, for the nearest port was Portland, and Portland was fifty nautical miles away over this nasty, choppy and submarine-infested sea. Nevertheless the Kimberley came about and straightened away for Portland, moving slowly. The Shaw followed—backward. The Duncan continued circling.

"At 7:34 under way in maneuvering combination," reads the engine-room log of the Shaw. That was one hour and thirty-six minutes after the first sudden order had been flashed down from the bridge for full speed astern. It had been a fairly full hour and a half!

After backing a few miles Commander Glassford decided to swing about and thrust the headless trunk of his ship into the waves. This made steering difficult because instead of that neat and swanlike prow to breast those snarling leagues of brine there was blunt and battered ruin, this tangled mass of steel that at every plunge was caught and tossed contrariwise by the pounding seas. Again and again, too, a tigerish wave tore at that improvised bulkhead of mattresses and other gear which protected the sturdy craft from danger of capsizing.

It soon became apparent, however, that the ship could not only live—unless the rough sea grew much rougher—but that she could make headway. There remained now only the danger from submarines. The final proof, it seems to me, of the valor of these men was afforded by the fact that they remembered at this time that theirs was a ship of war and that she carried offensive weapons. True, the bow gun was gone, the forward and waist ammunition was exploded or thrown overboard and the after depth-charge rack was bucked out of commission. But there was still the stern four-inch, and there were all the torpedo tubes. These latter were now swung out and hung poised and ready for an enemy attack, while the depth-charge Y-guns on the afterbridge, with their capacity for hurling three hundred pounds of TNT fairly wide and exploding it appropriately deep, were also primed and ready. I am not sure but that such were the spirits of commander and crew by this time that they actually wished for a submarine attack. Had it come off I think the Shaw would have fought with all the ferocity of a wounded walrus.

So, gallantly, the bruised remnant of a ship moved toward Portland; but she floundered forward with a wide though invisible audience, for the story of what had happened had, of course, gone rattling round the sea by the medium of one of the other destroyer's radios. At Admiralty House in Queenstown, which was the Shaw's home port in European waters, dwelt Admiral Lewis Bayly, a brilliant man, to whose sagacity we are much indebted that the Hun underwater pirates never caught a convoy. His personality is a strange combination of the dour and gentle. In the British Navy they call him "Black Bayly," but our young destroyer captains, though they have often gone up the hill to face him trembling in their boots, call him familiarly and affectionately—when there is a sufficient stretch of sea between them and Queenstown—"Uncle Lewjie."

Uncle Lewjie had heard what was happening and watched the performance with

(Concluded on Page 68)

For a Quick, Safe Stop—the Tread That Is Geared-to-the-Road

THE emergency brake is of no use when the car slides on and the wheels are locked. Every motorist has had that experience and knows the dangers.

Geared-to-the-Road tires are needed—the famous Miller Tread of many caterpillar feet that lock with the ground like cogs.

Transmits Full Power

This scientific principle is used in all branches of mechanics. But for tires it comes in the Miller only—for we control the **Geared-to-the-Road** patents.

In motion the Miller Tread meshes with the road, so you get full power ahead from the wheels. And **Geared-to-the-Road,** by its positive traction, helps the speeding car to *hold* the road.

Long-Distance and Uniform

Geared-to-the-Road would make any tire desirable, but coupled as it is with uniform mileage, it makes the Miller doubly valuable to motorists. Tire after tire—not merely some—is built to a single long-distance standard. Our workers are trained to this system of uniform workmanship. That is the only way to make mileage uniform.

When tires like these are made, why go without them? Find the authorized Miller dealer, or write us for his name.

The Miller Rubber Company, Dept. A-116, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes, the Teammates of Uniform Tires; also Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals

DEALERS: Write for attractive tire agency proposition in open territory.

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

PENNSYLVANIA
QUALITY
LAWN MOWERS

You probably learned last summer that a cheap mower doesn't pay. When you buy your new one, let it be a self-sharpening, easy-running "PENNSYLVANIA"

At Hardware Dealers and Seedsmen

MOTORISTS
SEND FOR THIS
FREE REPAIR BOOK

Tells how to make dozens of motor repairs easily, quickly, economically with

SMOOTH-ON IRON CEMENT No. 1

The book is free. Write for it. The Cement is 50c a pound at Hardware and Auto Supply stores.

SMOOTH-ON MFG. CO., Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

SMOOTH-ON
IRON CEMENT

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON PATENTS

MUNN & CO.

620 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
625 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 66)

interest and admiration. Afterward he wrote tersely: "Commander Glassford handled his ship as I would have expected him to handle it under such circumstances."

At Portsmouth, England, too, there is another British admiral with a great brain and a heart that is very kindly where American sailormen are concerned. He too knew and was watching. In London Admiral Sims also, though saddened by the loss of life and by the accident to one of his most dependable ships, was chuckling over the exhibition of nerve and seamanship the American was making.

It was close to one o'clock in the afternoon when the Kimberley began to sheer off before the opening in the nets which admitted to Portland Harbor.

"Well done and thank you for conducting me to port. Proceed!" signaled Commander Glassford.

"It is an honor to follow you into port," responded the Kimberley; and she and the Duncan, with crews lined up and cheering their congratulations, held off while the battered old hulk went by them, and then proudly followed their escort commander into port, where for the first time he accepted outside assistance in the handling of his ship by allowing a tug to nose him into place alongside the dock. It is significant of the weather conditions that this tug and others had offered assistance outside the nets, which the heavy seas did not permit them to render.

At Portland the Shaw remained two days, having some of the wreckage derricked out of her and the gaping hole in the side shored up with planks. Then she backed into the sea once more and headed for the great navy yard at Portsmouth. There as, looking more like a floating junk-shop than a ship, she made her way up the harbor the crews of one British naval unit after another lined their rails, stared a moment curiously, and then broke into cheers and handclaps. What could down these staunch little American ships? The Manley had arrived in Liverpool with seventy feet of her stern blown off. Now here came the Shaw with ninety feet sliced off from her bow, and still she rode the waves buoyantly.

This reception to the heroes of the Shaw was all repeated by the folk on shore when Commander Glassford, wearing a soaked and shapeless enlisted man's flat hat and such fragments of apparel as no officer of his rank has probably ever appeared in on the streets of Portsmouth before, led his seven officers and twelve men, mostly arrayed only in undershirts and dungarees, through the streets to the Royal Naval Barracks, where again the British sailors extended to them that sort of welcome which they reserve only for the conquerors of the sea.

"And in reaching port we accomplished a bit of seamanship that the British will never stop talking about," writes one of the crew to me; then adds some lines that I think are rather significant when he goes on with: "And were it not for losing ten good shipmates and two officers we would be the proudest boys in the world. The fact that there were not more lost and that we reached port is entirely due to our brave commander and executive officers. They were simply wonderful. And how grand it would have been to have died serving such men as them!"

Not bad, that sentiment, do you think? Secretary Daniels, if he sees it, must feel rather proud of it. I doubt not that it is a fairly true reflection of the spirit in which the personnel of our entire Navy has gone about in this war the duties which it has performed so illustriously.

But this paragraph from the enlisted man's letter reminds us to speak about those lost in the Shaw's accident, men who, so far as anyone knows of the manner in which they met their deaths, had no chance to show their mettle, except, of course, Carothers of Los Angeles.

One of the lost officers was the chief engineer, G. D. Edwards, who had risen from the enlisted ranks after as bitter and brave a fight against obstacles just and unjust as any man ever made. His widow has now and his small babies may one day have the satisfaction of knowing that "Eddie's" kindly personality and patient studious mind had won him golden opinions from his shipmates, and that his life was taken at a time when the hard days seemed all to have been pushed behind and the future was bright with promise.

Lieutenant Commander Parrott was making his initial trip upon the Shaw as understudy to Executive Officer Kirkman, who was soon to have a ship of his own, and his quarters were in the direct path of that fifty-two thousand tons of the Aquitania's mass

Of the enlisted men the death of one comes to me as a personal grief, and all the way from Paris to San Francisco I have been learning that this grief will be shared by many readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. "Ma" Hurd, the original of "Ma" Ford in my Bilge and Ma stories, was never seen after the collision. His bunk was also in the track of that cruel weight of so many thousands of tons. He was a light sleeper, but it will be remembered that he came from Texas. Ma was slow and deliberate in most of his actions. It took something more than a mere clanging of bells and shrieking of whistles to get him to the deck before the last shoe lace was tied, and that upon the left foot neatly tucked to port while that upon the right was neatly reefed and stowed to starboard; and this perhaps made him a casualty.

So concludes the story. An official board of inquiry has found the commander guilty of courage and rare seamanship, and has commended him highly. He in turn has rendered due reports to his superiors, complimenting highly the actions of the men of his crew, numbers of whom are signaled out for special mention, and also appreciating the work of the commanders of the Duncan and Kimberley.

Though I have ventured to assume that this is probably the greatest single feat of seamanship performed by our Navy during the war, yet what ship, what officers, what crew have failed to meet any test the exigencies of that great conflict have laid upon them? None, so far as I know. Conspicuous incidents like this, however, stand out satisfyingly. They demonstrate freshly and convincingly that our Government builds good ships and that our country breeds good men.

RU OF THE RESERVES

(Continued from Page 19)

"When he drops off I'll go down to Miss Kittsy," she began, but Mrs. Toomey stared at her.

"Miss Kittsy, is it?" she gasped. "Sure an' isn't it yourself knows as well as I do she's off with the soldier gentleman this half hour?"

"Off? Off where?"

"To her aunty's, to be sure; an' it's where she should have been long before, it is.

"'Get me this young lady's clothes and kit,' says he, 'an' I'll off with her the way she'll never know it till she's there entirely! Wouldn't you be wantin' to see your cousins all this long time?' says he.

"'Sure I do,' says the young child, 'for it's lonesome here, God knows, with only the dog.'

"'Pop in the dog too,' says he, 'and I'll take the both of ye.'

"I thought 'twas yourself give the orders; and more than that, he tiliphoned 'twas comin' he was, for I heard him mesilf.

"'All right, thin,' says he, ''tis understood, an' we'll be there directly if not before,' he says."

"It will certainly be much easier for us, Mrs. Toomey," said Ru.

Rumsey, disturbed by so much hissing conversation, woke again.

"Tell some more! Tell some more!" he begged, and coughed.

"Yes, dear, all right.

"'Sister Anne,' she called, 'Sister Anne, do you hear anybody coming?'"

It was one o'clock and the little boy slept.

She went to a soft knock at the door—not Mrs. Toomey's thunder, this!—and confronted Major Disbrow and an apologetic young woman in a nurse's cap and a sweater.

"Miss Briggs, Miss Rumsey," he said briskly. "I'm going to take Miss Rumsey out for some air, nurse. Miss Briggs is quite used to children. Hurry up, if you can, for I've only got an hour, Miss Ruth."

She found herself wrapped up, in an open car, and out in the air for the first time in a week.

"I told your sister to have some good solid dinner for you," he said after a silent mile, "steak and potato and spinach. The Toomey woman told me what you'd been eating. I left her a list of dinners. Your sister said she thought she could spare you an extra woman of some kind she has in, to clean up and wait on you. Be sure you remind her. She says you ought to have told her that you couldn't get anyone."

Ru laughed good-naturedly.

"What was the use?" she said. "Her husband couldn't have done anything, and she was sick in bed. I just had to do the best I could."

He grunted inaudibly.

"You'd better walk back," he called out as he left her at Helena's curb. "You need the exercise. Thank your sister, but I can't stay."

Ru listened somewhat absently to Helena's scoldings.

"And I never thanked him! How perfectly awful!" she was thinking.

By the middle of the next week things appeared to have cleared up a bit.

"You certainly have had a tough time, old girl," Kitty admitted, "but we'll all be out of your way now and you can have a good rest. And for heaven's sake don't worry, whatever you do. Kittsy will be all right with Helena's nurse, and mother and father can have 'em on their minds for a change.

"Helena says they have fine rooms next to mother's; and Lakewood's just the air for them, the major says. Did Rumsey and the baby get off all right?"

"Oh, yes," Ru answered wearily. "Margie's friend didn't mind taking them at all. And Miss Briggs was delighted with the idea of Old Point. They must be there by now."

"I was sorry I couldn't take them up in my car," Kitty began.

"Oh, Major Disbrow was driving in; he was very good about it."

"He's certainly adopted the family," said Kitty, blushing a little but facing her sister bravely.

"Looks that way," Ruth replied.

"Well, good-by, old thing! Look after yourself," said Kitty. "What do you know about Captain Mullally and me getting called to Boston? Pretty good for our little country corps—what? You never thought your big sister could drive a car like that, now, did you?"

"Fine," said Ru, yawning and rubbing her eyes.

"You're not very enthusiastic, are you? Look here, Ru, I do hope after you get rested you'll be able to get Hilda back and get the house cleaned. Mother'll have a fit if she sees it this way. How's Ilsa?"

"Oh, she's up. She's weak as a cat, though. And if you really want the house clean, my dear, I'm afraid you'll have to send me somebody from Boston. There's no labor to be had in this town. Try it yourself."

"Thank you, dear, but I'm afraid the Government can't spare me for servant hunting! Look here, why don't you make Jean help you out? She's coming tomorrow, Momsy wrote. She hasn't been home in a dog's age. Make her, Ru!"

Ru laughed and yawned.

"I see Jean hunting up a woman by the day!" she said, and yawned again.

"For heaven's sake take a nap!" cried Kitty. "Give Jean my love, Ruthie. When I know where we're quartered, I'll write." And she swung out.

Ruth rolled over on the mussy library sofa and slept heavily.

Ilsa woke her late in the afternoon with a grimy sheet of paper in her hand.

"It's from Mrs. Toomey, Miss Ruth, and can she have her pay, for she can't come back—she's not fit to do the cleaning, she says."

"All right. Get the money from my blue bag, Ilsa, will you? I think I'll take another little nap."

"Don't you want any supper, Miss Ruth?"

"No; please go away, Ilsa, and let me sleep. I'm not hungry."

"No, ma'am. But I don't know if I can manage the range."

(Continued on Page 71)

Accuracy

The employment of modern machinery to the utmost, means more than increased output and lower prices.

It means a degree of accuracy in the details of manufacture which shows unmistakably in the quality of the product.

To grind and mix *Certain-teed* paint by hand, or with out-of-date machinery, would be a backward step which would disregard years of progress in paint making. *Certain-teed* looks forward—not backward.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain-teed Products are sold by dealers everywhere

PAINT VARNISH ROOFING & RELATED BUILDING PRODUCTS

ARMCO IRON

For Oil Tanks and other Heavy Gauge Metal Products

One of the vital needs of American Industry is durable, economical, rust-resisting heavy gauge iron for Oil, Gas, Water, and Underground Storage Tanks, Welded Barrels, and many other products for severe above- and below-ground usages.

Armco Iron eliminates the need of costly replacements and therefore promotes economy; and, once in place, pays dividends on its first cost year after year. It is not only durable in itself, but will hold paint very much longer than ordinary metals of its class.

Armco (American Ingot) Iron insures all these vital things because it is *uniform* and *dense* throughout—slowly and carefully made, with practically all impurities eliminated.

If you will write us, we'll be glad to furnish you with the names of manufacturers of heavy gauge Armco Iron Products that will meet your needs.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Dept. 938 Middletown, Ohio

AMERICAN
The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it
AMERICAN
ARMCO
IRON

Purity ARMCO IRON Durability

Continued from Page 68)

"Oh, let it go out. I'll go over to the inn."

She slept again, but even in her sleep the dull ache in her forehead grew and grew. She persisted in sleeping, however, fought for it, drowned herself deeper and deeper in crazy dreams, to win it.

Slowly the room grew colder, the dark flowed over it, the sounds from the distant road faded into midnight. Ru shivered in her vague worried nightmare of sleep, but would not give it up, only drew her knees higher, and scowled, and nestled into the green corduroy pillow.

The library was very cold. . . .

Disbrow, tired of ringing the bell, pushed the door impatiently. Someone must be there, for though it was broad day the electric light was switched on in hall and dining room. The door opened easily and he stood in the hall.

"Anybody home?" he called cheerily.

No answer.

He took a few steps up the stairs uncertainly.

"I say—are you out, Miss Ru?"

No answer, but someone was talking in the library.

He moved to the door.

Yes, that was Ru, scolding someone one of those spoiled old servants probably. How cold the house felt, as if the furnace was out.

What was the girl saying?

"'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?'"

He frowned and listened intently.

"But how can I help that? Of course I know you weren't got for the furnace, Ilsa, but surely you can put on a scuttle of coal for once, can't you? I'm trying to get Clarence's uncle. Nobody answers the telephone. . . . Yes, dear, Aunty knows it's nasty, but there's only one tablespoonful of it and it's so good for little boys! Sister has two thrift stamps already, for castor oil. You won't let her beat you?

"'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you hear anybody——'"

He pushed the door open.

"God!" he said

Ru lay on the sofa, a blanket wrapper over her clothes, a down coverlet huddled up to her shoulders. Her eyes glistened under her heavy lids, her face was purplish crimson.

"Miss Ruth - it's Peter Disbrow," he said.

She stared at him blankly

"Leave the room," she ordered, "or I shall telephone the police immediately! You don't happen to know the phone is out of order, so it ought to scare you If I had some tea I could start the fire—I mean, if I could start the fire I should have some tea."

He moved to the sofa and took her wrist.

"Lie down, Miss Ruth. I am a doctor. I will get you some tea," he said quietly.

"A doctor is old. You're an officer," she muttered, and coughed hoarsely. "Oh, how that hurts me! We only have one doctor, and he hasn't slept for fifty-six hours. We only have one officer too; and he's in love with my sister

"'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you hear anybody coming?'

"I wish someone would come—I'm sure I'm going to be ill. Jean's coming—I got Momsy's room all ready for her. It's the only clean room in the house. Did you tell Clarence's uncle about the furnace?

"Mrs Toomey! Mrs Toomey!"

"She'll be here directly. Lie down. Is there nobody in this damned house?"

"If I'm going to be really ill I ought to be in bed. But there's nobody to put me in bed. I can't walk—everything turns over. If I had the car Clarence could drive me upstairs. . . . Let the ignition alone, Kit; you've pulled that out once. Now, put your foot on the starter. No, no! Leave the clutch alone!"

"I'll take you upstairs," said Disbrow, and wrapped the eiderdown tightly about her.

"Lie still now; it's all right. Here we go."

He laid her down gently on Mother Rumsey's big clean bed and leaped for the trim little fire, ready laid.

To Ilsa, frightened in the door, he issued brief orders

"How could you dream of leaving her? How long has she been like this?"

"All of yesterday, captain; but she wouldn't let me go. We expected Miss Jean every minute. So this morning I ran over to the Sayres'—that's the next place down the road, sir—to ask them to please send for the doctor—our telephone's bad since yesterday. But their place is shut up. I didn't dare stay and leave her. Is she very sick, captain?"

"I'm afraid she's in for pneumonia. The house is like a tomb. Is there a fire anywhere?"

"The furnace is out, captain, and I can't keep a wood fire in the range. I don't understand that range. I never did. One minute the dampers draw, and the next——"

"Put a teakettle on these andirons and fill a hot-water bag. She'll be in a chill soon. Don't leave her except to fill the kettle.

"Get her undressed and put her between the blankets. I'll get a man for the furnace immediately, and a nurse. Where does the Toomey woman live?"

"She sent word she couldn't come——"

"She'll come for five dollars a day," he said grimly. "Keep that window open, but pile on the wood. I'll get more."

"Yes, captain. I'm afraid I don't know much about nursing"

"You know as much as she knew when she took care of you, I suppose?"

"Y-yes, sir"

"I thought so. I'll be back for the night. Where is Miss Kitty?"

"She's gone somewhere in Boston."

He turned sharply and galloped down the stairs.

At the door a messenger handed him a yellow envelope. He opened it mechanically.

"Sailing for France to-night. Sorry not to see you. Love to all. Great chance. Will cable. JEAN.

The boy stared as the man in khaki swore, softly but competently.

"Here's five dollars. Jump on your bicycle and scorch to the drug store. Say it's for Major Disbrow, to be sent instantly, special messenger Find this Toomey woman and tell her the job's worth five a day. Get me a man to stoke the furnace here night and day and do chores—five a day and board. Travel round till you find Captain Hankey, medical corps, and give him this note. Tell him it's a day nurse only—the night's attended to. If you can manage them all it's another five for you. Think you can?"

"I don't think anything about it," said the boy. "Watch me!"

To Ru it was all a nightmare, full of cruel people that pressed sharp knives against her chest when she tried to breathe.

Once she woke and saw a lined gray face bent over her, an anguished face covered with an ugly stubby sort of beard. As she stared at the face it spoke over her head to somebody else:

"I said that this room must be seventy-two, with the windows open! If you can't obey me I'll strip the black hide off you!"

"Yes, sah—yes, cap!" someone stammered back.

"That's a darky," she whispered. "Am I in Old Point'"

Later on somebody was crying in the room.

"Oh, Ru! My little Ru!"

"That's Momsy," she muttered. "Don't let anyone in here, you—whoever you are! This thing is practically epidemic, you know. It's a real disease—not a cold."

Somebody coughed and choked

"That's that man. What was his name? He's in love with Kit. She has the good looks—and the good clothes—and the good luck, hasn't she? But she'll never learn to back straight. . . . That's awfully hard on the tires, Kit. . . . Oh, can't you stop it hurting me so?"

"Here, I'll stop it."

"Oh—he stuck a needle into me! Major Disbrow! A-a-ah!"

"She'll quiet down now. You'd better go out, sir. You can't do any good."

She woke into a pale shadowy dawn, perfectly herself, but mortally weak and light. A faint singing was in the air, like little bells playing a tune.

"Is that you all the time?" she asked feebly.

"Yes, it's me. All the time. Don't talk. You've been ill, but you're going to be——"

"No," she said, "not better. I know. I'm all light and floaty. I don't care about coming back. It isn't worth while. I'm going off."

Close to her ear a low thick voice answered slowly:

"Ru, if you go off I can't bear it. Don't do it, darling—please don't! I love you so

Concluded on Page 73

HEINZ Vinegars

Every drop awakens flavor

YOU use so little vinegar on vegetables or in salads—just enough to bring out the flavor and to add a new taste—that it is certainly economical to make sure of the quality—for where good vinegar improves, poor or impure vinegar spoils and wastes good food.

Heinz Vinegar, guaranteed by the Heinz label, by the name that in all the well-known 57 Varieties means good things to eat, is fine of flavor, mellow and of a purity greater than any food law requires.

It is made of the finest materials and aged in wood until the aroma and flavor are fully developed.

Pints, quarts and half-gallons, Malt, Cider and White

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

Baked Beans
Spaghetti
Tomato Ketchup
India Relish

Some of the 57

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

HEBE

The new food product which has its distinctive place in the home

Hebe Supplements the Use of Milk in the Home
—for Cooking—for Baking—for Coffee

Modern housewives welcome Hebe as a valuable addition to the family food supply, because it helps in the economical preparation of wholesome, appetizing foods.

Splendid custards, soups, gravies and creamed dishes are made with Hebe.

Hebe improves the flavor of coffee, cocoa or chocolate.

Plain and fancy breads of fine smooth texture are made with Hebe.

Hebe makes biscuits, muffins and griddle cakes of tempting flavor.

The progress of food science has made it possible to create this new food product, through the invention of a process for properly combining evaporated skimmed milk, and vegetable fat pressed from the white meat of the cocoanut and highly refined.

Because of its high nutritive content, Hebe adds food value as well as flavor to all foods prepared with it.

Hebe is convenient because always ready for use; safe because it is sterilized —and it is economical.

If you haven't used Hebe—try it. You will be pleased with results.

Buy it today from your grocer. Write us for Hebe recipe book.

NET CONTENTS 1 LB. AVOIRDUPOIS
HEBE
A COMPOUND OF EVAPORATED SKIMMED MILK AND VEGETABLE FAT
CONTAINS 7.8% VEGETABLE FAT.
25.5% TOTAL SOLIDS
THE HEBE COMPANY
OFFICES: CHICAGO-SEATTLE U.S.A.

The Hebe Company

Home Economy Department 2401 Consumers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

© 1919

(Concluded from Page 71)

butch, Ru. I I must have you. I've worked so hard to keep you. Please, Ru! For me!"

She turned her eyeballs slowly.

"But you're in love with Kit," she said softly. "She went to Boston, you know. I'm only Ru."

"You're the only thing I want in the world," he whispered. "Will you give it to me?"

"Are you sure?" she murmured, wondering. "We all thought Kitty —— Maybe, if I died ——"

"Kitty can go to the devil!" he whispered thickly. "And—and if you die, Ru darling, I shall go there too!"

A slow, long smile broke over her thin face.

"You mustn't do that, dear," she said. "I I won't die!"

And she didn't.

But it took her a long time to get well, and Major Disbrow was far too impatient to wait till she had finished.

"You'd think he was anxious to get her out of this house, really!" Mother Rumsey complained. "As for nobody else being able to take care of her but him, that's absurd! Hasn't she her family?"

Kitty was very sporting about it.

"Poor old Ru," she said; "to miss the peace celebration and the parade and all! She never got in on the war, and to lose all the armistice excitement too! It's hard luck."

"But since Peter wanted to get out of the service anyhow, it's lucky he could," Margie reminded them.

"Still, when you think what a wedding she might have had!"

And she was married in one of Kitty's white afternoon things, after all.

But she didn't mind in the least, and there was only the family and the nurse to see it, and Peter wouldn't have known it if she had worn one of Ilsa's uniforms.

"Of course you can see it didn't matter, when once you have seen that Boston house," Mother Rumsey confided to Helena. "My dear, you should see her own room! Real lace on the sheets, and a bathroom bigger than her old room here. And the pearls!

"The aunt left them to him, with everything else she was for years mad along them. I never saw anything so lovely.

"They've just sent the nurse away, but her maid is exactly as good. If Ru lifts her hand the maid rushes up—Peter doesn't want her to wipe her nose for herself, he says!"

"Goodness!" Helena marveled. "That's quite a change for old Ru, isn't it?"

"And when I saw the negligee she had on, my dear, I couldn't help but think of Kitty!

"How she would have loved it! Shell pink, with masses and masses of the most exquisite lace, and those wonderful pearls! She's wearing her hair rather lower now. It's very becoming."

"Well, well, well!" said Helena.

"And the most beautiful French car you ever saw—it simply glides along! And wonderful servants of course. Not that the dear child doesn't deserve it."

"Honestly, Momsy, I think she does," Helena announced thoughtfully.

"Old Ru deserves it more than any of us, and I'm mighty glad she got it!"

And so, I hope, are you!

The Poets' Corner

Three Men o' Merri

THERE were three men o' Merri,
That lies along the sea;
They swore the oath of salt and wind
That they would hold them free
From woman's charms and woman's arms
And woman's witchery.

And Eric met a fisher lass
A-walking on the sand;
'The sea is loneliness," she said,
And touched him with her hand,
And smiled into his blinded eyes
And wed him to the land.

And Petri watched a bold girl dance,
With paint upon her lips;
The light fell from the tavern lamp
And touched her finger tips
Like marriage gold! Another man
Hails out in Petri's ships.

And Barrac, of the heart of brass,
Red maned and huge of arm,
He laughed and kissed a woman's lips
And found them fresh and warm—
And went across the little hills
And squatted on a farm.

The moral of this simple tale
Is plain enough to see:
There is no oath to bind a man
From woman's witchery—
At least I know that it is so
In Merri, by the sea. —*Ira South.*

Ballade of the Benevolent Bolshevik

LABOR, courage, thrift and skill
And all that they accumulate
Bear us a fruitage very ill
In envy, jealousy and hate!
My brothers, the despotic state
That suffers these things to endure
We must not longer tolerate
All this the Bolshevik would cure.

For that the farmer owns the farm
And that the miller owns the mill
Oppresses with a grievous harm
Those men who neither grind nor till.
It is not right to pay a bill
That plutocrats may splurge and spend.
Better to banish, burn and kill
All these the Bolshevik would end.

Down with the smug, successful life
That does reproach the brave hobo!
Down with home ties and love of wife!
Down with the people that we owe!
These rank injustices must go
Ere we attain the high ideal
Down with the church, our sternest foe!
These sores the Bolshevik would heal

L'Envoi

The work that makes a man a slave,
The moral laws that but annoy,
The hateful clean shirt and the shave
These would the Bolshevik destroy.
—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

Rime of the Road

I DIP into the meadows cool and deep;
I wind, a twisted ribbon, up the hill;
By the farms and through the villages I sweep,
Over pebbly-bottomed rivulet and rill
I lure and I invite to the cities of delight;
Come, and follow me, to-day, whoever will

Follow me, if you are journeying for health,
For I run by cooling hills and healing streams.
Follow me, oh, you pursuer after wealth,
I am going where the richest treasure gleams
If for aught you seek or need, follow me with zeal and speed;
I will take you to the city of your dreams.

I bear a man procession without end,
Of every fashion, fortune and attire.
There are romance and adventure round the bend,
And the things you chiefly cherish and admire.
Follow me! Follow me! Over wold and wood and lea,
I will lead you to the land of heart's desire.
—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

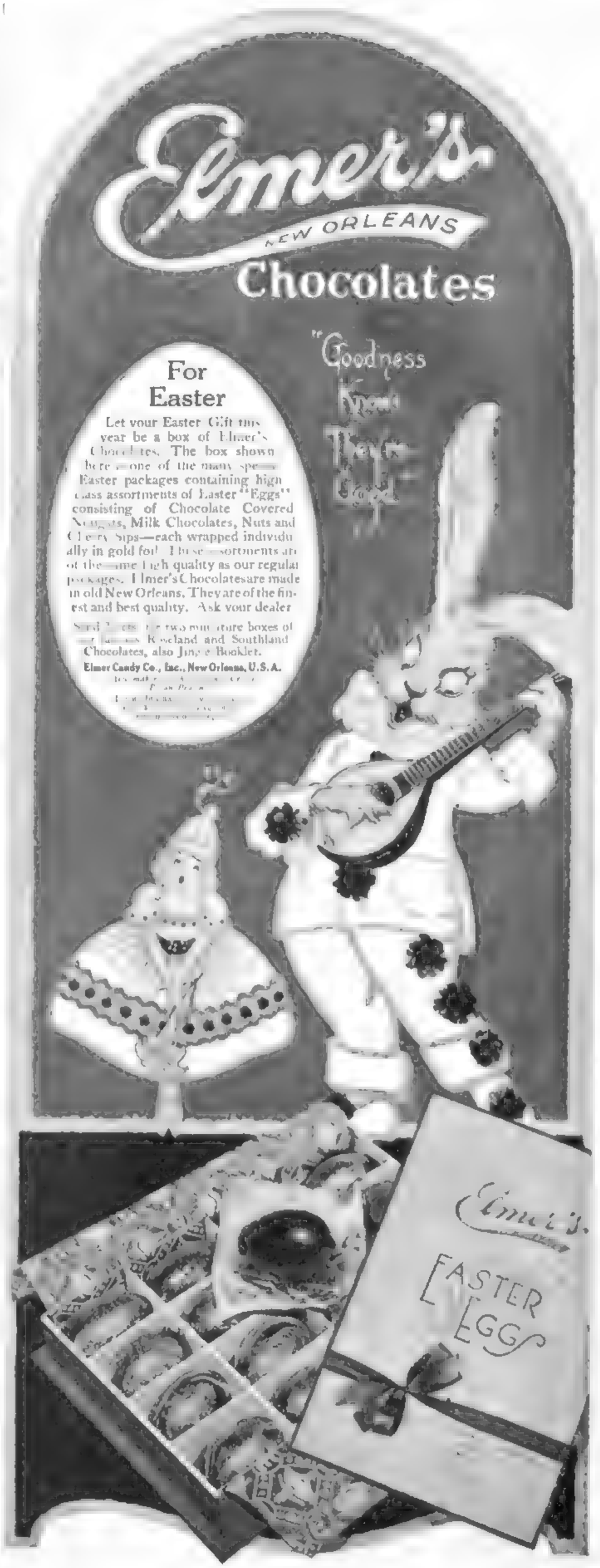
To-Morrow?

ALL men have hidden in their hearts
A promise laid aside
To sometime tread the wanderways
With careless chance for guide.

Bookkeeper, clerk and business man
Will nod their heads and say:
"I'll surely try a roving trip-
When I get time—some day."

A gleam will light their work-dulled eyes,
And absently they gaze
On half-forgotten hopes of youth,
And dreams of yesterdays.

But this comes up and that prevents;
Thus always runs the tale.
The man who waits on circumstance
Will never know the trail. —*Ira South.*


Elmer's
NEW ORLEANS
Chocolates
For Easter
Let your Easter Gift this year be a box of Elmer's Chocolates. The box shown here is one of the many special Easter packages containing high class assortments of Easter "Eggs" consisting of Chocolate Covered Nougats, Milk Chocolates, Nuts and Cherry Sips—each wrapped individually in gold foil. These assortments are of the same high quality as our regular packages. Elmer's Chocolates are made in old New Orleans. They are of the finest and best quality. Ask your dealer
Send 25 cts. for two miniature boxes of Elmer's Rowland and Southland Chocolates, also Jingle Booklet.
Elmer Candy Co., Inc., New Orleans, U.S.A.
"Goodness
Elmer's
EASTER EGGS

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

RUST, incrustations, odors and stains in the closet bowl will all disappear *without* scrubbing, *without* scouring, without *any* of the old laborious methods—if you will use *Sani-Flush.*

Try a can of *Sani-Flush* and see how remarkably it does the work. Sprinkle a little of the powder into the bowl, follow directions, and flush.

The results will surprise you.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
411 Walnut Ave., Canton, Ohio

Canadian Agents
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd., Toronto

Ask your dealer at once for *Sani-Flush.* If he is unable to supply you immediately, send us 25c (stamps or coin) for a full size can postpaid.

FROM BEER TO ICE CREAM

(Continued from Page 16)

therefore accustomed to working with exact quantities of ingredients. Then he is an expert in fermentation and other delicate and more or less invisible transformations that his products undergo in processes. Furthermore, he has been dealing with food materials in the making of brewed drinks. There may be room to argue about the food value of his finished products. Fortunately grain itself is unquestionably food, and has to be handled like food, with scrupulous cleanliness and control of processes, in the making of beer. A visit to a modern brewery will reveal glass-enameled vats and containers, scientific sterilization and thoroughly sanitary surroundings. Dirt has always been the brew master's enemy, for in addition to being dirt it may bring into his processes all sorts of mongrel spores and germs filled with frightfulness.

Beer was admirably developed from the manufacturing standpoint, and the distribution neglected.

Ice cream has been built largely from the distributing end, with rather haphazard manufacturing in many cases. Not every ice-cream maker has gone to school to learn chemical exactness and laboratory cleanliness.

So the brew master steps in here and, by the application of his training and experience, turns out a uniform superior quality of ice cream. He finds no difficulty in turning himself from beer formulas to ice-cream formulas. His knowledge of the character and habits of bacteria is of great advantage to him in handling milk products. The ice-cream maker without chemical training may turn out batches of ice cream that vary from day to day, like the homemade bread of the housewife who uses a cupful of this and a teaspoonful of that empirically. But the brew master turns out ice cream that varies little from one year's end to the other.

Some recent inventions make possible the production of ice cream not only uniform but with keeping qualities that permit it to be held in cold storage for months if not years. The most important of these devices is the homogenizer, invented by a French chemist. Ice cream is not a big industry in France, and therefore having invented his homogenizer this chemist found little use for it. But the American ice-cream industry is a business of between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000, with a present output of more than two gallons per capita yearly. Prohibition promises to double it within a year, for it has been found that when a neighborhood goes dry surrounded by wet territory the increase in ice-cream consumption is between forty and fifty per cent, and that where a whole state goes dry the increase is from seventy-five to a hundred per cent. Therefore, American ice-cream manufacturers seized upon the French homogenizer with a whoop when they found out what it would do, and in the hands of the brew master, turned ice-cream maker, it is easily the most important device in his equipment.

Perfect Blending

Technically, ice cream made without this device lacks intimate blending of its ingredients, particularly butterfat with water or the water content of fresh milk. The homogenizer takes the unfrozen mixture of cream, milk, milk powder, butterfat, gelatin, flavoring, fresh fruit and other ingredients and emulsifies them under very high pressure, 1000 to 3000 pounds, after which they are not only intimately blended but are practically inseparable. A mixture of distilled water, skim-milk powder and unsalted butter put through this machine is so thoroughly blended that it cannot afterward be churned into butter, a clear illustration of the difference between ice-cream ingredients that have been homogenized and those that have not. Other improved devices facilitate the mixing, Pasteurizing, freezing and hardening of ice cream, and also the "overrun."

As the brew master skillfully puts a good head on a glass of beer, so he puts a good overrun into a dish of ice cream and, what is more important, holds it. When a gallon of raw ice-cream mixture is frozen properly it will make a good deal more than a gallon of the finished product, due to the whipping in of air, which increases the bulk. This is not a swindle as it might seem, but adds to the quantity of ice cream. Haphazard methods will give an overrun that later is lost—the soda-fountain proprietor who buys five gallons of ice cream may later find that it has decreased to four gallons. By exact methods a good brew master makes overrun stay put.

One quality in ice cream appeals to everybody—that of velvetiness. Formerly it was thought that velvetiness could be secured only by rich content of butterfat, and so we had the big paradox of the ice-cream industry—that while ice cream is eaten more in hot weather than cool, and butterfat is an article of diet more suited to cool weather than hot, people were eating larger quantities of butterfat in summer in the form of ice cream, when they did not need it, and it might be harmful to the summer girl's complexion. Closer chemical investigation together with the homogenizing process have made it possible to turn out ice cream as velvety as you want it, at the same time reducing the butterfat content, replacing it with powdered skim milk. And this has benefit for the public because it affects the price of butter. The price of butter lately has taken to the field of aviation. Butter has risen partly through the enormous growth in ice-cream production diverting whole milk. But if you pasture more cows on alfalfa in California and put their milk through the separator, and churn the cream into butter and turn the skim milk into powder, and use the latter to put velvetiness into ice cream instead of taking butterfat for the purpose, you can have velvety ice cream and butter, too, and that is as plain as plain can be.

When the Change is Practicable

A number of other breweries throughout the country have been transformed into ice-cream factories, and an engineer specializing in such conversion states that about half of the breweries he has been called upon to examine from this standpoint can be converted, so far as buildings and equipment are concerned. If the building is modern, has but one level to each floor, and is light and sanitary, it will do. Most people jump to a conclusion that a brewery is too large for an ice-cream plant; but that is not the case—some converted breweries have proved too small, owing to the rapid growth of the ice-cream business. Next to the building the most valuable equipment is the refrigerating plant. Breweries use a great deal of steam, while ice-cream making requires only a little for sterilizing and Pasteurizing, and the brewery steam-power plant can be replaced by electricity from outside. Cold-storage and ice-making facilities are found in many breweries, and can be used in ice-cream making.

But now it is well to look into some of the difficulties.

In the above case, where ice cream replaced beer successfully, there were three breweries when the city went dry. The two others are idle. They might be converted into ice-cream plants as far as equipment is concerned, but the demand for ice cream in that community is now fully met. Either of them might be turned into a cold-storage warehouse, for which it is believed a demand exists. But one cold-storage warehouse would take care of the community's needs in that line, and the third would have to be turned into something else—a butter-substitute factory has been suggested.

Through the agricultural states of the South and West, where perhaps a single brewery met the demand in a town of considerable size, the ice-cream trade would warrant diversion to that line. But hardly more than one brewery in the community could be turned to ice cream. Cities like New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee, with a dozen to forty breweries, call for great ingenuity in conversion, and investigation of every business for which their buildings and equipment are adapted.

Brewery facilities consist of vats and piping systems for the handling of liquids, refrigerating and ice-making machinery, cold-storage rooms, warm rooms for fermentation, drying apparatus, bottling apparatus, and the like. Each plant calls for individual study to determine what can be manufactured in the locality, how it can be sold, what equipment can be saved, what must be scrapped or sold, to what extent

(Concluded on Page 77)

Hudson Super-Six Leads Onward to Superior Motor Achievement

Each Year Adds to its Engineering and Mechanical Victories

THE HUDSON Super-Six has pointed the way in mechanical and motor construction. Endurance has been one of the marked qualities of Hudson Super-Six construction from the start.

Endurance has won for the Super-Six its great achievements on the track.

The qualities in its design which account for its endurance enabled a Hudson Super-Six Special to make the fastest time of twenty world famous cars in the climb to the top of Pike's Peak.

That same quality made it possible for a Hudson Super-Six touring car to cross and recross the American continent in 10 days and 21 hours, making records for time both ways that have never been equalled.

Superior endurance is the great achievement of the Hudson engineers. By minimizing friction and vibration they have endowed the Super-Six with a motor whose reserve power and stamina has won the esteem of all motordom.

Leads in Body Type and Beauty Too

And just as it has led in motor and mechanical excellence so has it led in body designing and finish. Each year has seen the completion of a new model—far in advance of the designs that were current. Each year has brought forth a new convenience to motorists.

And each year has seen the acceptance of the Hudson model as the next year standard for the industry.

It would be no boast to call the Hudson Super-Six the pattern car of the motor industry. Motordom recognizes its leadership by following its guidance.

Motor leadership is not easy of attainment. The car that leads must always be alert with new designs and new comforts. Some economy, some improvement, some refinement in advance is the task of leadership.

More Proof for Hudson

Today the Hudson numbers 60,000 satisfied owners. No other fine car has such a brilliant record of attainment. Vision and Initiative made the Super-Six the leader of motordom. Vision and Initiative will continue to make the Hudson Super-Six the pioneer of the industry in every motor improvement and advance.

The demand for Hudsons grows with the endorsement it wins from its friends.

Buyers are waiting for delivery. They must take their turn in getting Hudsons. The situation is unique though it is little different than it has been ever since the Hudson Super-Six was introduced.

House Values *and* Paint Costs

How much is your house worth today? How much was it worth before the war?

Some houses have doubled in value. Surely yours is worth one-half more at least. If it was worth $10,000 before the war it's worth $15,000 today. 50% more house value—a 50% greater need for protection, an increased need for paint.

Good painting always has been a worthwhile economy. Now it is doubly so. With greater house value to protect, painting costs you less for dollar of value protected than under ordinary conditions. While your house has increased 50%, painting costs have increased less than ⅓ of 1% of the house value.

Now as before the war *good* paint is the most economical and it costs no more to apply than the cheap kind, but under present conditions there is greater need for the exercise of good judgment in selecting painting materials. Use care in your selection. Buy a kind of *known value*. Buy Glidden.

You can safely depend upon the Glidden Dealer's advice. Under the Glidden Label there is every kind you'll need.

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Concluded from Page 74)

buildings must be remodeled, employees trained in new jobs.

A comprehensive study of the subject has been made by a leading master brewer, Carl A. Nowak, and his conclusions have been arranged in a way that shows how the problem should be attacked and thought out

The first step is to see if the brewery might not be diverted into an industry so like brewing that its equipment could be kept practically intact. There is a field for brewed low-alcoholic and nonalcoholic beverages – the beers containing not more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol, and the near-beers which have everything except "authority." Then come beerlike soft drinks made without malt, followed by fruit juices, soda water, carbonated water and aërated drinks generally. The fermenting facilities of a brewery can be utilized, partly at least, in the making of malt vinegar, yeast, malt flour, malt extract and diastase preparations for use in bakeries. Malting facilities are adapted to the manufacture of breakfast foods, which get much of their flavor from malt.

Then comes the preparation of commercial feedstuffs for cattle, hogs, horses and poultry. The commercial-feed industry is a growing business, credited with interesting economies. Some of the odd things gathered up by this industry and embodied in mixed feeds would not ordinarily be used by farmers, because the latter could not get them, and would otherwise be wasted—the waste from bakeries making bread, crackers, ice-cream cones, and the like; palmomids, a by-product of the palm oil used in making tin plate; waste from breakfast-food factories; by-products from yeast making; waste from canneries, which can be dried and embodied in mixed feeds; screenings from elevators and seed warehouses.

As the fertilizer manufacturer is keen to pick up any neglected substance in industry which contains valuable nitrogen or potash, making it available for farm use, so the commercial-feed man seeks odd sources of proteids, fats and the like, for the old cow, and a brewery may be conveniently located for the gathering, mixing and sale of such material to farmers.

Fields for Fermentologists

Then comes the dairy industry, which includes not only the making of ice cream, but butter, cheese, casein, condensed milk, powdered milk and fermented-milk drinks. In some cases country breweries have been turned into creameries, and the old cow has been colonized round them. The dairy industry offers a very interesting field for the trained fermentologist, who is the brew master, along the line of handling dairy products in a way to improve the quality and keeping properties, and developing new products. Industrial alcohol can be made in some breweries, and their apparatus generally is often suitable to the bottling of soft drinks, the filtering of fluids, and drying and evaporating processes.

Dehydration of fruits and vegetables is a field offering great possibilities, once processes have been developed to make good products. Millions of pounds of water are being carried about in this country every day in freight cars at high rates, in the form of fresh fruits and vegetables. The water not only costs consumers millions of dollars in freight and bulk, but is the chief factor in decay and freezing. By good processes of dehydration, which are now being perfected, apples and berries can be made dry as chips, and potatoes and cabbage likewise. A bushel of potatoes in the form of dried flakes can be carried home under your arm in a tin can. No peeling, no freezing, no decay, no waste. Millions of pounds of such potatoes were dehydrated in America and sent to the Allies. In a little tin you will soon buy mixtures of dehydrated vegetables, six or eight different kinds, for soup.

Other New Uses for Breweries

Old-fashioned evaporated apples always had a burned taste because they were dried at high temperatures, and their sugar cooked into caramel. Modern dehydration dries at moderate temperatures, partly by sweating out moisture and drawing it away in currents of air, so the fruit and vegetable substances are not changed. Soaked in water a couple of hours these products are approximately like the fresh article, well-processed potatoes mashing up fluffy and white after boiling. They are not only convenient and economical to the housewife, but dehydration offers great possibilities for conserving surplus crops in the country, which in perishable form would never be shipped to market. This industry is just sticking its head up over the horizon, and there is every reason to believe that brewery facilities might be adapted to it.

The cold-storage business is an attractive field for breweries, and investigators declare that despite its great expansion in the preservation of foods in this country during the past few years it is still only in its infancy. The butter-substitute business is another promising new line; and still another is the preservation of milk and cream by turning them into powder and condensed-liquid forms.

Among new uses for breweries reported recently are: Cold storage of eggs, meats, fruit, dairy products and furs; fermented-milk beverages; soft drinks; manufacture of prepared feeds; fruit and vegetable canning; vinegar making from molasses; dehydrated fruits and vegetables; yeast; oleomargarine; malt sirup and malt sugar.

In the large cities with many breweries steps have not yet been generally taken to convert plants, because there is an immense investment in equipment, and with the utmost ingenuity in conversion a good deal of it must necessarily be sold or scrapped. Some of this equipment could probably be sold abroad, and in certain localities brewers are investigating possibilities for moving and operating their plants in other countries, as Mexico, Japan and China.

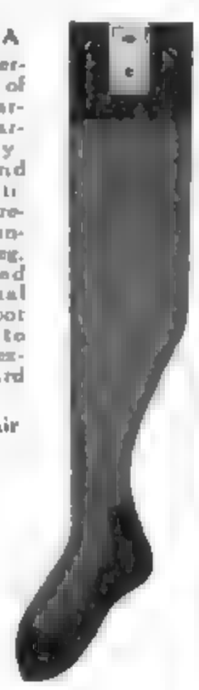
These Serviceable Stockings Certainly Make a Difference in the Family Hosiery Bills

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY Trade Mark

Put Durable-DURHAM on every member of the family. Buy it for the children as well as the grown-ups and see how long it wears without holes. Its durability and good looks have made it the hosiery of the American family. Honest value is woven into every pair. It is strongly reinforced at points of greatest strain.

Styles and sizes for everybody—and every need—20c to 50c a pair.

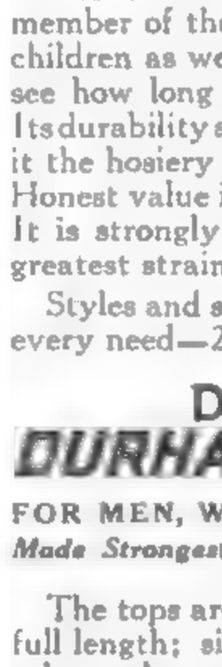
CARROLINA
A silk mercerized stocking of very fine appearance and wearing quality. Regular and out sizes. Anti-run stitch to prevent thread running down leg. High spliced heels, special stitch knit in foot and ankle to hold shape, extra toe-guard splicing
Price 50c pair



DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

The tops are wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are accurately marked; soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even. The Durham dyes will not fade.

You should be able to buy Durable-DURHAM Hosiery at any dealer's. If you do not find it, write to our Sales Department at 88 Leonard Street, New York, and we will see that you are supplied.



A free Catalog showing the many Durable-DURHAM styles will be mailed upon request

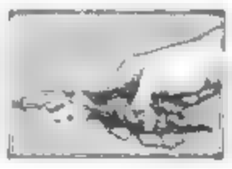
DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.
88 Leonard Street, New York

TAR HEEL
A medium weight sock with 3-thread, strongly reinforced heels and toes. Elastic ribbed top securely knit on. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black, tan and white.
Price 20c pair

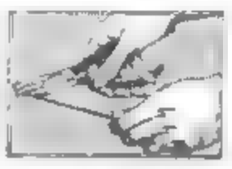
RED RIDING HOOD
A good play and school stocking for children. Medium weight. Soft hale-finish yarn. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes smooth, seamless and even. Black or white
Price 30c pair

The Tool of Limitless Uses

"Red Devil" Pliers are just the thing for putting in screw eyes, turning stiff keys and gas jets, cutting and form ng wires, etc.



"Red Devil" Pliers and a few yards of covered wire are all you need to make hat frames and lamp shades.



"Red Devil" Pliers are the handiest tool for adjustments and repairs on the motor c r or farm and home

Red Devil
REG U S PAT OFF
PLIERS

make your hands "handy"—enable you to do all those little things around the house that you've been intending to do for so long but somehow never did.

You need "Red Devil" Pliers—the Tool of Limitless Uses. Ask your hardware dealer to show you several styles to-day.

SMITH & HEMENWAY CO., Inc.
262 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Factories: Irvington, N. J.

"Red Devil" is the Expert Mechanic's guide to Known Quality in Pliers, Electricians Tools, Hack Saw Frames and Blades, Auger Bits, Chain Drills, and other Hand Tools all of a caliber with Red Devil Glass Cutters, the largest sellers in the world

a TORREY for a smooth, clean shave always

Get off to work with a clean face and a good humor—which goes with a Torrey shave

If you use a Torrey, shaving never ruffles you. Its keen durable edge cuts clean without pulling and without roughing the skin. More men are using Torrey Razors every year.

More are recognizing by actual use what the Torrey standard of quality means. Get in line with this army of satisfied Torrey users. Ask your dealer for a Torrey. If he cannot supply you, write us. Booklet "How to Shave" free.

THE J. R. TORREY RAZOR CO.
Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.

For Sale

50-ton Standard Gauge Locomotive. Immediate shipment Just Through Shops. Large Stock of used Equipment Electric, Steam, Gas, Generators, Motors, Engines, Boilers, etc Guaranteed as Represented What Have You to Sell?
EDGAR M. MOORE & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

RED FRIDAY

(Continued from Page 23)

"Before we are through with these," he continued, "the price of waste paper will be much lower, no doubt."

With that somewhat cryptic remark he dropped the subject, leaving me to conjecture what blow he was about to strike.

So far as I can recall to-day that was my first intimation concerning Red Friday.

"Shall I telephone the house now?" I asked, accepting his hint to drop the matter.

"The sooner the better," said Plangonev.

XIII

I WAS fortunate in securing an immediate appointment at the house of Black—one which caused me some surprise. The doctor was engaged, it seemed, but Miss Black would be glad to see me, it was said, as early as my convenience would permit.

"It would seem almost as if she had been expecting me," I commented to Plangonev as I left him.

"Why not?" said Plangonev imperturbably. "Someone must."

I turned and passed on alone toward and down the silent street of the great bourgeois. I was experiencing now a curious reaction—almost a depression—doubtless due in part to the depressing influences of the last twenty-four hours, but in part as well to a keener realization than ever before that the great change, the inevitable day of Marx, loomed now so close upon us. There was a sense of passing, of instability—the necessarily melancholy sense of the disintegration of a time—which after all was the only time I had known.

From the first of our movement, I reflected, walking on, I had been disappointed in the method of the approach—no matter how peaceful it had been or might be—of our long-hoped-for new freedom. It might, I still hoped, continue to arrive without violence; yet it was so much less joyous than, so much the opposite of the outburst of good will and happiness for all men which I had painted in my dreams of Christian Socialism—this inevitable logical progress of the formula of self-elimination, of the suicide of a society by this inescapable law of Karl Marx. Even the empty houses of the great bourgeois depressed me as I watched them.

They stood, in the somewhat cloudy morning—these demi-castles of the Russian's accursed two per cent—empty now, nine out of ten, with the long shades down in their blank windows; a street as melancholy, almost, and as vacant as the deserted tenement village of a bankrupt New England mill. Only here and there a few familiar families, who held their income by some deep underlying lien on corporations or government debt or real property, still kept their mansions open in the absence of their former neighbors. And I reflected what was now in store for this world-famous street and its imitation castles.

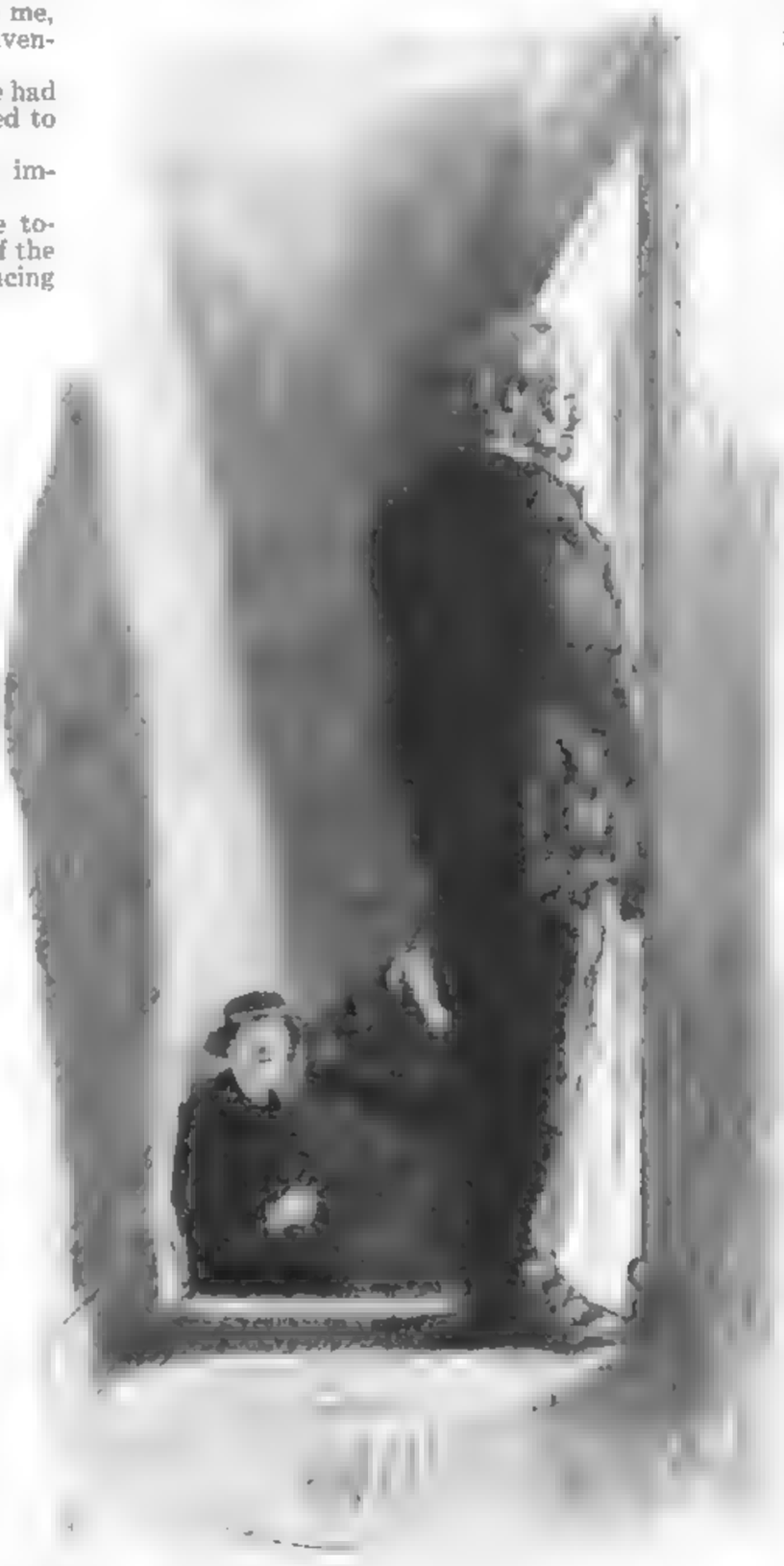
"In three months now," I told myself, "at most, they will all be emptied. In five years all gone—replaced by structures for some useful end; unless some few should be preserved for curiosity's sake as half museums—like old castles of the European nobles from which they were copied—to show to a more civilized age these curious folk—this strange excrescence of an extinct civilization that was supported by the labor of their ancestry."

And I started thinking then upon the individuals I had chanced to know—and the peculiar situations or methods that had produced their abnormal and unhealthy wealth.

"An evil scarlet growth upon society—yes," I said again. "No doubt. A situation now," I said, "no different in its essence from that our great-great-grandfathers saw in the breakdown of the feudal era in the French Revolution. As much, no doubt, might have been said for those other rulers then. Hard or easy, direct or crafty, forcers or tricksters, makers or wasters, men of power or mere degenerate spindling offspring—no matter how they seized and ruled, or transmitted or gorged themselves into a death of surfeit while others starved, they themselves were but the net result of the inevitable forces of the age that fashioned them. As we all are ourselves," I said, recalling naturally the tenets of the social science of Marx.

And with that a curious breath of doubt came over me.

"Who will succeed them," I asked, "as rulers in our new freedom? What type are the forces of this age fashioning to take up the new power?"



"After To-night, Then," Plangonev Was Saying, "I Shall See You Again, Not Before Friday"

And I stopped in my walking for a moment.

"Men like Plangonev? Or Hodman?" I said aloud. Involuntarily I shuddered.

"I am full of doubt to-day," I said, and straightened myself up again and went on. And very soon I was passing up the steps of the lugubrious house of Stephen Black—that so-called family vault of the newspaper press, which I had now half articulately renamed for myself the House of Fear.

The big melancholy door man let me in, more still than ever; and I stood again in the house's silence, now intensified to me by the knowledge of the oppressive sickness of its master. Fantastic, almost grotesque, it seemed, what Fate—or God's eternal justice, as I prefer to think—had visited in the end upon this man—this hard unscrupulous man whose operations upon the stock market had indirectly imposed upon society a burden often equal to a scourge of famine—now lying somewhere above me there, afraid of each new shadow on the wall.

I sat oppressed by thought and memories and the influence of the place, looking down and framing into speech the personally most disagreeable task that was before me—a mission I naturally would have much preferred to negotiate through the dispassionate coldness of the doctor than through the daughter of the sick and now—as we might possibly assume—slowly dying man. I sat there thinking, wondering a little that she should have appeared at all in the transaction, when I heard again, back within that muted house, the plainly audible sibilance of the progress of Charlotte Black now coming out to meet me.

She was pale, I noted now—with a paleness almost as marked as one might have expected in a product of that sunless house; but very calm and self-possessed, and never in her life more beautiful.

Again—from the intensity of my realization of the closeness of the great change that was upon us—a conjecture went across my mind concerning the new time into which we were passing.

"Will our new freedom—with its new utilities and deeper thought life for its women," I asked myself—"produce anything so physically lovely as this creature, devoted consciously to loveliness, with all the background and the means for securing it?"

And meanwhile, with the ease of manner of which she was such mistress, Charlotte Black had immediately taken from me the initiative in the conversation I had so much dreaded.

Her father, she assured me, was somewhat better now—though not himself by any means. And of course it would be impossible for him to transact business.

Into the difficult subject that we had to discuss she led me with perfect ease and poise and avoidance of embarrassment. I watched her with a growing wonder of admiration, sharpened of course by my own new thoughts.

She was more than a beautiful woman. She was, in spite of her—shall I call it imperiousness of manner?—that rare and much prized product of our earlier and less utile times—a lady. A thing artificial, of course, framed under the artificial circumstances in which it grew—the protection that the rich security of a house threw about the women of so many of the bourgeois. And, with a natural instinct for such refinement, this woman had attained to a high degree that frail and artificial nicety in those smaller, weaker feminine powers of manner and taste and physical appeal—the many more superficial arts of mere appearance—which now with the increasing intellectual and physical utility of women we must, I reflected, expect to see relegated more and more to the background. But yet, as we all know, arts very beautiful of their kind!

I watched her as she had her way with me, deftly directing the conversation. Her ease and suppleness of address soon brought us to the point I had come to discuss—the transfer of the funds from her father to us—a matter upon which I found her mind strangely well informed.

"With whom," I asked her finally, "will it be best that we deal?"

For I could not see through whom, in the absence of Black, so secret a transaction would be consummated. Some private secretary, perhaps.

"With me," she answered definitely—to my very great surprise.

"You!" I had cried out before I thought. "And perhaps dealing with me," I went on instantly, covering as I might my rudeness. "The only objection I might urge is that for my part in such matter I should

(Continued on Page 81)

Like serving it fresh from the garden—

Without the trouble of cleaning and cooking

What can offer more certain appeal to the appetite than a well-prepared dish of spinach? Valued alike for its delicious flavor and its well-known healthful properties, spinach is one food that finds a welcome place on every table — at all seasons of the year.

And now you can serve this wholesome vegetable whenever you want it and without the least bit of trouble, just as deliciously as if it grew in your own garden all the year round.

Every woman knows what a tedious job it is to clean fresh spinach thoroughly. Some people object to the odor in cooking it. DEL MONTE Spinach saves you all this annoyance and brings you spinach at its very best.

Grown in the rich bottom lands of the Sacramento Valley, the crisp, tender leaves are cut, thoroughly washed under heavy sprays of water, and cooked within a few hours after picking — thus preserving the natural color and delicacy of the fresh spinach in its highest degree and delivering it to your table absolutely free from grit.

Being cooked — ready to serve — there are dozens of easy and delightful ways to use DEL MONTE Spinach to add variety to the menu. Try it today, and you will serve it often for its deliciousness, its healthfulness, its convenience and economy.

Look for the red DEL MONTE shield. It is your guarantee of quality and satisfaction on spinach as well as on many other varieties of canned fruits and vegetables, jellies, jams, preserves, catsup, raisins, prunes, olives, etc.

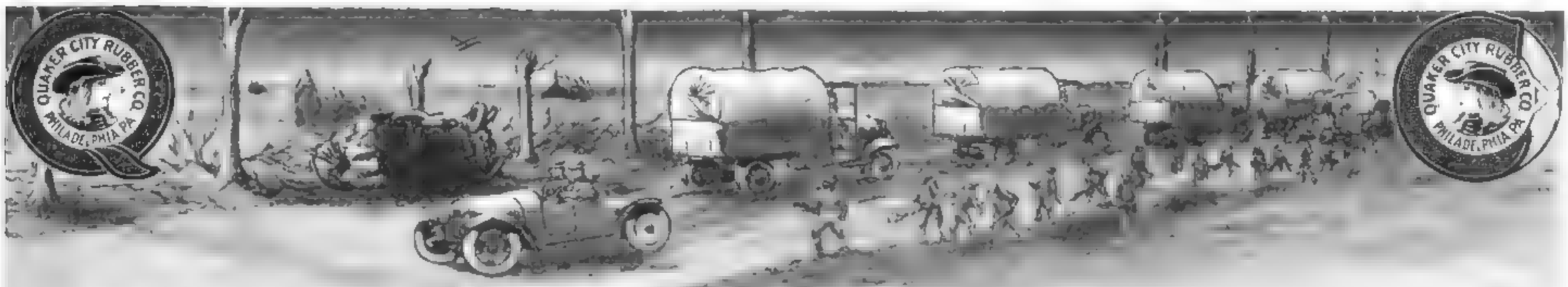
SEND FOR OUR NEW BOOK, *"DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor."* It contains hundreds of simple and economical suggestions and recipes for improving the daily menu through the use of canned fruits and vegetables.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
Department E
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

The recipe for these delicious DEL MONTE Spinach Timbales, garnished with DEL MONTE Red Pimentos, are contained in our new book, "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor," together with many others equally appetizing and economical. Send for a free copy

Del Monte CANNED FRUITS & VEGETABLES

"There's a Variety for every need"



Good Roads Win Victories

The American troops who built the roads to military victory in France are ready to build the roads to commercial victory in the United States.

Lines of communication—means of transportation—are as essential in peace as in war. The many millions of dollars that States and the nation will spend on road improvements this year is an outstanding feature of the great reconstruction period. Your car has quite as indispensable a place in the work of readjustment as it had during the war. Use your machine as much as possible to relieve railroad congestion and to conserve time and energy.

The tire you use should be reliable at all times and economical as well. Delays due to tire troubles must be avoided and the maximum of mileage must be secured.

Adjustment Guarantee 5000 Miles

QUAKER TIRES are built to meet what should be expected of tires. Everything that adds to sturdiness, endurance and reliability is put into QUAKER TIRES. QUAKERS are built for service. They are "Miles Cheaper". QUAKERIZE your car TODAY.

Quaker Multi-tubes are built up of carefully inspected thin sheets of the finest rubber procurable, which become a solid mass in the "curing" process. This means the elimination of imperfections and absolute assurance of quality. They last indefinitely. Gray or Red.

Dealers in all large cities and most important towns. Applications for representation will be considered from leading dealers in certain territories where there are no QUAKER TIRE dealers.

QUAKER CITY RUBBER COMPANY
AUTOMOBILE AND MECHANICAL RUBBER GOODS MANUFACTURERS
Philadelphia 629 Market St.
Chicago 182 West Lake St.
Pittsburgh 211 Wood St.
New York 53 Murray St.
QUAKER CITY RUBBER CO
PHILADELPHIA PA

(Continued from Page 78

be a mere agent—and not a very expert one at that."

"Then why not," she asked, "bring in your principal?"

"Plangonev!" I blurted out in my new surprise.

For I had up to that time studiously avoided bringing even his name into the conversation, realizing how repulsive, under the existing circumstances, the mere consideration of the Russian might naturally be to her.

To my amazement she showed no signs of emotion whatever—even at the maladroit abruptness of my bringing in his name.

"I should think so, yes," she said, now calmly planning the details of their meeting. "We should meet of course best in my father's office, you using the private stairs. There would be no more danger of disturbance to my father than if we were in another house. You of course," she added, "will be with us, as in the past."

"If you wish," I said.

Not long after that I went out, with my messages to Plangonev.

I must confess I could not fathom the woman. How could she, knowing as she must the previous transactions between the two men, and Plangonev's responsibility for her father's at least dangerous condition, find even the ability to meet the Russian—much less suggest it?

But so it was; the arrangement for meeting Plangonev was made at her own suggestion; and I could only wonder and carry out her wishes.

"Frail," I said, "they may appear—women of that type and breeding; but this one has a strength of purpose that seems incredible. Either an unbelievable strength of will or a lack of sensibility equally inconceivable."

I waited now with more than curiosity—with a certain real suspense—the meeting again of these two so opposite creatures under the new and unnecessarily distressing circumstances in that house of fear. Never had they seemed so antipodal in the world—the height of frailty, inutility and protected beauty on the one side, of strength and directness and common fiber upon the other. Never was the contrast so deeply marked to me as when I met with them that first time, in the great dark carved room again, for the transfer of the great sums that were to be made through her to us for our fund of freedom.

"One thing you will understand of course," she proclaimed at the outset; "no one will be able to see my father from now on."

"How is he?" I asked earnestly again, always quickly anxious as to the result of that night's conference upon him.

"As well as may be expected," she returned vaguely. "But still not capable of being seen."

"Why," interjected Plangonev; and he gazed at her with that now bold and open glance of appraisal and physical admiration "why should we see him, when we can see and be with you? Why—so long as you and I can continue carrying out the work together—in harmony?" he asked, and smiled a curious drawn smile.

I liked his attitude toward her very little, and I warned him so.

"I?" he said with a meaning smile. "Watch her!"

And I did from that time on. She was a great puzzle to me.

And now began the drag and tedium of the mere transfer of that enormous sum—those tens of millions in money and securities—especially the great mass of bonds which Plangonev preferred to take.

Much of it was carried to my place, but most to his; and I was startled at the thought of so much property with such slight protection.

"Suppose a fire should start," I said, expostulating, "in either place?"

He laughed, and even struck my back; for he was in high spirits now, higher every day.

"It will not be long now," he said, laughing. "Not longer than our Red Friday."

"Red Friday!" I repeated; for now, naturally, for sometime I had felt there was some big movement in the wind.

Yet this time, too, he put me off with an evasion.

"You had," he said, "your Black Friday in the United States; following your other, your Civil War, as you remember."

And I of course recalled that much.

"Why should we not have ours, we of the new freedom, our Red Friday now?" he asked.

I caught his intimation, naturally; but no more, he evidently not desiring to elucidate.

Our transfer, meanwhile, to our fund of freedom went on day after day in the office of Black. It was not especially exciting or spectacular. What was it, after all, as Plangonev said, but the transfer of paper no different from other paper; an occupation as traditionally stupid as the work of a bank clerk in the immense modern treasure house of a bank? One-tenth of that amount in jewels or precious metals, I reflected, would have made a scintillant and alluring appeal to the imagination that would have lasted a full lifetime, where this sight merely tended into yawning.

But there was still another matter that would furnish me as a comparatively unoccupied onlooker an interest and great curiosity, and that was the attitude of the two principals in the affair—of Plangonev and the young woman.

It has been often asked of me since the event if there was nothing in the manner of Charlotte Black to give me a clew to what she was about—some indication of purpose. My answer is there were continuously and all too obviously signs of purpose—but of purpose I could not interpret satisfactorily to myself.

The first and most obvious of all of course was her prolonging of the work of the transfer. At first I thought I must be wrong; that her actions must perhaps be the result of inexperience in such matters, and consequent slowness. But as time went on it became perfectly apparent even to me that Charlotte Black was deliberately prolonging the process of our transfer. My thought would have been that naturally at the first possible moment she would desire to end the transaction and remove from her house that agent—that dangerous murderous blackmailer, from her standpoint who threatened it in such an intolerable way. If so she should have ended her work at once. She did not end it. On the contrary she prolonged it. And there could be but one inference: She deliberately preferred to hold us—or, rather, hold Plangonev there. For very obviously it was not I she would hold or release, I being very clearly a matter of indifference in the transaction.

It was a strange and unattractive thing to see—this attitude of hers, as now I saw it develop. Upstairs—over us in the great master's bedroom of that dark house of fear—Stephen Black, still prone, still in no different strength so far as we could learn, held to his life barely through every artifice that wealth and science could provide—stricken down by this man, his enemy, with as brutal directness as with a club. And here below, this enemy sat with Black's own daughter, chatting, laughing—yes, from all surface indications, still interesting her; attracting her, to all appearances, in spite of the disparity of ages and the yawning difference of their tastes and lives and training.

It was not only the man's bold attitude toward the woman; with that alone I could have dealt; it was—I could not deny that to myself now—the thing he had first called my attention to, her attitude toward him. For as time went on and Plangonev grew bolder, rather than any shrinking her own manner showed a coming out to meet him—the constant studied appeals to a man's vanity and pity and hope, the weakness and beauty of woman artfully appealing to a man's strength; a duel, a game as old as man, but never played, I thought, in more distressing circumstances.

The hints of Plangonev, the memories of the singular intellectual attraction he had seemed to have for her in previous months—apparently in spite of her tastes and will—came back to me. I would not trust my own observations of them, but at times, too, I could scarcely doubt them.

"If it should be true of her," I said to myself more than once—"if this byplay should be what it now grows to seem I would never trust a woman again."

Plangonev, on his side, no longer talked of her to me—though several times after leaving her I saw him smile. The absence of his usual bitter comment on the cruelty and the physical loveliness of the women of the great bourgeois struck me as significant in itself. And I watched the apparent progress of their closer understanding grow with a most unpleasant mixture of discomfort and surprise.

A Revelation of Exceptional Comfort Qualities

ATHENA
UNDERWEAR
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

THE designers of Athena Underwear have worked out the *comfort problem* in a most ingenious way.

Athena Underwear is *tailored* to fit the natural contour of the body, without being *stretched* at any point.

Athena Underwear for Women is first aid to the pains taking modiste, affording the correct foundation for the corset and fine gown. It is perfect in every detail.

Note the striking contrast between ATHENA and ordinary underwear, as shown in the illustrations of Women's Underwear.

Ask your local dealer to show you ATHENA'S seven special features

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Copyright 1919 by Marshall Field & Company

Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher

"Can be operated by anybody, in any position, anywhere"

Even a one-armed man can operate it

IN tight places, where fires usually start, an extinguisher which operates, literally single-handed, is the most effective weapon.

Because two-hand operation means that the operator must pump while fighting the fire.

Hence the bad aiming and the pulsating stream which alternately over-shoots and under-shoots the blaze.

Where necessary the Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher can be discharged and its stream directed with one hand.

Open the nozzle lever and out shoots a powerful, steady stream right into the flames. You can store the pressure necessary to do this by a few strokes of the pump while getting to the fire.

No liquid need fall short of or beyond the blaze; there need be no wobbly aim, so difficult to prevent in hand pumping. No other extinguisher is so easy to operate. No other extinguisher affords such complete protection. When you buy an extinguisher make sure that it is the Johns-Manville. **Its use entitles you to 15% reduction in your automobile fire insurance.**

Price in U. S. East of Colorado

$10

$10.50 Colorado and West Dominion of Canada; $12.00 East of Calgary. $12.50 Calgary and West.

To the Trade: Our dealer-jobber policy assures you real trade protection. Ask for details.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—
Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
CEMENTS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
LININGS
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

It was the last day, finally, when I had my last shock from it. We were getting together the last of the freedom fund and making up the last of the accounts, Plangonev aiding Charlotte Black assiduously in their completion. Plangonev had been more than usually bold in his attentions on that day—politer, so to say, than a trained bear; and Charlotte Black more interested and appealing. We were on the verge of leaving, when Plangonev's sudden reconsideration came.

"I shall regret much," he said to her, "going." And I noticed that unusually mocking smile upon his face as he said it to her, she smiling back at him.

And then as by an impulse he put the papers he was carrying upon the great center table.

"After all," he said—and smiled again that unpleasant meaning smile at her—"why should I go quite yet?"

And suddenly with an utter change in manner he turned toward me.

"You may step outside," he said to me in a tone he had never used before, "if you please. I have something to say to Miss Black—in which it will not be necessary that we should have the benefit of clergy."

I rose, angered by the gratuitous insult of his words and manner. And I looked naturally toward the young woman.

"That," I answered him, "will be, naturally, for Miss Black to say."

"If you will, please!" she said to me, intimating that I should go.

And I noticed that she was smiling at Plangonev.

And with that of course I stepped without, into the inclosed stone corridor—the passage, ostensibly a fire escape, which led down to the secret entrance upon Sixty-fifth Street. If I had given way to my own instincts I should of course have gone angrily on. But remembering all the circumstances I deemed it best to wait.

I was there several minutes before the paneled door slid open once again, before me

"After to-night, then," Plangonev was saying, "I shall see you again, not before Friday."

"On Friday," she replied.

And I noted she was still smiling.

XIV

I HAVE not so far dwelt on Plangonev's relations with women. It is neither pleasant nor necessary to do so after the recent and lingering discussion of them in so many parts of our daily press. Suffice it to say that by our established standards they were not good.

On the other hand it must be said for him that he never made the slightest pretense they were. They represented no more obligation upon either side than might have been expected from persons economically free who, holding the somewhat negative doctrine of free association, found themselves in social conditions like those Plangonev encountered in New York, where individuals were in a constant state of change and irresponsibility and unrest.

But, be that as it may, I need not say I never sympathized with him, either in his theory or practice; and it was with suspicion and unease as well as personal humiliation that I found myself waiting outside in that bare white stone funnel of the secret stairway, while Plangonev discussed with Charlotte Black the matter, whatever it might be, for the private consideration of which they had so summarily dismissed me from the room.

I recalled as I waited—more angry always, and more puzzled—the expressions of their faces and the strange and unpleasant development of their attitude toward one another in the last few days and hours. And there came to me then of course above all else the look that Plangonev's face assumed so often after we had parted from her—that gleam, as I conceived it, which comes in the face of plunderers of cities; and his hard and yet admiring comments upon the cruelty and weaknesses and carefully cultivated physical beauty of the women of the great bourgeois.

All this had no tendency, you may be sure, to modify my natural personal sense of resentment, and I voiced my displeasure immediately we found ourselves outside the guarded door upon Sixty-fifth Street.

"What does it mean," I asked, "in the first place? Why was it impossible that I should be present? Are you," I said, my angry suspicions flaring into immoderate speech—"are you involving that young woman in another and more sinister form of blackmail? Are you using the potentialities of her father's sickness to enforce new demands—of a character I may not hear?"

And Plangonev merely laughed.

"Is it merely money—the legitimate business of our fund?" I cried. "Or is it ——"

And Plangonev laughed a still louder laugh, nodding his head as he did so.

"Bourgeois," he said. "Bourgeois to the bone!"

"I mean it," I said; and I stopped now on the sidewalk and faced him squarely. "I mean just what I say! I shall not be deterred by mere epithets."

"Then I must tell you, I see," said Plangonev, still smiling, mocking me. "But come, let us go on. We may talk as well walking — without attracting attention standing here."

"What," I said, moving on with him—"what is it you proposed to her?"

"Marriage," said Plangonev with a most unpleasing smile.

"Marriage!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered in his most jeering way. "Am I not fortunate?"

"Marriage!" I cried. "With you!" I was cold with anger, feeling certain now that he was flouting me.

"Why not?" he asked.

"And she refused you," I said, passing on, disregarding him and his jesting. Marriage with him of course was not impossible merely, it was inconceivably grotesque.

"Far from it," said Plangonev calmly.

I looked at him, confused now as well as angry. For I felt there was sincerity in his voice as well as jeering.

"You have seen her—her actions toward me?" he asked me then.

And a sharp memory of her recent conduct caught me.

"If she had wished—even just now—to repulse me or to avoid me even," he continued, "would she not have done so—by simply asking you to remain with us till I went? Instead—what did she do?"

I was silent, dumfounded. There rushed back to me of course the manner and actions of the woman—her apparent appeals to Plangonev; to his vanity, to his pity and his physical admiration. Was it possible this thing that he was telling me now, with now every apparent sincerity?

"Marriage with you!" I said again. "At her age!"

"Why not?" said Plangonev. "Could she not have married those as old and ugly in her own class without exciting comment?"

"Even then," I returned—"marriage with you! She must know exactly what that would mean. She must know of you—of your life and of your principles."

"She is certainly," said Plangonev calmly, "not uninformed. As she would not be perhaps of the similar probabilities in the habits of a possible husband within the great bourgeois."

I went on, disregarding his remark, questioning him.

"You mean to say," I cried again, not yet convinced, "that she will marry you?"

"Not me," said Plangonev tersely; "no."

"Not you!" I cried again.

"Not me; no," replied the Russian. "Am I a fool? Me?" he said, spreading out his arms to show his coarse and dingy person. "I laugh. She acts well, but not well enough. She will not deceive me so. She pretends—most warmly. But underneath she is colder than the mermaid. She marry me!" he cried laughing. "No!"

"What is it?" I said, regarding him now closely. "What are you trying to say—when you just informed me she would marry you?"

"Not me. But luxury—money—safety!"

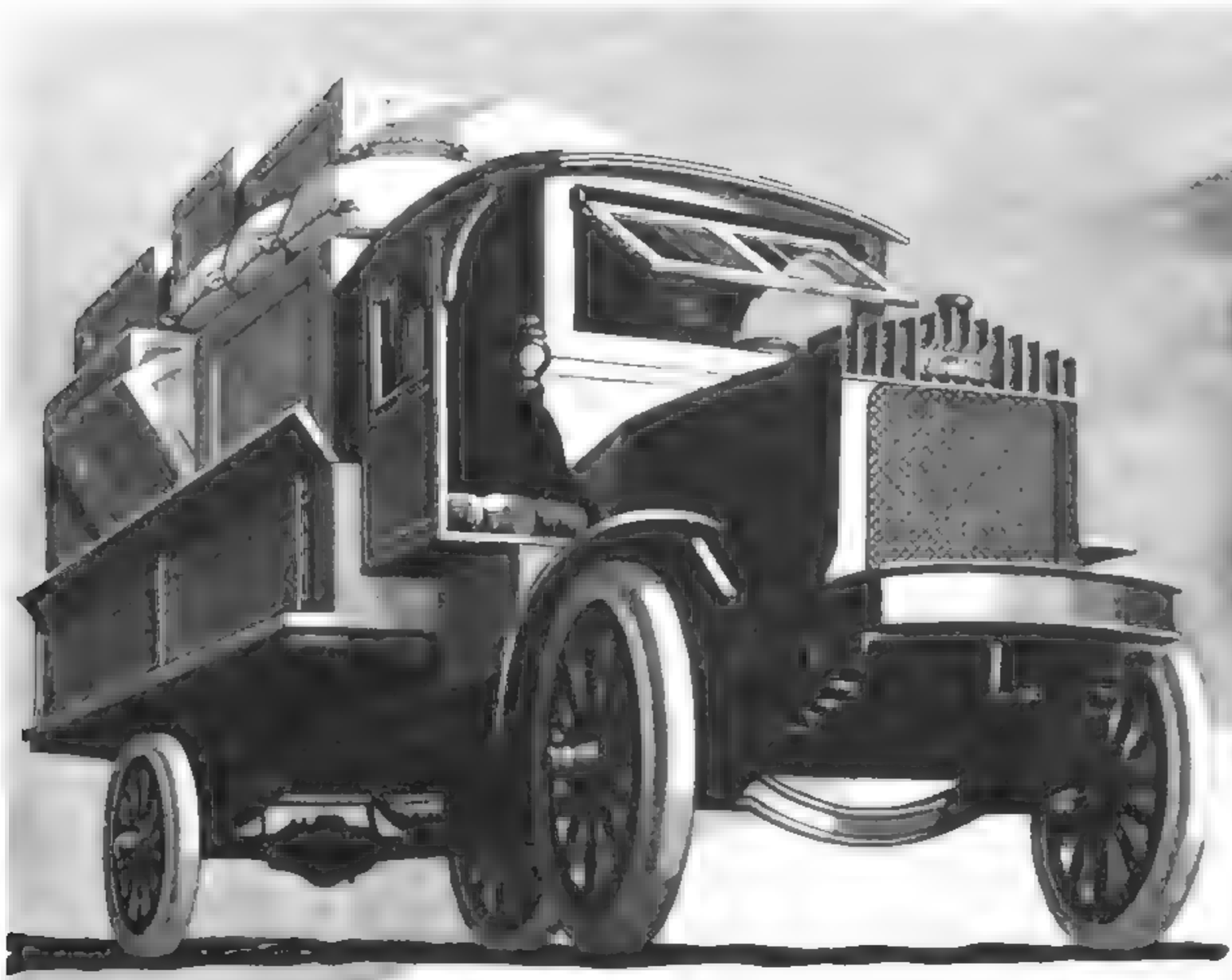
"What have you been telling her?" I called to him. "What means have you used to bring this about—this so-called promise of marriage you are speaking about?"

"Nothing new, nothing very unusual in her class," said Plangonev. "And nothing certainly but the strictest truth. I have but shown her plainly," he said, "our plans. The situation she will be in when they are all complete, when we have taken the remainder of her father's wealth; and the conditions which we must now expect after our Friday."

I walked now, with my mouth closed—waiting for his voluntary statements.

"You miss the key—that is all," pursued Plangonev. "It is, as to all things in history or biology, economic. The terms

(Continued on Page 85)



Let Your "Horse Sense" Guide You

Traffic Truck

4000 LBS. CAPACITY

$1395

Chassis, f. o. b. St. Louis

Thrift and saving is just common everyday "Horse Sense"—let the Traffic Truck save for you.

When you purchase a Traffic you save hundreds of dollars in first cost.

You save in maintenance cost because the Traffic is an economical truck to operate.

You save in value depreciation because the Traffic's first cost is less.

You save in the long run because the Traffic has thousands of miles of hard service built into it, and—

The Traffic hauls on average roads a 4,000-lb. load 14 miles in one hour for 30c worth of gasoline—against four miles an hour with a team.

The Traffic is the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world and is produced by the largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks.

Make up your mind—now—to own a Traffic. Use your "Horse Sense."

Write for catalog today

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation

St. Louis, U. S. A.

Dealers, Attention

Hundreds of people in your territory will buy Traffic Trucks.

This clean, untouched business will be yours if you secure the Traffic contract.

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States.

Wire for the territory you want and, if open, come to the factory and see the Traffic produced and perform

Specifications

Powerful 4-cylinder, valve-in-head motor. Covert transmission, multiple disc clutch; Kingston magneto with impulse starter, 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator, drop forged front axle with Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle, internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs, 6-inch U channel frame; Standard Fisk tires; 133-inch wheel base, 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat, oil cup lubricating system, chassis painted, striped and varnished, lever steering gear, [illegible] seat and cushion regular equipment

©THE FISK RUBBER CO. 1919

FISK CORD TIRES add the final touch of distinction to the smart motor car.

PAINSTAKING CARE in the detail of manufacture gives them the clean-cut quality of appearance so desired by the particular owner.

RECORDS OF PERFORMANCE prove their economy and riding comfort; non-skid tread insures safety in all road conditions.

Next time—BUY FISK.

FISK CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 82)

of future living. And marriage as they conduct it—the bourgeois—is concededly nothing more than the transfer of one property to another. For the marriage of convenience is not confined to the great bourgeois alone; it goes with property—with every little peasant's property in Europe."

"In Europe, perhaps," I cried, "but not here!"

"Oh, yes," said Plangonev. "Here too. They protest and protest—your women. But in the end they yield—to common sense and prudence. Why not?" he went on calmly. "It is the natural and laudable instinct of woman without support yet from the state during child-bearing—to seek property, the certainty of food and clothing when she most needs it. After all," said Plangonev with his hard smile, "they are human—women—outside of mid-Victorian poetry. They must eat, and clothe and feed their offspring. It is a not unnatural instinct.

"And with this one," he said in my silence—"with this fine specimen of the women of the great bourgeois especially. Place yourself for a minute in the position of this woman. A creature of wealth, a thing made of money—as clearly as spun cloth of gold. Up to now, rich, useless, warmed and fed and cared for and beautified by a multitude of servants; almost incapable of locomotion upon her own white feet. Suddenly this emptiness yawns underneath. One by one the great bourgeois—these people she knows best—go sliding down into the abyss. And she herself alone waits on the verge of it.

"And so when I speak," he said—"I! She, knowing, seeing with her own eyes where the money and power are now transferred! What more natural," he asked, "for her type?"

I said nothing—turning all this over in my mind—appalled, humiliated and horrified.

"It is the same exactly as her father. Why not? The same bait for both. Why should it be different?"

But I gave a groan of horror and disgust.

"They disintegrate—the whole class," said Plangonev, "by pure necessity, by the simple necessity of the law of Marx."

"I'll not believe it!" I cried loudly.

"What?" Plangonev asked, surprised at my sudden outburst, the loudness of my voice.

"It is monstrous!" I said. "You!" I cried. "She marry you—the hunter, the possible murderer of her father!"

"The instinct," said Plangonev, now recovered from his surprise and again laughing at me—"the instinct of self-preservation is still a very strong one everywhere; even with the female."

"I will not," I said—"I will not credit it. It is monstrous—monstrous! She would be no woman. For a woman it would be impossible."

He only smiled.

"Law!" I cried. "Economics! Your law—your damnable—yes, damnable law of Marx would not so stretch its hands into a woman's heart—no matter what the necessity."

And Plangonev laughed a great laugh now—almost crowing with laughter.

"Oh, comrade, Comrade Todd," he said, "what blasphemy for a Christian socialist! Doubt of Marx himself! What a fury of bourgeois emotion! Why not," he said, "if you doubt me, ask her? What more simple? Why not telephone her and see if I am truthful?"

He was in such high spirits as I had never seen before.

"But now," he said, "if you were willing I could discuss with you something more consequential than the emotional reactions of women. I could tell you now of our Red Friday."

I listened dully at first—even to that! It affected me with strange and unaccountable poignancy—what I had just heard; more in fact than any of the more superficially astonishing developments before—this arraignment of his of the faith of our women. This sneering half jest of his upon the negation by the inexorable law of Marx of all our established and treasured instincts. It was a shock unlike anything that had come to me—not so much pain and horror as the sense of nausea; the sense which, I have been told, those passing through the experience of an earthquake feel at the undreamed-of terror of the giving way of the solid earth beneath them.

But then my mind began gathering in the details of Plangonev's conversation.

"It hangs now—the whole thing," he explained, "by a thread; and a frayed one at that. Debt—dead capital—clogs everything: the banks, private industry, the Government. Debt! Debt! Debt!" he said, and laughed. "They support the staggering structure of credit now by main strength and combined agreements—hoping not to give it any shock. They will not sell, for example, or offer to sell, any quantity of securities."

I listened now, breathless.

"There have been no sales for months, beyond the little dribblings of small holders. Now we," he continued, "with this great mass of bonds in our hands, come out with them—on the market."

"The bond market?" I asked. "The old stock market in Wall Street?"

Plangonev nodded.

"And offer them down indefinitely," he said, "without rest."

"On Friday?" I said, seeing now.

"Why not?" said Plangonev, remembering the traditions of the day, "the charges that it makes for advertising in accordance with old superstition. So we proletariat," he said, "shall have, too, our Friday! Red Friday—the end of capitalism in the United States."

"The end of the world," I cried, "as we have known it—according to the laws of Marx!"

And when I saw it at hand—that long-hoped-for time—strangely enough a sense of terrible depression came over me; depression and distrust. How often I had longed for just this time. Now that it was upon us—looming over us, inevitable—I felt I cannot say what shrinking!

"After it—after this Red Friday," I asked myself sharply—"what?"

I was far too agitated to ask this aloud of Plangonev then. I parted from him and went on home.

XV

THAT was Tuesday—Tuesday evening, the 15th of August, 1922. I sat in my room alone, buried in thought, endeavoring with all my powers to realize the conditions of the impending change. I recalled to myself the more recent indications of intense bitterness among the farmers of the Anti-Confiscation League against the growth of governmental control and increasing taxes. I brought up the violent agitations now springing up among the proletariat of the cities for more and more governmental enterprises, if these would only give them work and food. And I strove to imagine what would happen if these so antagonistic forces should be thrown now suddenly into violent conflict.

I strove in vain. Overtaxed perhaps by the emotional experiences of the hours before, my mind refused to envisage the possibilities of the situation. I merely experienced an overwhelming sense of apprehension and alarm and helplessness, which I could not shake off and which even pursued me into my late-taken sleep.

"One thing I can do," I told myself before sleeping: "That is to prove or disprove the statements of Plangonev concerning Miss Black. At the risk of possible rebuff, I shall certainly offer my services to her in case I may be of assistance to her in this matter." For the more I considered it, naturally, the more preposterous it seemed—the idea of marriage or promise of marriage given by her to him.

It was growing warm that night. I slept badly and woke soon and quite early. As soon as it was seemly I called over the telephone for Miss Black at her house.

"Miss Black," came back the answer finally from her secretary, "begs to be excused permanently from answering Mr. Todd's calls."

What could I infer from that—beyond the crushing personal repulse to me? But one thing: She was not only satisfied with the conditions as they were, but she definitely warned me not to interfere. I sat, bowed down both in personal pride and in spirit by this turn of affairs, staring into the telephone transmitter until the central rang a bell of protest in my ear.

With that I straightened myself up and resolved to dismiss the woman from my mind. There were larger things to be considered at this time, I told myself—accepting bitterly Plangonev's attitude—than the emotional faith of woman, no matter how we might idealize it. I got up now, and determined to seek Plangonev at once and demand a further outline of his expectations and plans—not for Red Friday, but for

W. L. Douglas
"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
$4.00 $4.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00

IF you have been paying $10.00 to $12.00 for fine shoes, a trial will convince you that for style, comfort and service W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are equally as good and will give excellent satisfaction. The actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years' experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 106 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 other shoe dealers. W. L. Douglas Illustrated Catalog sent free on request. W. L. Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY
155 SPARK STREET
BROCKTON MASS

Easy Extra Dollars

There is one way to meet the ever-growing need for more money. That way is to make more by turning *extra* hours into cash, $10.00, $50.00, $100.00 more a month.

For Anybody

Man or woman—young, old, or in between—anybody of average ability, can make good quickly with the help we give our representatives. Experience is not necessary.

You choose your own time. The work is easy, pleasant, permanent, profitable—no trouble to make *a dollar an hour.*

But How?

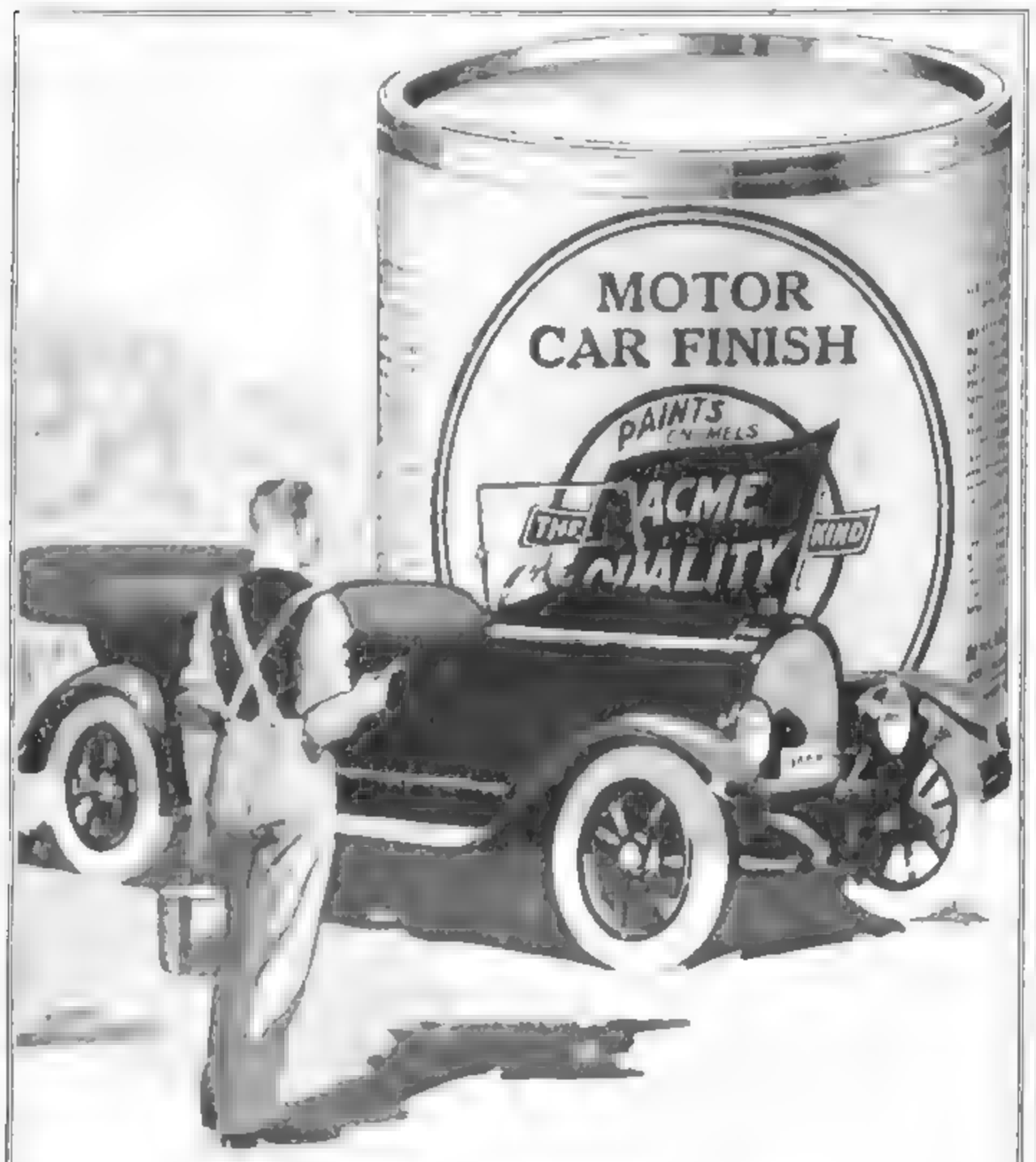
Simply by looking after new and renewal subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman. Right now* we need representatives everywhere our journals go—and they go everywhere. The coupon below will bring details without obligating you in any way. Mail it today.

The Curtis Publishing Co., 962 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.
Gentlemen: Tell me all about your spare time money-making plan. I'm interested

Name

Address

City State



Refinish your car with Acme Quality Motor Car Finish!

ONCE experience the genuine satisfaction and slight expense required to re-dress your car with Acme Quality Motor Car Finish and you'll never again let your automobile get into the neglect class. *Results are a revelation!*

Put it square up to Acme Quality and the simple Acme directions printed on every package of Acme Quality Motor Car Finish. Effects are beautiful and lasting. If you want a *professional finish*, put it up to Acme Quality and the professional painter.

If your car doesn't need repainting all over it is entirely practical to refinish shabby parts such as wheels, fenders, running gear, radiator, horn bracket, dust shield metal, springs and like surfaces. Think how re-sale values can be increased.

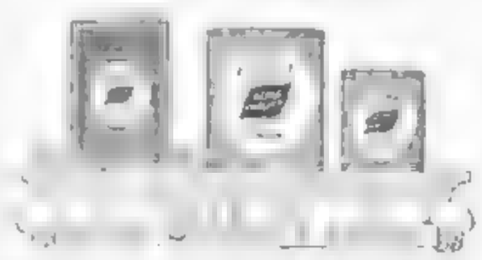
For your own satisfaction we suggest you install an Acme Quality Paint shelf in your garage—and stock it with these always needed materials:

Acme Quality Motor Car Finish—one quart of Undercoater, one quart of color and one quart of Auto Clear Finishing, Acme Quality Auto Hood and Fender Enamel, one pint, Acme Quality Mohair Top Dressing and Waterproofing, one quart, Acme Quality Paint and Varnish Remover, one pint, Acme Quality Auto Polish, one quart, Acme Quality Aluminum Enamel, one-half pint.

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS & FINISHES

are made in great variety for every household purpose. If your dealer can't supply you send to us for our two helpful booklets "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." Mailed free on request.



For the many "touching up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

Dept. A, DETROIT, MICH.

Boston	Minneapolis	Pittsburgh
Toledo	Birmingham	Dallas
Lincoln	Portland	Los Angeles
Chicago	St Louis	Cincinnati
Nashville	Fort Worth	Topeka
Spokane	Salt Lake City	

what would come immediately afterward. I then set out at once upon my way.

It was an August morning in the New York slums, that time of immense and sodden discomfort, when the peculiar, heavy sea atmosphere of the place hangs like a blue-gray pall over the city, and rests, a stifling burden, upon the great East Side, heavy with the indescribable close odors of human occupation, plangent with the sound of human life in a nervous state that borders upon pain—the hoarse cries of hucksters, the shrill complaints of ailing and uncomfortable children, the coughing and shuffling of the old and wigged and bowed upon the streets. In the midst of this I found Plangonev by his open window in his upper tenement, cheerful to a degree I had never known before, reaching out to me, willing as never in the past to explain the situation we were approaching; and starting, in fact, with evident relish, to recall the development of our plot of debt from its beginning.

"Our problem," he said, smiling reminiscently, was a very interesting one. We had here a country non-socialistic to the core, individualistic to the last degree, touched least of all by the waste and destruction of capital which were incident to the great war. A stronghold, certainly, of our enemies.

"What should we do?" he asked analytically. "Should we start a propaganda of socialism, through what socialists there were then—a few extreme and recent foreigners, of specially disregarded races? Or your amateur saviors, perhaps?"

I sat, returning the humorous glance he turned on me with this question.

"A hundred years," he made answer to himself "no less!" And laughed and waved his hand.

"What then?" he asked, turned serious again. "What was there? What but the means we possess here in the native population for the promotion of the Law of Marx—the destruction of capital in every way—followed, of course, by its collapse and our new freedom?"

"You worked out, in other words," I contributed, "our plot of debt."

"Yes," said Plangonev, "with what tools were native to the population."

He stopped, considering, and the clangor of the heat-tortured street underneath filled up his silence as he calmly thought.

"The theory," he went on then—"that was simple—the destruction and assumption of private, or more often corporate, property by popular vote; through government waste and expenditure and competition in industry, and then taxation. There is nothing new in that. It is perhaps a century almost since your Chief Justice Marshall told you that the power to tax is the power to destroy. The theory was well known," he reiterated, thinking. "Yes. But what—who were those here who were the most useful agents for us?"

"Who were?" I inquired in the pause while he stopped to ruminate.

"The free labor for one thing, certainly," he replied finally; "the wild, unorganized or lately organized labor—especially in the West, where it is most highly paid and least married, and so most independent and strongest, naturally, both financially and socially, to fight."

"Yes," I said, prompting him to go on.

"And then, certainly," he said, canvassing always the matter most carefully, "the Agrarians, or, let us say, the leaders of the Agrarians, lashing their natural prejudices against the corporations into wildness.

"And then, certainly," he continued judicially, "the city politicians, always and forever grinding out gratuities for themselves and their followers, by their same old popular recipe of confiscation of the property of the rich by public waste and taxation."

"Is that the last?" I asked him when he paused.

"No, not yet," he answered me. "No, after all, we must not forget that great new agency of the cheaper American press, which depends upon the excitation of the proletariat for its circulation."

And I moved uneasily when he said this.

"We must not underestimate, certainly," he went on, "the aid that these have been to us in the destruction of capital in the United States, making perhaps the most obvious and noticeable instrument of all. And especially," he said, reflecting, "in those cases where the proprietors—not recognized politically in society as it exists—have an incentive to cause social disintegration, either in war or peace, to a point where the proletariat will accept them as their elected leaders."

And now I sat upright, for he was coming now to the point of my immediate interest.

"Who," I said quickly—"who after Red Friday will be the leaders of the new freedom? To whom will the great new power of governing fall?"

And Plangonev looked at me with a mocking smile.

"Would it be your friends," he asked—"the amateur saviors of society?"

And in spite of my urgent concern, I now laughed myself at the humorous look on his face.

"No," he said briefly; "we shall use others probably!"

"Who?" I insisted. "I cannot see who there is now in sight that is competent to control."

"Should we have a miracle," asked Plangonev, "by Jehovah, like the ancient Hebrews, manufacturing us from nothing now a leader? No," he said thoughtfully, "we will use what we now have."

"What?" I inquired.

"Who but those who have now appointed themselves?" asked Plangonev, evidently enjoying my excitement. "Who but those now in control? At Washington, naturally, your bureaucrats, who now run your railroads and your telegraphs."

"Those!" I said. "Those who now take a week to send a letter or express package, where formerly it took a day!"

And I sat up, alarmed at the suggestion. But Plangonev smiled back at me broadly.

"Can you expect more, in executive work," he asked, "from lawyers taken from the agrarian districts, and their political friends?"

"And who else," I asked, pressing him—"outside of Washington?"

"Who else—in the cities—but the city political leaders, who have had your city contracts? And certainly the daily press of the proletariat, who have considered this change so deeply, and urged it both directly and indirectly so well."

"These!" I said. "Will these have control of us," I asked, stammering, "after—after our Red Friday?"

"Why not?" said Plangonev. "They are the ones, are they not, the movement has raised up?"

"Those," I said, "our leaders, both governmental and economic! After Friday—the day after to-morrow!"

"Why not?" Plangonev asked again, and gazed down through the dilapidated fire-escape into the noisy, reeking street below.

"Answer me," I said, standing up, calling out in spite of the heat of the day, in spite of my wilted collar and the perspiration rolling down my face. "Answer me this! You know, of course," I said, collecting myself, "of the Anti-Confiscation League among the farmers—how ugly it grows in the South and West against government waste and operation and taxes?"

"So I have heard," said Plangonev; "so I believe."

"And inside the cities the proletariat, uglier and uglier, demanding work and wages where there is neither?"

"Yes."

"What then?" I cried, staring. "What will come immediately after your Red Friday, your collapse of capital? What crisis will occur?"

For this question, which had been a growing torture to me for days, had now become intolerable.

"In what way?" inquired Plangonev calmly.

"What will happen," I cried, "with universal bankruptcy? The banks gone, the corporations stopped, every little private storekeeper even without money! What will occur?"

"There would still be," said Plangonev, "your government, operating the railroads and the telegraphs and the ships."

"But food!" I cried. "Here in the city of New York alone! For they say a city like this is always less than a week from starvation. How will they feed it? How will there be the means even to buy food?"

"That," said Plangonev, "does threaten to be our next grave question." And an evil humor gleamed now clearly from his eye.

"With this unrest there is now," I persisted—"with this present temper of the proletariat, so often lately out of work what will there be? What will these do if they lack actual food?"

"Your friends will find means to provide it legally, no doubt," responded Plangonev; "your managers of your departments at

(Continued on Page 88)

Tom Wye
KNIT JACKET

Tom Wye

"Slip into this Tom Wye; I always carry an extra one in the car; it takes up less room than a big motor coat. I always wear one myself when I'm motoring, and there's sure to be someone along who needs a bit of added warmth."

The Tom Wye utility jacket has a staunch personality, like the man who makes them, for Tom Wye's character dominates the goods that bear his name. Tom Wye makes good jackets because he understands good knitting. For over a hundred and fifty years the Wyes have worked steadily at this craft, and now Tom Wye has originated a new stitch, called after himself. It is this stitch which makes possible a new knit-goods, compact, warm, elastic—a goods that wears marvelously and is capable of fine tailoring.

Cut, fit, and finish take the Tom Wye knitted utility jacket out of the sweater class. It has a distinctive and smart style of its own, a custom-tailored effect very different from the usual shapeless sweater. There is an exclusive distinction, combined with the utmost of comfort, in the Tom Wye that makes it welcomed by both men and women of discernment. The shoulders won't stretch or sag, the buttonholes keep their shape, the smart patch pockets add comfort and snap.

The close-knit fabric of which the Tom Wye is made is warm and elastic. It gives solid comfort and long wear. Each jacket is individually tailored into the crisp outlines of style and, whether it is one of the beautiful, blurry heather mixtures or a smart, solid color, is a fine piece of workmanship.

Up-to-date dealers everywhere carry Tom Wye utility jackets, but if yours does not have in a stock, write at once to

Tom Wye of Winchendon, Mass.

(Continued from Page 86)

Washington, under the new rights growing out of the great war and since, under our plot of debt. They and the proletariat press have already no doubt worked out the theory of such action under the advice of your theorists—your amateur saviors."

And at that I gave a gesture of distaste and anger.

"That is not my question," I cried. "I asked not of the powers these men have taken or will take. There is small doubt that they will find methods to take them, as in the past. But where," I cried—"where will they actually find food for those who lack it?"

"They will take it, also, perhaps," said Plangonev.

"Take it!" I exclaimed. "From where?"

"From where it is, no doubt," the Russian answered. "From the farmers ultimately."

"The farmers!" I cried, more loudly even, if that was possible. "The Government take the property of farmers now, in face of this Anti-Confiscation League excitement, when any unexpected spark may send our national situation flaring into open violence!"

"Why not?" asked Plangonev indifferently.

And I looked at him, watching him now with a continually sinking heart.

"Unless," he went on deliberately in my silence, "it may break earlier—in the cities."

"What?" I asked, my voice now shrill with apprehension.

"Violence," he said. "Rioting in the cities, in the absence of food for the proletariat. As in Petrograd. Hunger," he concluded, as I stared at him, "is a very urgent thing."

My heart stood still. I was cold even in that intense heat.

"Violence!" I stuttered. "Petrograd!"

"Without doubt," said Plangonev. "Unless, unlike in Petrograd, your rulers will act vigorously and quickly."

"They!" I said, my breath returning. "Those caterers to the mob! Those supine servants of the mass! Those grotesque slaves of the voice of the cheap newspaper!"

And at that he laughed aloud at me. I stood straight before him, accusing him, for I realized now entirely—not more from his words than from the expression of his face! I saw now he was playing with me, as a cat with a mouse.

"You mean then," I said, calming myself, "in spite of all you have promised me, that you look for violence?"

He laughed outright.

"Who," he asked, and looked at me with that devil's smile—"who but a pacifist could conceive of revolution without violence?"

"Then," I said, and gazed now straight into his eyes, "you lied. You lied to me!"

"Why not," he inquired calmly, "to a pacifist?"

I could have struck him—struck him down. But I withheld myself. I must strive now, I saw, as my next duty, to catch a glimpse of what was now upon us.

"And after this, after your Red Friday, if these present officials fail—as you and your confederates confidently expect they will?" I demanded, and gazed directly into his eyes.

There was no gesture of denial now, nothing but that set, scornful smile.

"As you expect they will," I repeated firmly, reiterating my charge. "For you planned this too," I said, "from the first! Who," I asked, "when these have failed, will inherit the new power that will surely drop from these weak hands?"

"Why not as in Russia," asked Plangonev—"exactly? Why should we not have here, as our Lenine has once said, to go for power always deeper and lower in the proletariat?"

"To you!" I said. "In other words, it will fall to you, and your Bolshevik associates, manipulating always the most violent and least educated elements of the population."

"The most oppressed," Plangonev corrected, watching me.

"You fiend!" I cried. "You planned this from the first. You not only made this situation by your plot of debt, you stimulated always rancor and distrust and want. You timed your catastrophe, your Red Friday, deliberately, when it would lead to violence. You set the devil loose in this devoted country," I said, "dancing to the chants of spellbinders, upon a settled date, upon next Friday. And then you expect, following that, to take the whole thing over in your hands, by long-planned and deliberate treachery of your confederates!"

"Confederates," repeated Plangonev calmly. "Confederates. No, only in part."

"Only," I answered, "as far as you choose to make them."

"You do me too much honor," said Plangonev. "It is nothing which I have done, but direct the natural forces. It is like chemistry merely," he went on, employing his familiar simile. "When the elements are there, we should mix them merely, and the new reaction, the new precipitation, shall take place inevitably."

"As in your accursed, degenerating Law of Marx," I cried, beside myself.

And he laughed now gleefully.

"And then," I said, catching myself again, "what then? Will that stop violence, or tend to, when you secure your desired control?"

"Not," said Plangonev, "if the bourgeois still desire it. Or the farmers."

"Desire it?" I said.

"As in Russia—defending their former property."

"And how long," I said, restraining myself with a supreme effort—"how long would you conjecture such a reign of terror once begun would last?"

"How should we know?" asked Plangonev. "As our Trotzky has once said: 'What even if it should take fifty years!'"

"Fifty years!" I cried, aghast.

"What is fifty years," queried Plangonev, "in the life of the race? But still," he conceded, "it may be shorter, as in the French Revolution. Perhaps all within a decade. Yet history shows us we should not expect too much. The new fermentations of society are slow in settling, as any social scientist knows."

And now once more I felt my self-control slipping.

"You monster!" I cried. "You monster of science and logic! You foresaw this always from the first. Violence!" I cried. "A reign of terror, lasting decades!"

He merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall revolt!" I cried. "I shall renounce you publicly!"

"Why not," said Plangonev, "now it is all inevitable?" And rose and turned his back toward me.

I turned and stumbled down the dirty stairs into the shrieking, stinking, heat-smitten August street.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PADEREWSKI, PIANIST AND PREMIER

(Continued from Page 9

moment since, that by God he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation. That he had rather be on his farm than be made emperor of the world and yet that they were charging him with wanting to be a king."

I make these parallels between Washington and Paderewski because I believe that they are legitimate; and that as Washington stands in the gallery of immortals as a patriot of almost godlike purity, so Paderewski's ardor for Poland will be recorded for all time as a white flame of sacred ardor, very human in its fuel but very holy in its fire.

I feel that we ought not to be deluded by our nearness, as some of Washington's critics were, but should do as some of Washington's contemporaries did who realized the future and granted supreme laurels while the passionate patriot still lived.

Paderewski is not lacking in such approval. He has a following that reveres him, and even the enemies of his program are generally willing to admit Paderewski's nobility of soul. They try to undermine him as a misguided zealot blinded by worship or as the trusting tool of wicked factionists, imperialists and oppressors. But Paderewski is not likely to be fooled by either party, his adorers or his deprecators. He is a giant of mental and physical strength, a glutton for work, a level-headed administrator with an incessant and irrepressible vivacity, a ready wit and a splendid tolerance for his opponents.

He has need for all his qualities since no patriot ever found his country in such a tangle as Poland. If any man can save her Paderewski is certainly the one because of his peculiar qualities, his amazing magnetism and his ambition to reconcile all the opposing parties.

His work in rousing the Poles in America to their opportunity and to a general unity was tremendous. He wrought not only the artists and the cultured Poles to fervor, but the workmen too. At meetings of coal miners he sat as a brother giving and taking counsel and inspiring poor laborers to prodigies of generosity and sacrifice for the vision he painted them of a Poland once more free, once more glorious.

The success of Poland is perhaps more important to the world's peace than that of any other nation. It must be the firm fire wall to protect Russia from exploitation by commercial Germany, and to protect Europe from the spread of the Bolshevistic plague now raging in Russia.

The Polish situation cannot be understood without a prolonged acquaintance with the peculiarly cruel history of the country and the resultant temper of its people. It cannot be understood without the authority of sympathy. I have at least that qualification.

My own interest in Poland, if the personal reference may be pardoned, began about fifteen years ago when I decided to write a musical novel, and chose a Polish pianist as the hero. Desiring to study the language and familiarize myself with its people and their English dialect, I sought a teacher of Polish from the editor of a Polish paper in New York. Struszkiewicz was the editor's name, and we struck up a friendship lasting till his death some years later. I took only a few lessons, my teacher being a captain in the Russian Army who had deserted rather than fight the Japanese for the Czar who drove so many Poles to their deaths.

I came to know also Alexander Lambert, the eminent teacher of the piano; and Stojowski, the pianist, a pupil of Paderewski's, whom I knew also in Paris. One of my best friends is Sigismond Ivanowski, the painter and illustrator, who was incidentally champion amateur lightweight wrestler of Russia, later aide to Paderewski as a lieutenant holding a commission in the French Army, now a major and aide to Paderewski in Poland.

Through these and other Polish friends I came to know something of the character of the Poles, their history, their legends, their aspirations. I learned their peculiar detestation of the Germans, who were less barbaric in their cruelty than the Russians, but more contemptuous. The Russians treated the Poles as dangerous enemies, the Germans as troublesome swine. The history of Germany's efforts to put an end to the Polish language, to deprive Polish landowners of their land and to destroy all national feeling is one of the blackest pages in the history of any race.

The president of the Polish National Department, John F. Smulski, now an important banker in Chicago, told me that he was branded as a criminal at the age of eight, because he wore to school the four-cornered cap as a national emblem after the Germans had forbidden it. He was whipped almost to death and thrown into jail for forty-eight hours—this at the age of eight!

It was through my acquaintance with Struszkiewicz that I learned of the Polish word *Zal*, which I took for the name of my novel. *Zal* means that peculiarly dark and persistent despair which was a Polish characteristic, because for more than a hundred years Polish pride had known so much demoniac oppression from the three nations that had divided it up a century and a half ago and vied with each other in trying to break its spirit.

Zal was the mood the Pole relapsed into after his moments of hope or forgetfulness. Rebellion after rebellion was crushed in slaughter and a large part of the best spirits were forced into exile. There was no hope on their horizon and their love of country preyed upon them. That was why the Poles became so musical, since music is the consolation of despair, the wine of hope and the shrine of memory.

Coming to know Polish people, their legends and history, not from books but from the living recital, I came to love and admire the race. Incidentally the foreman of my farm for ten years has been a Polish farmer whose qualities are the envy of my neighbors and my own constant admiration.

When on account of my impaired hearing I was refused the privilege of going to France with my old 69th Regiment I secured a swivel-chair emplacement in Washington. And here I drifted into relations with the Poles and their political and military affairs. My acquaintance with them and my sympathy for them led to my appointment as liaison officer with the Polish National Committee and with the Mid-European Union.

Though I cannot speak very fully of what followed I can, without violating any military confidence, say what follows:

Before I was made liaison officer I happened to be talking to a fellow captain who was concerned in a Polish complication. He said: "There's no handling the Poles; they're all politics and dissension, and I don't think we ought to interfere in their squabbles."

I said something to this effect: "It is difficult of course for Americans to understand dissensions. We have always had our independence, while Poland lost hers just before we got ours; in 1772 was the first partition.

"Americans agree perfectly on everything. That is why we have no political parties; that is why our Presidents are always elected and reëlected unanimously; that is why we entered the war instantly without discussion; that is why there are no debates in Congress; that is why the two most prominent Americans, Roosevelt and Wilson, never differed in an opinion. We don't know what it is to have backbiting, charges of selfishness, graft, partisanship, politics, bossism or unkind remarks. Every American agrees perfectly with every other American, and no one ever criticizes another or distrusts his wisdom.

"And yet it seems to me for this very reason we ought to be merciful to the Poles, whose country has been divided up among three hostile nations for just a hundred and forty-six years, each of the three nations trying to outdo the others in persecution; Austria falling behind the others from lack of unity, Russia a poor second from lack of intelligence, and Germany far ahead of all because of her efficiency in everything detestable."

In short—or in long—I made myself thoroughly detestable, but I convinced him and some others that the Poles were no more apt to dissension than ourselves, that such disagreements as they had were inevitable to any proud people, and that they were handling them with as much unity and intelligence as any race could display under the same circumstances.

I also maintained that it was our duty to throw the weight of our influence and to give all possible aid on the side of the Polish National Committee as against any of its opponents, for the simple reason that the Polish National Committee was recognized by the State and War Departments and by our Allies as the official Polish body, and that it was definitely engaged in direct hostilities with Germany, while the factions opposed to it were either half-hearted or suspiciously pro-German or pro-Austrian.

The Polish National Committee was organized in Paris under the chairmanship of Roman Dmowski, but under the inspiration of Paderewski, who then came to America as its American representative and stood in the same relation to us as Lord Reading, Ambassador Jusserand or Ambassador Cellere.

Paderewski and his associates, Ivanowski, Smulski, Znamiecki and many others, were doing their best to raise and train soldiers to shoot Germans. Their opponents were doing their best to prevent or impede this war measure, and I insisted that they were therefore on the two sides of the sharp clear line which to my mind divided good people from bad during the war: those who believed in shooting Germans as fast as possible till Germany surrendered were good Americans or good Allies; and those who did not were bad Americans or bad Allies or good Germans and good enemies.

In times of peace I believe in all the freedom possible to the greatest number. In times of war I believe in the completest

(Continued on Page 93)

Why the Dealer Likes to Sell Lee Union-Alls

IT is a pleasure for the merchant to sell LEE UNION-ALLS because he knows every garment will be a credit to him. There is no twinge of conscience when he says: "It is the best made and most comfortable work garment made." He knows, too, that every single sale of a LEE UNION-ALL means many more sales and that every wearer will be asked repeatedly: "Where did you get that suit? It's just what I want."

If, by chance, your dealer doesn't carry LEE UNION-ALLS, drop us a line and we will tell you where you can get them as well as send you a booklet, fully descriptive of the advantages of LEE UNION-ALLS.

UNION Lee MADE
Union-Alls
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ADDRESS DEPT 1004

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY

KANSAS CITY, MO. KANSAS CITY, KANS.
SOUTH BEND, IND. TRENTON, N. J.

Lee Union-Alls

Not a genuine LEE UNION-ALL unless this design is embossed on the buttons. Look for it. Remember there is only one UNION ALL, the LEE.

Lee Union-Alls
True Comfort, Economy, Safety

Styleplus Wee

Are you back from "over there" with a story we are eager to he
Or did you stand up straight at home and do a job that helped
Either way, the war has given you a new sense for *values*. As n
to be *shown*.

We stage Styleplus Week to give you that chance. It begins
big national scale.

In the stores and windows of our Styleplus merchants from
the new season's fabrics and models will be exhibited.

Men looking for smart style and *real* value will visit these stores,
tried on, and thousands of suits will be bought.

But most of all we want the men of America to examine these
uct of the *Styleplus Idea*. Because this idea explains their exceptional

We *concentrate*. This reduces our manufacturing costs and en
the clothes correct style, expert tailoring, substantial through-and-
moderate price. Style, backed by faithful service!

Soldiers and civilians alike want to measure up to the next man
in action. Dress for the part. Wear Styleplus. Not only will yo
your good judgment will *prove* the man.

Buy your spring Styleplus this week—*Styleplus Week*.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849

Copyright 1919
Henry Sonneborn
& Co., Inc.

Four selections in Styleplus Clo
$25 — $30 — $35 — $40

Ameri
known pr

k—Now

ar?
in just as big a way?
ver before you want

today and is on the

Maine to California,

the clothes will be

clothes as the prod-
values.
ables us to put into
through quality, at

in appearance and
u *look* the man, but

Baltimore, Md.

thes:

ca's only
ced clothes

Styleplus Clothes
$25-$30-$35-$40

This Plug

offers a type best suited for every engine

Do not be deluded by the idea that ANY spark plug is good enough for your engine. To get the best results you should use a plug specially designed to meet the requirements of YOUR engine.

Splitdorf engineers have had eighteen years' experience in answering the ignition needs of all sorts of internal combustion engines. They know wherein each engine differs from the others and have designed plugs to fit every varying need.

One of these Splitdorf Plugs is specially designed to give you better service than any other plug made. Your dealer will gladly show you the type you should use. Ask him also to show you the laterally wound mica core which distinguishes Splitdorf plugs from all other plugs. This mica core is practically indestructible. It cannot crack, chip or leak, and it may be cleaned and recleaned without injuring the plug's efficiency.

We have been manufacturing SPLITDORF Spark Plugs, and other ignition devices, magnetos, etc., for eighteen years and if you are having trouble with plugs of any make the advice of our skilled engineers, with their many years of all-round ignition experience, is free for the asking.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

Manufacturers of AERO, DIXIE and SUMTER Magnetos, Impulse Starters and Plugoscillators

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

(Continued from Page 88)

practicable suppression of all those who prolong the war, impede victory or hamper the fighters and suppliers. It is to me a hideous inconsistency to ask soldiers to surrender their liberties of action, language, comfort, movement and self-control, and if need be their lives, and simultaneously to permit natives or foreigners at home to wag their long tongues or print their seditious papers in perfect safety under the protection of the freedom they will not protect.

A spy may be courageous in his secrecy and an alien cannot help himself, but an American who could not lend his country in its years of supreme torment the help of hand, word or coin ought to shut up or be shut up.

I became therefore as fierce an enemy of the Polish K. O. N. as my small authority permitted.

The K. O. N. began as a general Polish relief movement, but assumed a specific character and particularly opposed the National Committee and Paderewski. "K.O.N." is the abbreviation for "*Komitet Obrony Naradowey*," or Committee of National Defense.

When Mr. Dmowski was in this country I had many talks with him and he explained certain things that confuse the non-Polish as well as the Polish mind.

Mr. Dmowski is as unlike Paderewski as possible. He has had a lifelong political career and was the leader of the Polish Party in the Russian Duma at the time of its demise. He is one of the wittiest men I ever met, amiably satirical, calm almost to frigidity were it not for his exquisite courtesy.

"Poland," he said, "suffers from being a country without a government. If an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Italian comes here and says 'I am a representative of my country, and its policy is thus and so,' you can ask the ambassador of his country who and what he is and whether or not he tells the truth. But any Pole can say what he pleases, and who is to disqualify him?

"Now all Poles wish to be free, but there is a tremendous difference in their ways of going about it. The tripartite division separated the Poles for over a century into three nations under three forms of civilization, all having their influence on their subjects. The Austrians after a time became the mildest in their persecution. They were comparatively liberal. They had to be, for they needed the Polish vote. They preferred to keep us down by stirring up dissensions.

"I foresaw this world war ten years ago and I said to myself: 'What must Poland do to gain her freedom? She must side with one nation or the other. Which way shall she turn? Russia is barbaric. Russia is not a nation; it is a mass of nations, most of them in a very primitive state, many of them bedouins or savages. Russia will fight Germany sooner or later. If the Poles side with Germany against Russia we shall never be free because Germany is such an irresistible organizer. We should be absorbed into Germany. Therefore Germany is our real enemy. Austria is mild, but Austria will side with Germany and be dominated by her.'

"Our one hope of national independence, therefore, was to throw our destinies in with Russia, which also meant with England and France. When I made up my mind I came out frankly and said that Poland must join forces with Russia. I was at the time, if I may be pardoned the statement, the most popular politician in Poland and had the greatest majorities.

"The moment I announced my program I was assailed with fury. My majority fell till I barely succeeded in being elected. People said: 'What, turn against our best friend, Austria, and side with our oldest, bitterest enemy, Russia? You are mad or corrupt. You have been bought over.' When I spoke the crowds shouted 'Rubles! Rubles!' in my face. I was accused of being a Russian imperialist. But I was right.

"Among those who opposed me was General Pilsudski, a fine sincere man—a radical socialist, incidentally. He believed that our hope lay with Germany, and when Germany proclaimed her purpose to establish an independent Poland, Pilsudski believed her. The regency was established, and a Polish Army was called for. Pilsudski was to head it. But he soon found that Germany meant to establish a Poland consisting only of Russia's share of Poland and the Polish Army was to be used for Germany's purposes alone. Pilsudski refused to serve and was thrown into prison."

This cleared my mind of many misunderstandings that still cloud much of the discussion of the Polish cause.

Paderewski and Dmowski both praised Pilsudski. They differ with him politically, as ex-President Taft differs with President Wilson, yet we see both the latter working together for the League of Nations, while other Republicans and Democrats join in opposing it.

It was disconcerting to the critics of Paderewski and Dmowski to see Pilsudski welcome their coöperation in the great task of establishing Poland as a nation first and her political details later.

Pilsudski took command of the Polish troops in Poland and he is calling for the aid of the Polish Army in France under General Haller. This army is made up of Poles taken prisoners from the German armies, wherein they were forced to serve, and of the troops raised in America by Paderewski and his associates. Thirty thousand Poles were recently recruited in Italy from the prisoners of war, and formed with solemn ceremonies before the statue of Garibaldi. Paderewski and his partisans are gathering armies thus while their critics are gathering adjectives of reproach and hurling even these not at Germany, but at Paderewski.

The Passport Photographs of the Paderewskis

Paderewski went to Poland on a British warship, landing at the ancient Polish port of Dantzic. He was made Premier of Poland and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and so recognized by the Allies at Paris. A clash having arisen with Pilsudski over certain policies, Pilsudski resigned. His resignation was not accepted. Thereupon Paderewski resigned, and he also was requested to retain his portfolio. The self-sacrifice implied is characteristic and reveals the true patriotism of both leaders

A vivid picture of Paderewski's return to the land he has done so much for is contained in a letter from his wife to her son, Mr. W. O. Gorski, who permits me to quote it entire:

"WARSAW, January 9, 1919.

"*My dear Son:* At last I have an opportunity of communicating with you by letter telling you how much I miss you both.

"Probably you have read in the papers about our trip to Poland. A British cruiser landed us in Dantzic. From the very moment we set foot on Polish soil worries and sorrows have not ceased to surround us. The unfriendly reception on the part of the Germans in Dantzic, the verbal instructions received from a German general forbidding us to proceed to Posen, the bloody riots which occurred in Posen, which city we visited in spite of orders to the contrary, all these instances were but an illustration of the conditions existing in Poland, even to-day.

"In Posen the Hotel Bazar wherein we stopped was attacked by a German regiment with peculiar and special ferocity. Five dumdum bullets entered Mr. Paderewski's room. During five days we lived in a truly warlike atmosphere. The hotel was transformed into a redoubt. Arms and ammunition were being carried to it day and night. In every window there was a machine gun, and we were defended by our dear Polish soldiers, who stood guard over us without a moment's respite. Most of these brave boys were still wearing the German army uniforms which the Germans had forcibly compelled them to wear during this war. Oftentimes without food, without any general to command them, they accomplished miracles nevertheless. It was these same Poles who had served in the German ranks against their will, who took Gnesen, Inowrazlaw, and disarmed the German garrisons of occupation. And on the night of our departure from Posen they stormed Ostrowo—the frontier town—in order that we might be the first ones to pass from one part of Poland to the other without having to undergo German inspection.

"Neither pen nor words can describe adequately Mr. Paderewski's entry into Posen, Warsaw and Cracow. He was greeted as a savior, a liberator. Such a greeting could only be given by a people whose lot had been slavery for over one hundred and forty years and which is coming back to life and is standing on the threshold of freedom.

"Here in Warsaw to-day the skies are black, as though prognosticating the approach of a storm. I feel terribly depressed. The population is without work, without bread, without any possibility of earning its livelihood, and as a result the cost of living is terribly high—higher than anyone in America could possibly imagine.

"No relief in any shape from outside has reached us so far, though Mr. Kellogg, of the American Commission, has arrived and in spite of the fact that the British have also sent a mission to investigate the conditions. Plenty of investigating committees, but no actual relief in sight. My only trust rests in God, as usual, and that is my sole consolation.

"Mr. Paderewski is overworked. He labors practically day and night, insisting upon reading himself every document he signs, preparing speeches, receiving delegations from every part of the country.

"I am starting a home for disabled Polish soldiers, and am trying to organize all the Polish women into one large society, all of them without distinction as to creed or race, and am binding them into one fraternal relief organization. Shall I succeed? That I shall know within a few days.

"We arrived here without baggage, each one bringing only a small suitcase. It looks as though we shall have to remain here until March, for there is so much work ahead of us and Mr. Paderewski cannot abandon his post. We travel in the private car of ex-Governor General von Besseler. Polish and foreign officers accompany us everywhere. Sentries stand at our door and watch over our safety. It all seems like a fairy tale. What a pity that you could not be with us to witness the rebirth of our dearly loved country.

"The skies are getting darker and darker. The storm is here. I am growing more and more depressed. Yesterday I had a terrible day. I visited the military hospitals where are lying the wounded soldiers brought back from Lemberg, and also the Polish prisoners of war, whom Germany releases now in a condition beyond description. They arrive here half naked in unheated cattle cars and so weakened by starvation that they have to be carried to the hospital. There are thousands and thousands of them and we have no medicine, no hospital supplies worth speaking of. What there is of it must be bought by the ounce, when it is needed by the pound. My heart breaks when I think of it all.

"Pray to God that he grant us to be together once more.

"HELENA PADEREWSKA."

The Polish problem is complicated by various elements, religious and social. Paderewski is doing his utmost to restrict these to their proper subordination.

The K. O. N. represents two creeds which have combined forces: First, the radical socialists; second, the pro-Austrian Poles, who were seriously embarrassed by our declaration of war against Austria and compelled to mask their activities under a pretense that the Paderewski party were anti-American or self-seeking enemies of Poland.

Many of the K. O. N. people are of the extreme radical opinion represented in this country by the I. W. W. To them all governments are tyrannical, all success is oppression. Since they are so dissatisfied with our republican institutions and do not believe in the verdict of the ballots, it is not surprising that they look with hatred on any practicable form of Polish government.

They call themselves liberal, but they are mighty illiberal to anybody who disagrees with them. They receive hearty support from those Americans who are intensely concerned lest this country should be impolite to the Bolshevists, the I. W. W. and the anarchists.

Numerous K. O. N. papers are published in America and they fought the organization of the Polish Army with the most outrageous bitterness, alleging that its success meant the massacre of the Poles in Poland. They were finally warned that their activities were hostile to our own governmental policies and were threatened with suppression. Then they published loud protestations of loyalty to America and to Poland and spoke more guardedly, but their rancor persisted and the cessation of the censorship at the signing of the armistice set them in full cry again.

It was from them and their American sympathizers that the attacks on Paderewski's imperialistic ambitions arose, and continued. Some of them wrote him threatening letters. He showed one of them to me, beginning something like this:

"*Revered Maestro:* You are illustrious beyond praise as a musician, but you should not let the sycophants about you delude you into the insanity that you have ability as a political leader."

Paderewski has pretty well proved his genius in statesmanship, but he walked on thorns to his triumph. He showed the greatness of his heart in his patience with his worst enemies.

There was abundant authority for handling these people under the Espionage Act, but when it was proposed that this one or that should be prosecuted for his seditious activities Paderewski always shook his head, saying.

"He is sincere. He believes what he says. He loves Poland in his own way. I would not like to see any Pole disgraced. All I ask is that they let our army alone, that they quit slandering the brave good men who are volunteering, that they shall be made to cease from interference with recruiting."

The K. O. N. are doubtless sincere. Nearly everybody is. The Tories were sincere in our Revolutionary War, sincerely distrustful of Washington and his associates. But if they had had their way there would have been no republic here.

The score counts after all. The men who fought Germany to a standstill did much that was foolish, vicious, unjust, unkind and discourteous—but they saved the world; and this must always outweigh the other column. The men who opposed the war are very noble and they admit it themselves. But they also have done much that was foolish, vicious, unjust, unkind and discourteous; and they saved only their own self-satisfaction. And this must always outweigh the column in which they inscribe their undeniable merits.

Paderewski and the other Poles cut the Gordian knot of tangled rights and wrongs and aligned themselves with the warriors against Germany. They organized troops, carried on secret correspondence with committees in Poland, laid every possible trap

(Continued on Page 97)

Unretouched photograph of dual Goodyear Solid Tires, which resisted terrific heat from steel-mill furnaces and ran 15,000 miles for Andrews Cartage Company, Cleveland. Inset: One of the ponderous loads carried by Andrews' trucks.

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Fierce Duty, Unusual Mileage

"OUR Goodyear Solid Tires deliver exceptional mileage considering that some of them have withstood the awful heat from steel-furnaces, have run continuously over scrap iron and have been used on trucks pulling trailers carrying up to 30 tons. Mileages to 15,000 in this service surely are creditable. We are re-equipping entirely with Goodyears."—Robert M. Andrews, President, Andrews Cartage Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

IMAGINE a set of truck tires carrying 5-ton loads for six months between steel-mill furnaces where the withering heat from the fire-doors threatened literally to melt their rubber!

That is the sort of testimony to the high merit of Goodyear Solid Tires that comes from Mr. Robert M. Andrews, president of a large trucking company in Cleveland.

Mr. Andrews describes such a set of Goodyear Solid Tires, recounting how they not only resisted this heat but, also, constant and severe punishment from scrap iron over which they were obliged to run from morning until night.

But even these facts do not furnish the whole dramatic story of this set, because they afterward continued in general service at the steel mills for a period of one and one-half years.

Their final and decidedly notable score, for this relentless grind, was 15,000 miles.

In other branches of Mr. Andrews' cartage work, uniformly exceptional mileages are rolled up by Goodyear Solid Tires on trucks that haul crushing dead-weight loads of machinery, raw iron and steel.

Last year some of these Goodyear-equipped trucks pulled trailers carrying huge heat-treating furnaces, weighing from 20 to 25 tons, and other terrific burdens up to 60,000 pounds.

Yet his total report, covering experience with these tires on nine heavy duty trucks always traveling over bad pavements, states that all the Goodyear Solids averaged between 10,000 and 15,000 miles of hard service.

In addition, it includes appreciative mention of a Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station in charge of experienced truck tire men who make recommendations of tire-sizes based on his working conditions, inspect his tires regularly and suggest effective measures of tire conservation.

In other words, Mr. Andrews' whole experience illustrates how the stamina of Goodyear Solid Tires plus the help of the Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station has helped him to keep tire costs down in the face of fierce conditions.

Hundreds of these Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations are located in the industrial centers of the country, where they maintain hydraulic presses and complete facilities for the prompt application and inspection of Goodyear Truck Tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

Look for This Watermark—It is Our Word of Honor to the Public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

The First Watermark

What This Watermark Means to You

WATERMARKS of various kinds were used in paper as early as the year 1282. In the sixteenth century a paper-maker identified himself with his product by using his full name as his watermark. He showed his confidence in his goods, his willingness to stand back of them with his business reputation.

EXACTLY the same significance attaches to the Hammermill watermark. Hammermill is our full name, and it is "Our Word of Honor to the Public." That this word has been scrupulously kept is best evidenced by the fact that Hammermill Bond is today the most widely-used bond paper in the world. It is also the lowest-priced standard bond paper that is made.

Look for the Hammermill watermark when you buy paper for your business requirements. This distinctive watermark identifies a paper made especially to meet the needs of the business man. It is manufactured in a mill built for the purpose of making Hammermill Bond, the first paper of this kind produced in this country. For more than twenty years Hammermill has been making this same product, constantly improving its quality, until now it has earned a place among thousands of users as the standard bond paper for business printing.

Satisfaction and economy both follow when you standardize your printing on the paper which bears the Hammermill watermark instead of trying to choose from a myriad of samples in the field of unknown papers.

Write to us for a portfolio of office forms printed on Hammermill Bond. You will find these forms of interest and value to you, and they will show you Hammermill's twelve colors besides white; its three finishes—bond, ripple, and linen.

Your letterhead will tell us which of our thirty portfolios to send you. We are glad to send the full set to any printer.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 93)

for Germany and Austria and sprung every possible mine under the enemies of Polish freedom. Not the least difficult part of their task was the necessity for enduring the bitter criticism of fellow countrymen who could not agree with them or with anybody.

But all the while Paderewski maintained an attitude of single-hearted patriotism. He was kinder to his enemies than they to him.

Speaking of the K. O. N. reminds me of a visit Paderewski paid to our office on one occasion trying to straighten up the records of a compatriot whose zeal had been combated by the K. O. N. with the accusation that he was a German spy; Paderewski was also accused of being in German pay, though his opera, Manru, had been forbidden in Germany for years because of his outspoken hostility to Germany.

Paderewski tried hard to explain the Polish situation to an excellent officer who had not been initiated sufficiently even to understand the Polish proper names, to say nothing of their improper politics.

At the end of the interview this colonel made a memorandum under Paderewski's eyes: "Paderewski, K. O. N."

This was equivalent to writing "Josephus Daniels, Distiller"; "General Jake Persheim, German-American Alliance"; or "J. P. Morgan, Bolshevist."

The temperamental Paderewski did not fly into a passion. He did not so much as make a protest. He waited till he got out into the hall, where I met him. Then he told me about it and shrieked with laughter. He leaned against the wall suffocating and gasping:

"Paderewski, K. O. N.! Paderewski, K. O. N.!"

The stenographers and clerks, who were always in a panic of enthusiasm when Paderewski called on us, ran out to see who was making all the noise. They thought he had gone mad. But his laughter proved his perfect sanity.

On another occasion he disproved the allegation that he is too temperamental to be a statesman. When I was assistant to the Adjutant General of New York State during the mobilization Mr. David Harvey asked me to interest Governor Whitman in a project to give a great benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House and present the proceeds to Marshal Joffre, then visiting this country, as a gift from him to the orphans of France. Governor Whitman enthusiastically sponsored the plan, and the result was a check for $85,000 from one night's performance. This was then equivalent to 500,000 francs.

Paderewski volunteered to play the piano. Just as he was playing Chopin's Polonaise in A Flat, Joffre arrived and appeared in a box at the back of the house. The whole house rose, turned its back on Paderewski and drowned his music in its uproar of welcome. He continued to play, smiting the keys with terrific energy.

My wife and others were greatly distressed at the discourtesy of the audience to the field marshal of the piano. We were all afraid that his pride would be hurt by the neglect. But Mr. Harvey reported that Paderewski came off the stage aglow with a higher pride, exclaiming:

"What a privilege that I should be allowed to play the triumphal march for the entrance of the lion of France! For he is my general too."

Mr. Gorski told me that he also said:

"I feel a premonition that this is the last appearance I shall make in public as a pianist. *Finis coronat opus.*"

He has not since appeared. The amount of the financial sacrifice he has made for his country can be imagined when it is realized that his regular fee is two thousand dollars a performance and he could easily repeat the records he made when he first came to America and played twice a day for a whole season to enormous throngs. It is not generally known that the profits of that first tour went to his managers, who had him under a contract for two hundred dollars a performance.

During his career he never neglected an infinite toil to perfect himself and practiced sometimes as much as seventeen hours a day. Yet he found time to master several languages and to read so widely as to astound any listener with the wideness and profundity of his information and the apt readiness of his amazing memory. When the Allied Commission visited him in Poland recently he addressed each of the members in his own language.

One Pole, affiliated with the K. O. N., who was ridiculing his "pretensions" to me once, sniffed: "Why, he isn't even a university graduate!"

His critic had prepared himself for leadership by running a skating rink in Warsaw, and by assuming the title of "General" because of certain Red Cross committee work he had undertaken

Then I retorted: "Many a blithering idiot has gone through a university and come out with an unimpaired ignorance and many a great scholar has educated himself outside the universities."

He thereupon sneered: "Paderewski's pretending to act for Poland is as foolish as it would be for John Philip Sousa to represent America abroad."

As a matter of fact Mr. Sousa is a man of extraordinary intelligence, and might quite as well represent us as many of the emissaries we sent. Furthermore, his music swept round the world and has instilled more martial ardor in languid hearts and put more vim into weary feet than the words of a dozen generals.

Paderewski's music has been of a different sort, but he, too, has spoken the universal language and has shown that music is not only compatible with statesmanship but that it is a splendid school for it. It voices racial and national longings as no other speech can, and it both kindles and inflames the embers of patriotism by its divine affiation.

Paderewski was not content to make music alone. He studied the political difficulties of Poland and the wild chaos about her. He was in constant touch with our State Department and with President Wilson, and he secured the promise of our help in the establishment of a strong and independent Poland.

It is not enough to say to the waves of the peoples: "Here are the exact boundaries of the Polish majority of population Do not cross them." Poland must have strength, a seaport and fortresses. If at certain points certain foreign elements are included no harm will be done comparable with the fatality of establishing a Poland without a Dantzic to give her a seaport

Paderewski and his associates have given every guaranty of absolute justice and equality that can be given. The constitution proposed is a combination of the American constitution and the Swiss constitution. An American is helping to draft it

Absolute religious freedom is the answer to the reiterated slanders that he proposes to establish a Catholic tyranny and to oppress the Jews. The Jews have been assured of exactly the same rights that they have in the United States. Some of them claim more than this and go so far as to demand what would amount to a nation within a nation. Others of them deny this and make more reasonable claims

Paderewski told me that he tried to enlist the cooperation of the leading Jews in the Polish cause. When the stories of pogroms began to be circulated the Poles asked to have a commission of Jews, Americans and Poles sent to make the fullest possible investigation.

There have been most regrettable attacks upon the Jews in Poland. There is no justifying them, but a partial explanation is to be found in the prominence of certain Jews in the Bolshevist movement, the hostility of many Jews to Polish independence, and the predominance of Jews among the shopkeepers at a time when the populace is desperate for food and clothes.

The new Polish Government has been repressing persecution with no hesitant rigor. August Zaleski, Chargé d'Affaires for Poland at Berne, stated the outcome

"Fifteen hundred persons were arrested and sixty were executed for taking part in these anti-Jewish outbreaks. A committee of five has been appointed by the Polish Government to sift the matter to the bottom. Two of the committee are well-known Jews, Doctor Hausner and M. Diamand, the latter a former Austrian deputy and leader of Galician socialists The Polish Government has announced that it will pay damages to the families of the pogrom victims. All Polish citizens have equal rights under the present government. The word 'Jew' will not appear in the Polish constitution."

Paderewski told Elias Tobenkin on the steamer crossing to France that the land question, the labor question and others would have close attention as soon as the primal thing was accomplished, the establishment of a government. He proposes that the state buy the land and sell it to the peasants without impoverishing the landholders, who have already suffered much devastation. The labor problem is not menacing, as Poland is so largely agricultural.

Of the Jewish problem he said: "I have never looked upon the Jews of Poland as other than Poles of the Mosaic faith. Religious freedom has always been one of the fundamentals of the Polish constitutions Inquisition has never been put in practice in Poland, even in Europe's darkest days. There has never been a pogrom in Poland. My hope is that in the new Poland the Jews will be just as Polish in their language and culture while staying true to their ancient faith—as the Jews and Poles of America are Americans."

A prominent agitator for Ukrainian interests and very hostile to the Poles—who had withdrawn from the mid-European Union because of the attacks of the Ukrainians on Lemberg told me with an almost joyous enthusiasm that the Jewish pogroms in Poland would have a bad effect on the Polish aspirations.

I called his attention to the fact that Lemberg, where the worst atrocities were alleged, was claimed as a Ukrainian city by the Ukrainians and that Kieff, where the pogroms were invented, was the Ukrainian capital.

A few days later the papers announced wholesale butcheries of Jews by Ukrainians in the all-Jewish city of Berdichef, giving a doubtless exaggerated estimate of several hundred deaths.

A Recruiting Station for the Polish Army in New York City

But the Jewish problem is a difficult one in Poland as in all other parts of the world and, as Mr. Ben-Avi, a Jew from Syria, told me: "The reason most nations are so enthusiastic over the Zionist movement is that they hope the Jews will all go home and debarrass them of their problem."

Another acquaintance is the head and front of Polish offending in the Jewish conflict. He was concerned in an anti-Semitic commercial boycott which caused great bitterness. He told me why it started:

"When Russian persecutions were at their height droves of Jews came over into Poland, which was the first country to treat the Jews liberally and has suffered ever since for its hospitality. These Jewish fugitives naturally turned to shopkeeping, and they so overwhelmed the Poles by sheer numbers and by their relentless undercutting of prices that it came to be a matter of life and death in business. I sided with my own people, and instead of murdering the Jews as the Russians did we boycotted them."

This explanation naturally fails to please the Jews, and many of them are determined to insist on such guaranties as no government would be able to furnish—including a separate districting, with Jewish autonomy, and separate schools where Yiddish shall be taught, these schools to be maintained out of Polish public funds, yet free from supervision. The Poles object that Yiddish is only a German dialect and that it is a perpetuation of German influence to administer schools, courts and other institutions in the German language. Some Jews admit this, notably Mr. Ben-Avi, who thinks that the Hebrews should revive Hebrew—as the Irish have revived Gaelic and should give up Yiddish.

On the other hand, it is almost impossible to interfere with the language of millions of people, and some of the worst cruelties that Poland has suffered have been the result of a determination to outlaw their cherished mother-tongue.

The Jewish problem is therefore a Scylla and Charybdis Strait that will require careful steering. The Jews themselves are not agreed. Many of them have a strong Polish patriotism; to others Polish freedom is a matter of unimportance, if not of regret. In the Polish Diet the Jewish members recently elected are quarreling among themselves. On February twenty-seventh, at Warsaw, according to a press dispatch, during a debate Nathan Levinstein, of Lemberg, a former member of the Austrian Parliament, pointed out to Noah Priluski leader of the Jewish Nationalist Party, that it could not be expected that the Poles would permit a Jewish state within the Polish state. M. Korfanty asked M. Priluski and M. Greenbaum if they claimed New York as Jewish because of its large Jewish population. He said he did not believe that New York Jews would even think of asking for the privilege of forming a Jewish state within the American state

M. Korfanty outlined the Polish national policy, which, he said, promised equality to the Jews

One thing is certain—Paderewski is a man incapable of persecution or of intolerance. The Jewish persecutions have caused him the keenest regret as well as political embarrassment.

In any case the independence of a people cannot be denied because of their internal problem or their misbehavior, otherwise we should lose our own because of the treatment we have given the Indians, the negroes and the Chinese.

The Ukrainian problem is another that has caused bloodshed already The Poles and the Ukrainians are mingled inextricably in parts of Galicia, one population predominating in the country, the other in the cities. Even where the Ukrainians claim a predominance they base their claim on an Austrian census, which counted as Poles only the Catholics, omitting Protestant, Greek Orthodox and Jewish Poles. The Poles insist that Ukrainia is vital to Russian salvation. As Mr. Dmowski told me:

"Ukrainia should be an autonomous people in the United States of Russia. Take Ukrainia away from Russia and you leave that desperate people no outlet to free water except at Archangel, which is frozen during a large part of the year. Russia must have Ukrainia's grain, its mines, its oil, its railroads or the heart will be cut out of it."

Furthermore the Ukrainians were generally in close sympathy with German

(Concluded on Page 101)

This Bascine, a Wadsworth product, is one of the most popular designs for men. Ask your dealer to show you other Wadsworth men's cases

Wadsworth

Perhaps it will be news to you that watch movements and watch cases are seldom made by the same manufacturer.

The designing and making of fine cases is an art in itself, and one so entirely different from movement making that it requires a separate organization to perform it.

For thirty years Wadsworth has been making cases for the watch movements of the leading American movement manufacturers and importers.

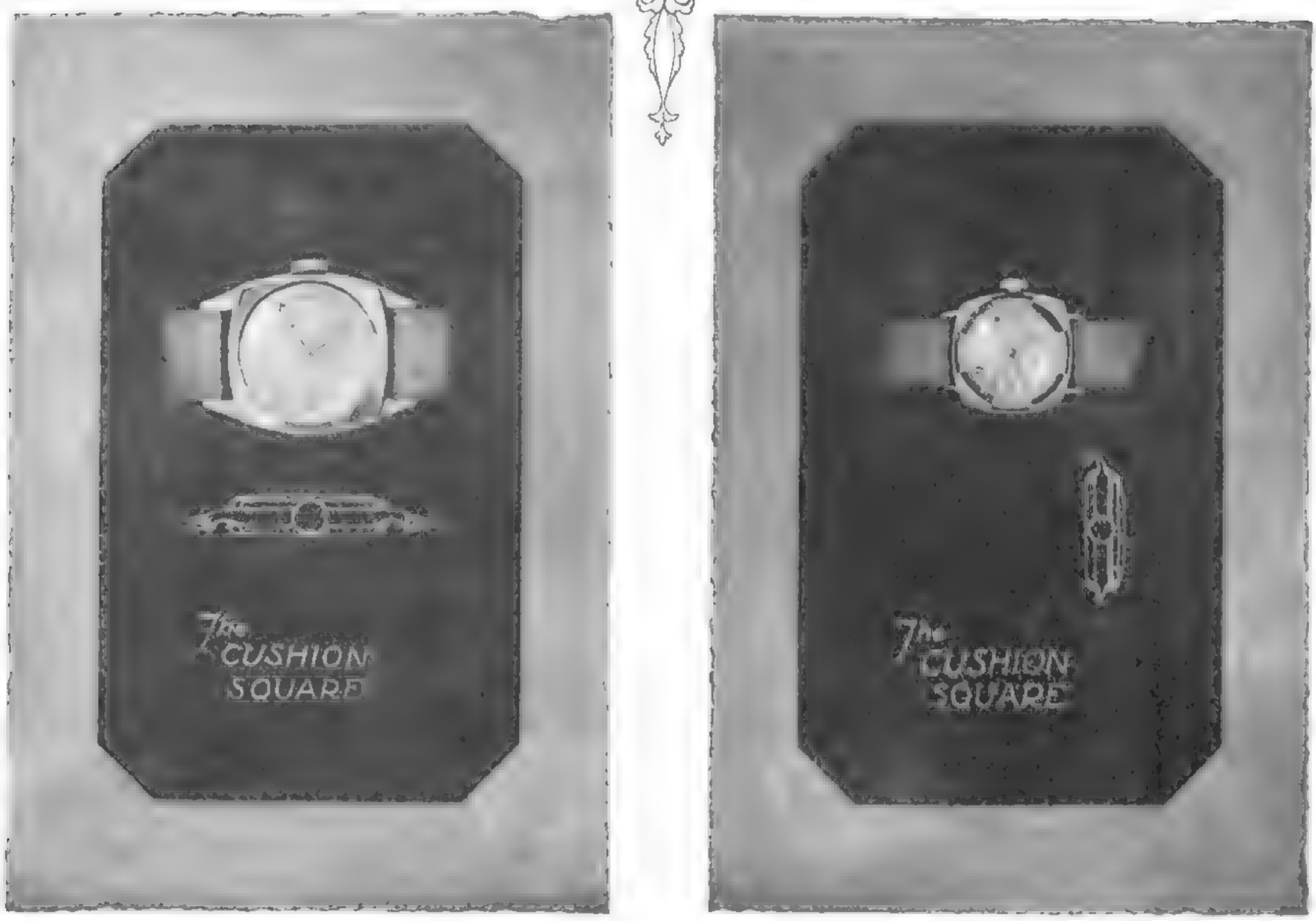
The "dress" for many of the most popular watch models of recent years, both men's and women's, has been a Wadsworth Case. Indeed, it has been said that much of the growing appreciation of the watch as a beautiful article of personal wear, as well as a timekeeper, has been due to the contribution Wadsworth has made to the watch industry.

And any jeweler will tell you that the name Wadsworth on a watch case is all the guarantee you need that you are getting the best possible in materials and workmanship at the particular price you are paying

Wadsworth Case Models are reproduced in gold, gold-filled and silver. Some are exclusively designed for particular movements, especially in women's watches. Many others are made and are available for any standard size movement.

Select any good movement that you prefer in a Wadsworth Case, and you may be sure that you will have complete watch satisfaction.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio
Factories, Dayton, Ky.



The Cushion Square is an example of the way Wadsworth adapts an original design to the use of both men and women. The larger watch case above is a sturdy men's strap watch. The smaller case follows the same motif as the man's watch, with those added touches which make it truly feminine

Cases for Fine Watches

When it comes to buying new "duds"—

soldiers and civilians alike will not be easily satisfied. For they will want more than mere style and fit and fabric. They will demand what the war has taught to be so essential—*Value*—

And in Michaels-Stern VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES they will find it.

For more than fifty years every detail of the making of Michaels-Stern Clothes—the styling, the cutting and the tailoring—has been guided by the ideal of *value*—giving the most for the money.

SMALL wonder that during the trying times of last year, more men than ever bought these clothes. And this season, men who have learned the war-time lesson of *value* will again turn to Michaels-Stern VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES.

"WHAT Good Clothes Did For Me"—a success-story reprinted from the American Magazine will be sent free on request. Address Michaels, Stern & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Michaels-Stern

VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

$25 to $60—At VALUE-FIRST Dealers

(Concluded from Page 97)

ambitions, and made an early peace with the Germans. How the Germans felt and feel about Ukrainian and Polish ambitions and their interest in the outcome is vividly shown in an editorial which came to me, translated from the Frankfurter Zeitung of February 16, 1918:

THE POLISH QUESTION

"VIENNA, February 15, 1918—The continued threatening attitude of the Poles has led to a general change of attitude in the leading circles of the Central Powers. The 'Austro-Polish' solution was practically given up.

"A resentful Pole who is flirting with the Entente must not have a weapon put into his hands. The possibility that new Russia will take the leadership—with possible mental reservations—and carry on Greater Bohemian politics with the Czechs should be avoided.

"Perhaps the independent republics of Livonia, Esthonia, Lithuania and the Ukraine, which would be on friendly terms with the Central Powers, would suffice to cut Poland entirely off from Russia.

"Strategic protective measures on the Weichsel-Narew line have also been considered. The union of the former Grand Duchy of Warsaw with West Galicia would then be eliminated. Should the Galician Poles go over to the antigovernment opposition a change should be made in the election procedure in Galicia, where the Poles have until now enjoyed many advantages and where the Ukrainians and Jews will from now on form the support of the Austrian Government.

"Count Czernin would still like to cling to the Austro-Polish solution, but stands practically alone in the monarchy, and one might say that unless a change of mind is manifested in the Poles at the eleventh hour the entire combination is finished. Of course under the circumstances there is not so much talk of Middle Europe as formerly. In spite of all some of the agreement will be adhered to."

Professor Masaryk is generally recognized as one of the great statesmen of his time, the father of the principle of self-determination by races, a beautiful principle which he admits cannot be carried out without certain sacrifices and compromises.

If, by the way, Masaryk, a college professor, could become the president of Czecho-Slovakia, and the former teacher of French in a Connecticut girls' boarding school, Clemenceau, the "Tiger," could be premier of France, there would seem to be no particular reason why a pianist should not be a good premier for that intensely musical country, Poland.

Professor Masaryk and Mr. Dmowski clashed in the United States as the troops of their nations have clashed on the battlefield recently. I heard Professor Masaryk describe his struggles with his conscience over starting the Czecho-Slovak revolution. He knew it would cost many lives. But he made the decision and started the creation of the new-old nation combining two kindred races. As he phrased it in his timid English:

"Thees deceesion was more hard like now."

So Paderewski took the step that resulted in the formation of the Polish National Committee in the fall of 1917. It was his own idea and he came over from Paris to enlist the aid of the United States. But already, on November 22, 1916, he had protested against Germany's creation of a so-called Independent Poland. The Germans would not even announce the borders proposed.

This protest of Paderewski's roused the indignation of many Poles in this country who believed that Poland should take what was given and not risk demanding more. The Germans set up a mock kingdom with a council of regents, made up of honorable men, whom the Allies could not recognize because of their German affiliation. As Paderewski put it: "The voice of the regency could not be heard behind the German guns."

So the National Committee decided to put it to the test and win or lose it all. The result is thus far glorious.

Professor Masaryk told me at his house in Washington that the Poles would have to appease the Jews and the Ukrainians if they hoped to succeed. There have since been reports of Jewish slaughters in Czecho-Slovakia.

A quaint and unconscious inconsistency was revealed in President Masaryk's otherwise splendid policies when he said: "The Ukrainians are determined that Poland shall not have Lemberg and Przemysl. Rather than give them to Poland the Ukrainians have offered to come into Czecho-Slovakia. That would be very nice, as you see by the map, for it would bring our boundaries right up to Rumania."

The dear man seemed unaware that he was forsaking his own sacred principle of self-determination. It was bad when it meant an enlargement of Poland's boundaries, but it was good if it enlarged Czecho-Slovakia.

There are territorial difficulties in Silesia, in Lithuania, in Posen and about Dantzic.

Paderewski believes that Dantzic is absolutely necessary and that it belongs to Poland. He does not want East Prussia, but finds little weight in the argument that it would be isolated if Dantzic were given to Poland. It would be as accessible to Germany by sea as any island. The Germans made no difficulty about accepting Helgoland as a gift. In any case, it seems to me supremely ridiculous to make any bones about isolating a small piece of Prussian ground when it means Poland's life, especially as the Prussians were willing to isolate or absorb anybody and everybody.

Paderewski believes that the Lithuanians and Ruthenians should be given autonomy, but as part of a strong Poland in order that they may be protected from Germany and Russia. As he puts it: "It is much easier to devour an artichoke leaf by leaf than to swallow it whole."

But the purest-minded humanitarian, superior soever to the petty ideals of patriotism, would find it impossible to draw a map to suit himself, to say nothing of the feelings of the numerous races that have grown careless of death and privation and have had old grievances wakened to new bitterness by the sudden hope of freedom.

Those who dreamed that this war would see the end of war have seen what history has always shown—that one great war brings on many small ones, and that peace is far harder to make than war. The world is like Job writhing in an outbreak of boils upon boils.

One of the necessities for an approach to peace is a strong Poland. The beginning has been already made and progress may be reported.

Whatever the future may do or undo, the first premier of the first Poland for a century and a half was the pianist, Paderewski. He gave his toil, his wealth, his art, and his magnificent genius to the upbuilding of an army and a government in foreign lands ready to be moved into the country at the first moment.

He entered Poland on a battleship and faced death in the turbulent mobs. The same conciliatory nobility that enabled him to form a united Poland abroad gives reason to hope that he will continue his success at home.

He has already earned his niche in the gallery of the Washingtons of mankind.

ITALY, JUGOSLAVIA AND THE ADRIATIC

(Continued from Page 26)

It would be all very well and good perhaps, and Italy might be held by the people to the practice of the principles she indorses, if the worshiping humble ones did not come forth from their prayers and shout *"Evviva Italia!"* in response to purely official interpretations of Wilsonian utterances.

They are told that in all the territories now demanded by Italy there are thousands of their blood brothers who were directly referred to by the President when he expressed his belief in the right of peoples to self-determination, and that thanks to Italy's glorious victory these brothers who have groaned for generations under the galling yoke of abominable alien misrule are now to be "redeemed and restored to the heart of their Mother Italy."

"Evviva Italia! Viva Veelsohn!"

The object of all the propaganda, and especially that part of it that is translated into English for British and American consumption, is to justify Italian ambitions. To create an impression that you are marching in one direction when you are moving rapidly in exactly the opposite direction requires some skill in wholesale hypnotism. An Indian fakir who is able to throw a rope into the air and attaching it to nothing but the atmosphere hold it there while a full-grown boy climbs to the top of it might be able to create such an impression in the mind of an admiring audience, but for such a performance the Italian lacks the requisite "communion with the gods."

They talk more than all the other Allies combined about their "sacrifices" in the war—which everybody knows turned out to be very great and which were in many instances very fine. Her sacrifices, then, are Italy's starting point, and from this point the Italians build up an amazing argument. They declare to begin with that they entered the war on exactly the same principles that were laid down by President Wilson as America's basis of participation, and they thank him for expressing so perfectly the sentiments that animated them throughout the conflict.

Says one earnest writer whose product is given to the world through the government agency:

"The generous people of the North American Republic who have spontaneously entered upon the gigantic European struggle by the side of the Allies are now in a psychological condition which enables them better than any other nation to understand and to appreciate the ideal reasons which, in May, 1915, induced Italy to embark voluntarily on this war.

"Both in the case of Italy and in that of the United States of America the reasons which persuaded the people to go to war were, above all, ideal reasons. They may be summed up in the desire which the two nations had in common of contributing to the triumph of right and justice over the Central Empires, which consider might as synonymous with right. The military philosophy of the Austro-Germans openly proclaimed that whoever possesses the necessary strength to subjugate others is entitled to do so without committing any injustice. But this monstrous conception aroused the indignation of all civilized peoples. From this point of view whoever understands the motives of the United States in entering the war likewise understands the reasons that determined Italy to cast in her lot with the Allies."

Then he proceeds in a "however" strain to explain that though Italy really entered the war on purely idealistic principles there were at the same time certain political considerations that were bound to influence in some degree the Italian decision. There were!

After the inclusion of Italy in the Triple Alliance and during the years of "Germano-Italian collaboration in industry, in finance, in education, in every field of human activity"—to quote another propagandist—the unredeemed-provinces question became so much a dead issue that it was seldom even mentioned. Now, however, the smoldering spark has become a conflagration, and one is surprised to learn that throughout the years there have always been groups in Italy pledged to the task of keeping it alive and of fanning it into flame the moment an opportunity might present itself to attack Austria.

Which is quite all right, I suppose, except that one doesn't like to have such considerations confused with high principles as they have recently been defined and as the Peace Conference is supposed to be trying to apply them.

In stating the Italian case in the Adriatic question, one of the governmentally employed has this to say:

"We must not lose sight of the fact that the real economic motive of this cruel war was the Austro-German plan for getting possession of the Eastern markets, and we must bear in mind that as long as any one of the routes to the East remains open Teutonic Mitteleuropa will do everything in its power to resume its efforts in that direction.

"There are two routes from Central Europe to the East: One crosses the Balkan Peninsula and leads to Saloniki or else continues via Constantinople and Bagdad to the Persian Gulf; the other route is via the Adriatic; it is quick and convenient and though it does not admit of the rapid realization of vast plans it would afford the Central European Powers every opportunity of laying fresh snares in the future.

"It is absolutely necessary therefore that some great Power should undertake to bar every outlet in this direction. Fiume is one of the most important of these outlets and there seems to be some danger of its being left open. To prevent this it should be given into the custody of Italy. An Italian Fiume makes for the interest not only of Italy but of the whole civilized world, being contrary to the interests of German militarism.

"If we assume that Triest, Istria and Dalmatia are to be taken away from Austria, Germany must be prevented from carrying out at Fiume through either Austria or some one of the states constructed on the ruins of Austria-Hungary the schemes she will have been forced to relinquish. Fiume in the hands of any other Power than the one possessing Triest could annihilate the great economic advantage which the possession of Triest offers to Italy and her Allies, and would thus benefit Germany. The guardianship of the Adriatic cannot be intrusted to a small Power without running a serious risk, since such a Power would not possess the means necessary for the efficient discharge of such a grave responsibility."

I have never once heard or seen Serbia referred to as an Ally in the Italian propaganda, and the project of the erection of a strong Jugoslav state under Serbian sovereignty is persistently ignored.

Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian and philosopher, is neither an apologist nor a professional propagandist. He can be depended on to look for kernels of truth, but even he presents in a notable book that is intended for the edification of the world a mass of contradictions. To quote him briefly:

"As for the line to be taken up by Italy, the government had come to the conclusion that she could not remain merely a spectator for an indefinite period; further that the government ought to take advantage of this excellent opportunity of settling the question of the Unredeemed Provinces—a question at once national and strategical—that this question should be settled diplomatically if possible, but that if diplomacy failed Italy should have recourse to arms. Accordingly on December 9, 1914, Sonnino opened negotiations with Austria-Hungary by requesting that the conditions contained in Article Seven of the Treaty of Alliance be carried out. This article laid down that any act which disturbed the balance of power in the Balkans, whether performed by Italy or Austria, would entitle the other Power to compensation. By declaring war on Serbia, Austria had disturbed the balance of power in the Balkans, thus giving Italy the right to compensation.

"What had happened? The mystery is now revealed in part. Since December the government had been negotiating with Austria without, however, coming to any arrangement. . . . It took time to induce Austria to admit the possibility of a discussion based on Article Seven, and further time to induce her to make any proposals. What she offered was much less than Italy asked. Moreover the question as to when the agreement would be carried into effect was a source of great difficulty. On April twenty-sixth the government signed an agreement with the Triple Entente, valid if Italy declared war within a month. The government had decided to hurry events and declare war without delay if Austria would not accede to Italy's demands. On May third, Austria having refused to yield, the government denounced the Triple Alliance."

Ferrero reveals that Italy obtained from the Entente a month's leeway for further negotiations with Austria, though a few pages before this he says:

"It was in vain that the German ambassador offered the Italian Government Tunis and two milliards of francs and that the military attaché tried to convince Cadorna that it was a matter of a short and easy campaign, and that 'in six weeks the whole thing would be over.'"

In trying to meet Sonnino's demands during the month's leeway Von Bulow agreed to correct the Austro-Italian frontier more or less in conformity with Italy's

(Concluded on Page 105)

Your Car–Your Roads and Your Tires

There are two factors which determine the best tires for your use. One is your car. The other, the roads your car travels.

With these two points clearly in mind, any United States Tire Sales and Service Depot Dealer can provide you with tires that will give you the long, uninterrupted service you want and should have.

Experience has taught us that no one tire will meet all the varying conditions faced by American motorists.

That's why we build *five distinct types* of United States Tires—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. A tire for every need of price or use. In this way, we make it possible for every American motorist to have good tires that will meet his individual requirements to perfection.

Look up our nearest Sales and Service Depot Dealer. Talk over your driving conditions with him. He will tell you which United States Tires are exactly suited to your needs. Then standardize on them.

For passenger and light delivery cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for cycles, airplanes and solid tires for trucks.

United States Tires are Good Tires

IPSWICH SERIES HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

THE reputation and *experience* that come from doing one thing well for 97 years, stand behind every pair of Ipswich Hosiery.

Ipswich Mills have increased their production of hosiery of the sensible kind. By sensible we mean hosiery that looks well, fits well, wears well and sells at a moderate price. SERVICE knitted into every stitch. Let the Ipswich trademark be your guide to hosiery satisfaction. Every dealer carries Ipswich Hosiery or can quickly get it for you.

IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass. Founded 1822

Oldest and one of the largest Hosiery Mills in the United States

IPSWICH HOSIERY

(Concluded from Page 101)

desire; he agreed to the withdrawal of Austrian influence in Albanian affairs and to permit Italy to take from Albania the bay and port of Avlona; he agreed to make Triest a free city and to cede to Italy certain of the Dalmatian islands, and he promised the restoration to Italy, in case of an Austro-German victory, of Malta, Corsica and Nice, with Tunis thrown in for good measure.

On England's part the London Pact so called was undoubtedly a desperate means to a necessary end. Serbia could not but refuse to sign it because it was an invasion of Jugoslavian rights and a compromise with Italy's policy, which spelled danger for Serbia and took into consideration none of the historic facts now rising up to confront it.

Nobody has ever questioned Italy's right to the Trentino, while her claim to a defendable frontier at the crest of the encircling Alps north and east is recognized as a just one. This frontier would give her Triest, and with Triest would naturally be included the west coast of the Istrian Peninsula with the town of Pola, which dominates the Quarnero and therefore the gulf and port of Fiume, and gives to Italy as complete control of the Adriatic as would be necessary to her safety under any imaginable circumstances.

But the London Pact gives her the right to annex everything west of the Dinaric Alps, to turn the Adriatic Sea into an Italian lake and to shut off from free access to salt water all the interior peoples of South Europe, the immediate victims being not the Germans, to whose predatory propensities the attention of the world is so persistently called, but the Jugoslavs, including the Serbs, to whom the Allied world owes as much consideration for service rendered—in proportion to their ability to serve—as the Italians can rightly demand.

It is quite impossible to get accurate statistics with regard to the division of the populations along the Adriatic coast, because everybody is lying more or less, and one cannot strike a satisfactory average because there is no uniformity even in the falsifications. There is one fact, however, which asserts itself and which cannot be denied, and that is that the Italian groups in the populations are confined to the cities and towns, while the rural population is almost one hundred per cent Jugoslav.

But even in some of the cities they have to admit the numerical superiority of the Slavs. They say, however, that this superiority is due to "artificial immigration" and to Austria's systematic process of "crushing Italianity" within her borders.

The Slavs on the other hand declare that at least fifty per cent of the people who are included in the Italian-nationality statistics are renegades of Croatian or other Slav blood who have been educated by the Italians and drawn into Italian economic interests to such an extent that Italian sovereignty is to them a personal advantage.

During Italy's war of liberation the Austrians hanged six hundred-odd men for what they were pleased to call "high treason." An Italian writer harks back to this fact and banks it in with exclamation points. Then he goes on to say:

"From 1866 to 1917 Austria has set up the gallows for her foreign subjects only six times." No exclamation points! "This would seem to mark an improvement in the civilization of this decrepit and anachronistic Empire; but since 1866 the gallows has not been the sole instrument of death made use of by the Austro-Hungarian executioners. Furthermore, those who have been executed have at least ceased to suffer; but those who live under a bitter yoke, in the most debasing slavery, are perhaps yet more to be pitied!

"This slavery has been the lot of the Italians of the regions of the Adige, of the Julian Veneto, of Fiume, of Dalmatia. Deprived of schools, forced to work against their own Italian native land, banished from their province whenever suspected of nourishing Italian sentiments, they have endured for many long years a real martyrdom.

"A tremendous instrument in the war waged in the past against the Italians subject to Austria has been the Croatian. Hatred against the Italian has for many decades been artfully stimulated in the Croatians, and the latter have waged a fierce war of suppression and violence against the Italians of Julian Veneto, of Fiume and of Dalmatia."

The simple truth being that Austria-Hungary was far more afraid of Slavian discontent than of Italian intrigue within her borders. The Italians themselves, when they acknowledge the numerical superiority of the Jugoslavs, claim a right to ignore it on the ground that the Italians in the disputed localities are "superior in culture" and therefore more valuable citizens. At the same time they accuse Austria of having deprived them of schools. But in this regard the government was more generous with the Italians than with the Slavs and appropriated considerable sums for the maintenance, in the territories where there were Italian groups, of schools in which Italian was the language of instruction. Far be it from me to defend Austria, but she has enough sins to answer for without inventing any. She did refuse to establish an Italian university, but the demand for it cannot impress an American as being anything but unreasonable.

I was talking about such things with a Jugoslav at Fiume the other day and he seemed to think that the Austrian Government had been very wrong and that the Italians should have had their university. I said to him: "Do you know that in the city of New York there are something like five hundred thousand Italians?"

"I have heard so," he replied.

"And do you imagine for one moment that we maintain Italian schools for them?"

He looked positively astounded, and his reply was explosive:

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't!"

"Certainly not! How is a country to establish unity among its people, to say nothing of uniformity, if it keeps the various elements separated through education and the granting of special privileges?"

"But how do the Italians get an education?"

"In American schools of course, in which the language of instruction is the language of the country. American schools don't turn out Italians and Germans and Poles and Russians and Slavs and what not. They turn out Americans."

He looked slightly bewildered, then he heaved a great sigh, as though he had seen a light afar off, but was still in the dark.

In bolstering up their demand for Fiume and the Dalmatian coast the Italians meet with a good many difficulties, but "Culture, geography and history," they declare, "are the factors which detract from the purely numerical importance of statistics in those parts where they seem unfavorable to the Italians."

They base their historic claims in the Roman Empire and cap them with Venetian control in the Adriatic, which came to an end in 1797.

The Croatians say: "They dare talk to us about the rule of Venice! In the first place the Venetians to this day hate to be called Italians; and if you will look at our denuded hills where once there were beautiful forests you will see the only mark of her sovereignty that Venice ever left on us!"

The Italians say: "France appeals to the wishes of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine as expressed in the famous proclamation of Bordeaux in 1871. What the Germans have done in the interim to denationalize the two provinces simply does not count any more than what has been done by Austria in Dalmatia and Fiume since 1797."

Then there is the geographic argument: "All the lands lying west of the watershed which divides the affluents of the Danube from the rivers which flow into the Adriatic are geographically Italian," and they quote an English writer, Col. Sir Thomas Holdich, who respectfully submits that "Physical geography ought to occupy the very first position where the question is one of political agreements involving territorial concessions, and the distribution of races ought to have but a secondary importance."

When you ask an Italian what the Jugoslavs are going to do for an outlet on the sea after Italy has annexed every port on the Adriatic he is apt to say: "Saloniki is the natural port of the people east of the Dinaric Alps and south of Austria."

"Saloniki is a long haul from the upper side of the Danube and the Save; it's a long way from the principal markets of the world; and besides it belongs to Greece."

"Well, geographically it is Serbia's natural outlet, and Serbia ought to have it."

"One did not say Serbia. One said Jugoslavia! Fiume is the natural outlet for Jugoslavia, as for all the middle interior peoples. By annexing every port on the Dalmatian coast you make the blockade complete. You take Cattaro, along with its snug little neighbor, Perasto; you take Ragusa, Trau, Spalato, Sebenico, Zara—everything! You build up against the interior peoples an economic barrier that makes the Dinaric Alps look like molehills, a barrier that will have to be scaled by the interior peoples with ladders of thorns on their side and with ladders of gold set up by them on yours. How long do you think you can maintain peace on such a basis? And anyhow why don't you say that your real desire and intention is to control the commerce of the Adriatic?"

This I said to an Italian, and it was with a perfect magnificence of gesture that he reminded me of Italy's generosity in leaving to the Jugoslavs some two hundred kilometers of coast between Fiume and the head of the Dalmatian strip.

"True, there are no harbors on this coast; but if the Jugoslavs want a harbor they can make one!"

And maybe they can. Under Austro-Hungarian direction they made the ports of Triest and Fiume, and they are both magnificent—orderly, clean, finely built and splendidly equipped. But at Triest and Fiume they had sheltering headlands and islands to build behind, while on the Adriatic coast that is theirs without dispute there is not an indentation that would offer protection to a rowboat.

What do you suppose the Peace Conference will do?

IT HAS THE LOOK OF POWER · · · BUT THAT IS NOT

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

REPUBLIC

Built by the Largest Manufacturers

WHAT HAS MADE REPUBLIC FLEETS GROW GREATER

Its Deeds outdo even its Powerful Promise

THIS may be truly said of each "Yellow Chassis" Republic that we make:

Good and powerful as it *does* appear, its greatest qualities are unseen. The eye cannot *see* how much terrific power can be linked to such ease of handling—and to such economy, too. It does not *see* the tireless and intensive effort of our steel experts to choose good steel. Nor does it see the tests and re-tests given to each Republic—which to many truck makers would seem needless.

The eye cannot immediately see, perhaps, all the advantages the truck possesses in being made by the largest truck-making concern in the world which produces trucks alone. It cannot see our own will to build trucks faithfully, nor know the ready service of our more than 1400 service stations, nor the advantages of study provided our engineers by the more than 50,000 Republic Trucks that are now in use.

Yet these things surely have their share in the making of a more greatly useful truck. We know that in terms of greater truck-life and greater power these things count.

* * *

You should ask one of our 1400 dealers to show you a Republic, and to tell you of those whose Republic fleets have grown from a single truck Republic Trucks *do* serve.

There is a Republic Truck for every hauling requirement.

Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan

The "Yellow Chassis" Trucks
that serve so well

[illegible]	Special Worm Drive	$[illegible]
Model [illegible]	[illegible] with Express Body	[illegible]
Model [illegible]	[illegible] Ton [illegible]	[illegible]
Model [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Model [illegible]	[illegible] Ton chassis	[illegible]
Model [illegible]	[illegible] Ton [illegible]	[illegible]

F. O. B. Alma, Michigan

TRUCKS
of Motor Trucks in the World

The Jeffery-Lemon Internal Gear Drive—used in all Republic Trucks, delivers 100% of engine power to the wheels. We know of no other type of drive that delivers as much. Exclusive and separate Lemon Wheel Brakes—used on all Republic Trucks, are protected from water, mud and dirt—the brakes grasped with Powerful, Wide Faced steel shoes on which loose dirt or

"Gilmer" from Boll to Belt

There is definite Gilmer Responsibility and Service to every user of Gilmer Endless Belts and Belting.

It begins with the raw cotton as it leaves the cotton-boll; it reaches its climax in the finished, Gilmer-branded Belts and Belting—equal to any service that any belt can render; equal to satisfactory service under working conditions where many other belts fail.

From cotton-boll to branded belt, every process is "Gilmer." Gilmer mills spin Gilmer yarns; Gilmer looms weave Gilmer Belts and Belting to full width and weight; a separate Gilmer finishing plant conditions the Woven Endless Belts and Belting.

Gilmer conditioning includes thorough impregnation with the Gilmer protective compound. This compound makes Gilmer Belts and Belting immune to harm from oil, water, acid fumes, heat or steam under working conditions; increases friction grip, resists wear and prolongs life of belt, and eliminates troublesome stretch. Any lacing may be used with Gilmer Belting.

Gilmer Endless Belts and Belting demonstrate their superiority under the following conditions:

Conveying wet materials, as wet sand or concrete, because Gilmer products are completely impregnated with water proof compound

In outdoor service, because unaffected by weather conditions

Where subject to frequent shifting, because the solid weave and binding compound prevents wear and fraying of edges.

On small pulleys, two inches and upward in diameter, because the Gilmer solid weave adjusts itself to the arc of small as well as large pulleys

Where exposed to oil or grease, because Gilmer impregnating compound gives perfect immunity

Where presence of dust or grit would be harmful to other belts.

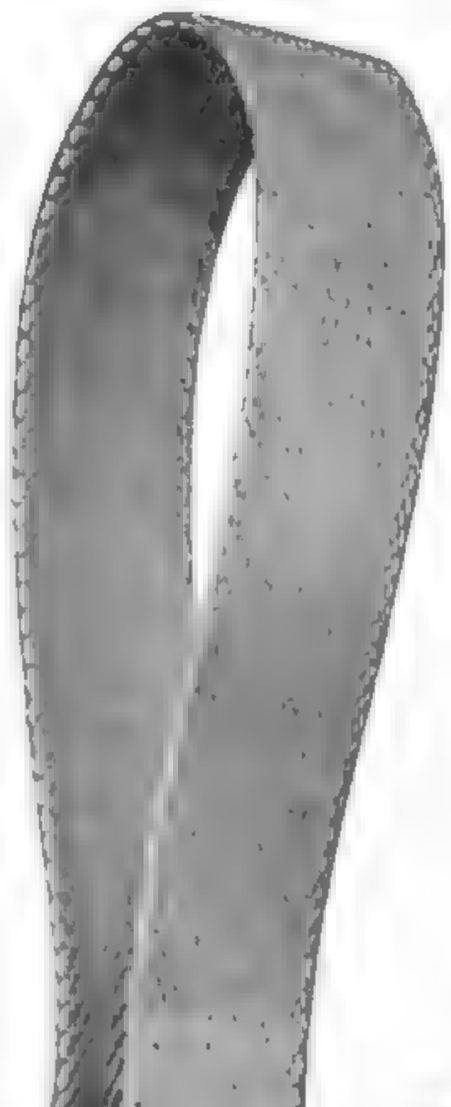
Where fluctuation of load is severe, because high co-efficient of friction permits running belt at minimum tension.

Under working conditions of heat or moisture, where other belts would crack or stretch

At high speeds, because uniform thickness and weight gives perfect balance and avoids vibration and "slap."

Buy Gilmer Endless Belts and Belting from best mill supply and belt specialty houses, or direct.

Distributors: Some domestic territory is now open; also representation in certain export fields.



L. H. Gilmer Company
Philadelphia
Detroit Chicago
Milwaukee

Export Department:
136 Liberty Street, New York

Manufacturers of Woven Endless Belts, Belting, Tape and Webbing for all purposes

Gilmer
WOVEN PRODUCTS
PHILADELPHIA

A FIRST MOVE TOWARD LAW AND ORDER IN RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 20)

who could do so left isolated suburbs and villages and went to live in the larger towns, where crowded and in intense discomfort they went on from day to day. Nerves suffered terribly from the strain, and men watched anxiously over their women and children, trying to keep up courage, to protect the old and delicate from shock, and to educate and bring up young people in circumstances far too abnormal to be healthful.

Yet the living forces in our Russian race had not died completely out, for as early as last October a meeting of representatives of the municipalities and of the country districts was held and it was then and there decided to make an effort toward the reconstruction of Russia, beginning with the Crimea in a small way. During the next month—until the last of November—this movement struggled against the government of the Khan Sulkévitch, who was still upheld and protected by German troops; but when the armistice was signed with our old Allies, in November, the enemy found himself no longer strong enough or willing to support his protégé and Sulkévitch was persuaded to resign from his post in favor of a new local ministry, provisionally formed, and now still ruling the Crimea, which hopes for Allied coöperation and aid.

This ministry declared it took and held the power only provisionally, until such time as Russia should be one state with a chosen, fixed and popular form of government. Wherefore this governing group was composed not of Crimean elements alone but of all the material that could be used for the promotion of law and order in the land, without any reference to the previous places of residence, or the political opinions of its various elements. A strange conglomeration these men made, if regarded from the point of view of party politics, either in ancient days or in those of the revolution. All were sincere, energetic and capable, men of great ideas; and all were practical patriots, their one present aim being to keep this corner organized and safe for life and property; also, to create a feeling of love of country, with a small, well-oiled administrative machine, which would be ready and at hand on the day when, God willing, Bolshevism and German influence should be overthrown together; and when one might hope to see our Russia breathe again, reborn to a new life.

Bark and His Followers

The ministry as formed provisionally is headed by a prime minister, Krymm, the representative of the Crimea in the first Duma, and later also in the Council of the Empire. Vinaver, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Nabokoff, Minister of Justice, are both St. Petersburg men, also ex-members of the Duma, and they had been elected to represent their districts in the great revolutionary constituent assembly which never came off. Incidentally, toward the end of the old régime they had both been elected members of the Russian national senate. They had been much in the Crimea, and knew that country well. In this young government Bogdanoff holds the portfolio of the Interior, and he also was in the Duma for a long time, and since the revolution he had been named commissioner of the Crimea. These men were all of the Liberal Cadet Party in old days and are democratic in opinion, but not socialists; but the latter group also have voices in the new organization, for there is a Revolutionary Socialist Minister of Public Instruction, Doctor Nikonoff, elected to the unborn constituent assembly by his radical party, and since then elected acting provost of Sebastopol. Bobrowsky, Minister of Public Works, is a Social-Democrat; and Stewen, Minister for Trade and Commissariat, is well known to all the Crimea. Admiral Kanine, ex-commander of the Black Sea Fleet, also had a brilliant revolutionary career, and he took the portfolio of Marine. There is no retrograde element and no Bolshevik in the cabinet which was formed.

Bark, ex-Finance Minister, with a group of followers had wished early to reëstablish some sort of security in the economic world, and he had formed an independent financial committee, for Crimean interests mainly. He was elected its president, and was then asked to hold out a hand through his association to the new effort of government. Gladly this was done, for now, as in old days, Bark was liberal and patriotic, quite ready to offer the strength of his power and his association's resources in the country's service. Suzonoff, equally brave, enthusiastic and wide in his views consented to go abroad and represent to the Allies Russia's needs and miseries; he would plead for their help, so sorely needed now, to keep this great new effort alive.

At its birth the young government called upon the inhabitants of the province to uphold it, by a proclamation which, freely translated, read:

"According to the resolution of the country, state and municipal councils the Crimean Government comes into office at a critical moment. The war is nearing its end, but our immense, united Russia no longer exists, though it had lived for more than a thousand years. Scattered over the present torn-up divisions bodies of evil-minded conspirators are bringing into existence sentiments of hatred, smallness and selfishness. They are destroying what we had of culture, and of law and right and civilization."

The Provisional Government

"In these circumstances we consider a firm decision to restore Russia to be the first patriotic duty of every citizen and the first task of our whole nation. Some few states which have survived, or have reformed, are now scattered over the surface of our country, separated by long distances one from the other; but they will be ready to join such a union as we propose when it becomes possible; and inasmuch as Russia's peril is the consequence of anarchy and of wild passions, so its restoration cannot be accomplished without a reign of right, order, law and liberty in each individual state. All efforts must be directed therefore to this main purpose.

"This provisional government in speaking of united Russia does not mean the old bureaucratic one—a centralized state built on the oppression or the injury of separate races, conquered and absorbed. It means a free, democratic country, in which the right to obtain culture shall be guaranteed to all classes and nationalities. At the same time this government feels convinced the wealth and welfare of the nations composing Russia can in no wise be founded on their opposition to unification. A tendency toward separation would make for weakness, and this policy has brought our country to its present pitiful state. It is of the utmost danger to normal life, which we all want restored in the Crimea. Therefore the government appeals to the whole population of every race and class to help in its fight with our worst foe, for support in the most resolute measures should they be necessary; and we rely on an army which is ready to assist us in any way.

"The government is formed of men well known to all the people, and who must be in permanent contact with the latter. We rely on the confidence of the inhabitants and we beg to be trusted by them. Therefore until a Diet can be convened the government has appointed the Congress of country and district councils to remain in session, and we will be responsible to this body; which in turn will communicate to the government any necessary information as to conditions and opinions among our population. A law as to the suffrage and as to the Diet will be presented to this Congress for confirmation immediately"—on or about December seventh—"and the Congress will then fix the date of the Diet's inauguration. We have been led to this action by discussions held on the eighteenth of October and the tenth of November.

"The government takes on itself the procuring of provisions and the guaranteeing of economic progress and security of interests for all branches of the population, and the fulfillment of just desires of the Tartar and all other nationalities.

"The government acknowledges the difficulties of the task it has undertaken, and will use all its powers to solve our many problems. It appeals to the citizens everywhere for support and help. May pernicious catering to wild hatred pass unheeded, and may murder and other crimes cease; may anxiety, uncertainty and danger disappear, and may all of us be united in one decision to push with our whole strength to a happy ending the undertaking of our salvation and the restoration of our common country."

As for the army mentioned in this proclamation General Dénikine—whose record in the magnificent Russian Army of early war days was excellent, and who in revolutionary times succeeded to Brusiloff and Korniloff as commander of the Southeastern Front—had gathered about himself long ago a group of men, all volunteers; officers driven to desperation by the situation both at the Front and behind the lines came to him, asking only for the chance to fight and die. Soldiers who had gradually formed their own opinion of the red guards of the Bolsheviki came too.

Little by little these gathered till Dénikine counted 200,000 men and more. With very shabby and immensely varied uniforms, running from those of imperial guardsmen to bright Cossack dress, the army was clothed; and they had thin, drawn, haggard faces, though with determined mouths and eyes. They made up for their other defects of appearance by this grim look. None of them had lost their faith in Russia's future, so they turned to Dénikine with perfect confidence that he could and would lead them somehow to success; and his own personality—quiet, strong and completely brave—was that of an ideal commander for such a force. At Yekaterinodar, where the country was friendly to him, and fed and housed his men and horses in exchange for the protection Dénikine gave the inhabitants, he had settled his army and it soon grew.

Dénikine's sympathy was at once with the Crimean effort, and he promised to the fragile government what help and support he could give to it. When the Allies came in December, and were received by this organization with all the dignity of which it was capable, and while the populace of Sebastopol and Simferopol turned out in welcome, there were many discussions and consultations among the heads; much explanation as to recent developments, and also several proposals as to possible future action by the combined strength of the Crimeans and the Allies. The latter were entertained with typical Russian hospitality, and though poor little Simferopol has less of brilliancy to offer than had the palaces and ministries of ancient days in Petrograd, the national heart behind these fêtes beat true, and the quaint semi-Oriental capital made a picturesque frame for simple receptions. English and French sailors must have gathered interesting impressions from their experiences; and they were doubtless pleased to have nothing to do with Bolsheviki, and no one to fight against upon their landing, as elsewhere had been necessary.

A Surprise to the Allies

Soon a mobilization was decided upon in the Crimea, to include ex-officers up to the age of forty, if they were able-bodied, and all other men of military age as soldiers. These were ordered to join Dénikine's forces, which so far had depended entirely on volunteers. He had largely gathered men of aristocratic traditions from the old crack guard regiments, and they had gone into his unit as simple soldiers, doing any work in the ranks for what they considered to be the good cause.

The new Crimean administration was also making a calculation of monetary and material losses, at the hands of both German and Bolshevik criminals, in the province of the Tauride.

Another surprise to the Allies when they came was the organization of General Krassnoff at Novo-Tcherkask, who, like Dénikine, has drawn a large following of volunteers about himself, and who is proving his talent as a leader and administrator of immense energy and power, holding his followers, winning his surroundings, maintaining discipline and creating another oasis of strength and patriotic organization in the great desert of misery that surrounds him.

Both these generals have moved in various directions. They have inflicted already several defeats on the Bolsheviki and on the Germans, but the armies of both are wretchedly poor. Ammunition, uniforms, underclothes, food, supplies of every sort, money to pay troops, transportation for them—all of these are lacking; and the units have only their heroism and what the small provincial population back of them can offer for support.

When the Allied representatives went recently from their ships to confer with Dénikine at Yekaterinodar they were received by the general with the utmost simplicity. There was neither space nor money for official receptions at his headquarters, and he offered nothing to impress the deputation save the evident burning spirit of his soldiers and that of the commander at their head. He spoke to the strangers, and said:

"During the last four years of war an echo on the Vistula and the Boug Rivers answered to the sound of each battle on the Somme or on the Marne; the triumph of victory, like the keen sorrow of defeat, was equally felt by all the Allied Armies. Though ours were divided from yours by a thousand kilometers, we were rightly linked to you by fraternity in arms. The Russian Army was destroyed a year ago, not by a military or moral or even technical superiority of its adversary, but only by the Germans' plotting and a blow from behind through the propaganda of anarchists who were the enemies' agents at home.

"The volunteer army which I command has risen from the ruin of all this; and during the various political revolutions, surrounded by enemies and treacheries, it has continued to fight hard for the sake of Russia. These are conditions heretofore unheard of in military history. This army remains faithful to treaties concluded with the Allies, and in spite of its vast losses and temptations it has repulsed the hand of the enemy, which it recognized was stretched out maliciously."

Russia Will Remember

"The Germans have taken much bread from Russia, and they have paid for it with ammunition left in Bolshevik hands These are the cartridges which the red armies have used against us in civil war, and our fight has torn off the mask which Germany had worn till recently, though the Teuton policy has been hard on us Russians since long before the war. Our people have much warmth of heart and they can well appreciate nobility when that exists, even in enemies; and so it was that after the battles of Borodino and of Sebastopol in the past we became friends with you, the French and the English, and that now we sincerely rejoice in your victory.

"We believe that present events in Russia are but a tragic episode in our history. After this period of commotion, which has been violent and painful, will follow one of calm and of great reconstruction; but our wound will remind us of the past for a long time. As Russia renovates herself, and gathers strength and might, even to complete restoration, she will never forget those who may give her help to-day, and who stretch out to her their arms in her great trouble."

This was Dénikine's spirit at the end of December. Is it surprising that by the middle of February his volunteer army has pushed back the red guards, if reports be true, sweeping the country northward and eastward to Kharkoff and Pultowa, and almost to the Caspian Sea, taking 30,000 prisoners? So far all this has been without help from outside.

On the southern coast of the Crimean Peninsula the nobility also raised its head again. In spite of the nervous strain of two whole years past the Empress Mother, unsurpassed in bravery, has again refused the Allies' invitation to leave Russian soil and says she will remain until she shall have had absolute certainty as to the fate of her two sons, reported assassinated at Tobolsk and at Perm. It seems Her Majesty does not believe in these deaths, and that she inspires all those who surround her with faith and courage in spite of many hardships. Crowded into the tiny villa of Ei-tador, living in the most difficult situation financially, the old Empress has remained the same dignified personage as in the days of her glory and riches.

Many years ago, when I first went, a stranger, to Russia, I was told by someone who had observed her through her reign: "The Empress Mother is a success always; and were she not a sovereign she would

(Concluded on Page 112)

Servant to the Peoples of the Globe

THE progress of the peoples of the world has followed the spread of machinery around the globe.

Machinery frees men's bodies from irksome tasks. Their minds then turn to larger thoughts and larger usefulness. Producing power expands. Life itself grows more abundant.

But machinery cannot make its way without correct oils and efficient lubrication service.

To enable the machinery of the world to develop its highest efficiency, the Vacuum Oil Company has provided both the correct oils and the scientific service.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world* NEW YORK, U.S.A.

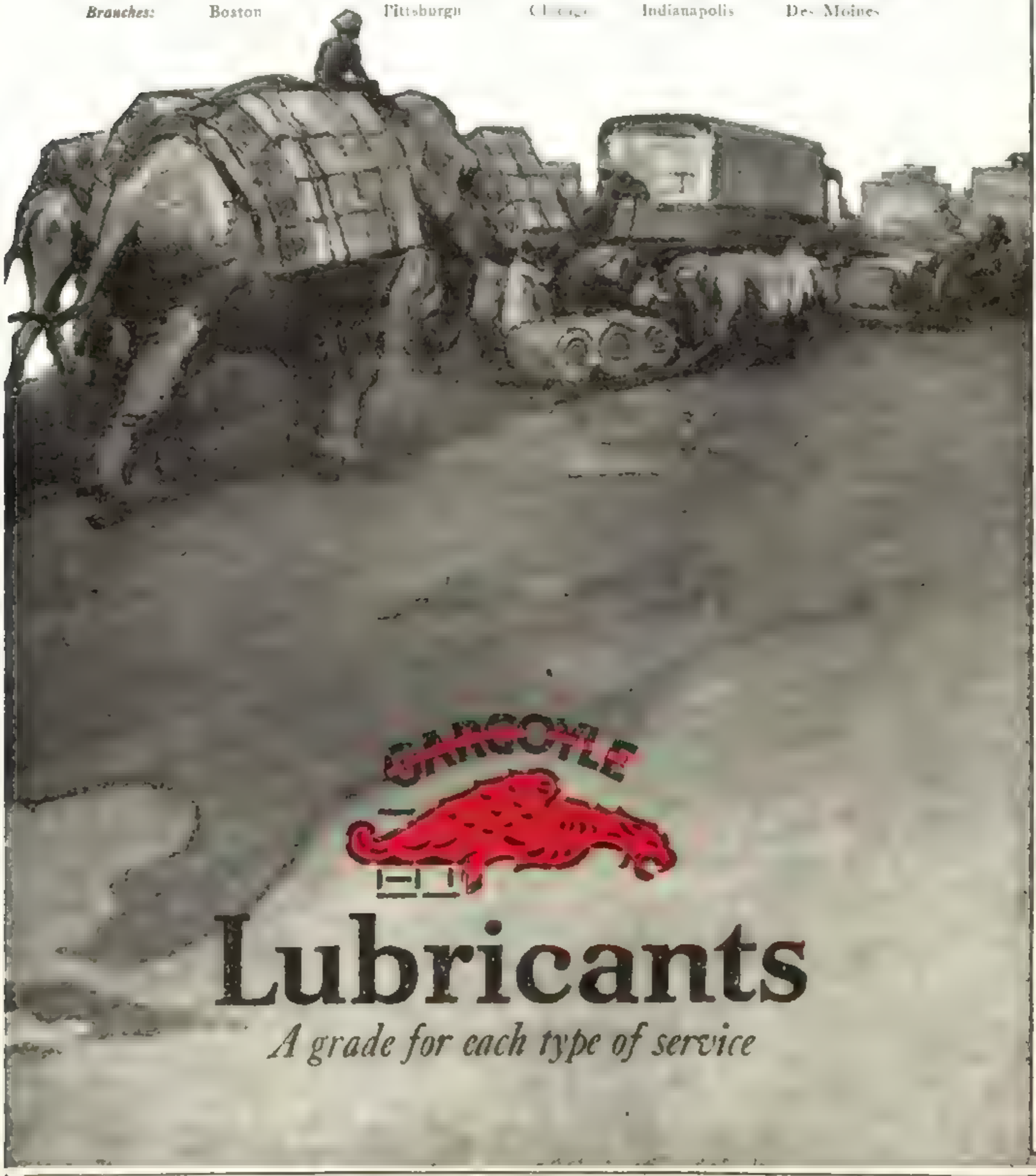
Today, Vacuum Oil Company branches dot the earth. From these branches men familiar with scientific lubrication serve each nation's users of machinery. Power engineers the world over have come to look to the Vacuum Oil Company for advice. At all ports of importance, stocks of Gargoyle Lubricants are held ready for every lubricating need.

In rendering such service, the Vacuum Oil Company has become a servant to the peoples of the globe. As conditions demand, this service will be extended. As new lubricating needs arise, they will be met.

The work must go on.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, New York, U. S. A.

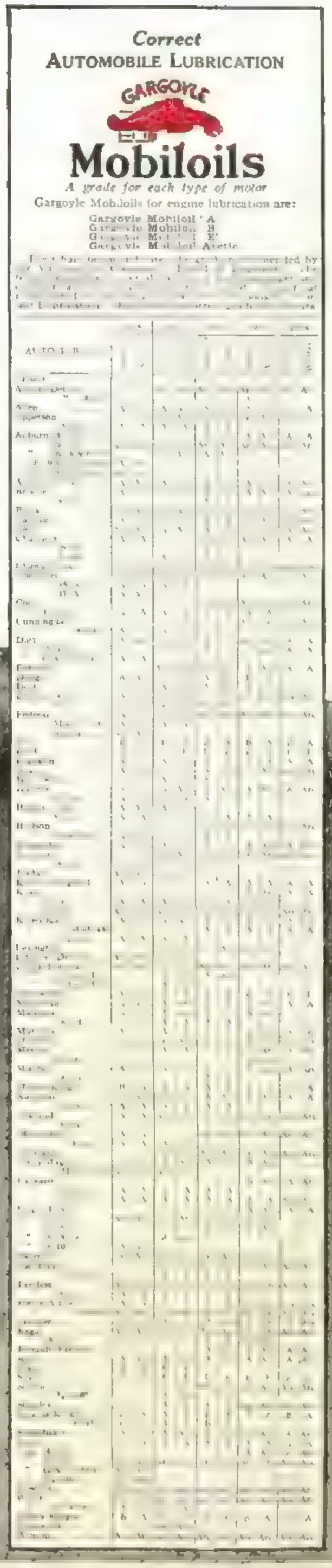
Domestic Branches:	New York	Philadelphia	Detroit	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan
	Boston	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Indianapolis	Des Moines



GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service



VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world* NEW YORK, U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 109)

still be a charming and much loved woman." And in the humiliations of the revolution and in the months since then I have often thought how true that judgment was.

In her young days a universal favorite, she led society, and everyone then adored and followed her. Her least caprice was law, because of the charm and gentleness behind it; and in the court's brilliancy she managed to keep together a circle of warm friends, as she created also a beautiful home life within the palace halls. Her widowhood later was full of quiet dignity and charitable work, and though she still kept up friendly and family relations which were altogether delightful she retired almost completely from court and society life.

When the storm of revolution threatened and broke she came from her retirement to warn and try to uphold, then to console her son, who, blinded and inert, arrested and dethroned, needed her greatly while he waited at headquarters' staff for the decision as to his fate. All she could do was done, and afterward she wound up her affairs and palace home in Kieff and took refuge with her two daughters at their Crimean villa of Ei-ta-dor.

There she lived on from month to month, crushed by the weight of her sorrow, yet refusing the chance of comfortable exile which was early offered her by the provisional government. Russia was her home, she said, and the Russians were her people, and she would not leave them while there was any hope. Her Majesty's courage never failed her, though she was harassed with anxiety almost unbelievable for both her sons; and she herself had much to bear personally—discomfort and poverty, sometimes insult, and always threats, not to her alone but also to those about her whom she loved.

Once an eruption of Bolshevik sailors into Ei-ta-dor at six in the morning occurred. They ventured to disturb the Empress Mother in her bed. Rough men walked without ceremony into the villa and into her room, ordered her to rise, and refused to retire or to wait till she could slip on even her dressing gown. Perforce she must obey instantly in their presence, and then must watch them fumbling about among her clothes, papers, and all her small possessions, while she stood in nightdress and slippers, shivering. In spite of the disorder they created they had shortly to admit they could find nothing compromising in her baggage. Finally they laid a paper on her desk and ordered her to sign it, saying it stated she was found not to be mixed in any counter-revolutionary plot. She signed "Marie."

"That is not your proper name. Sign 'Marie Romanoff,'" came a stern rebuke, "or you will be made to pay dearly."

The Empress Mother's Pluck

At the end of her patience finally, Her Majesty quietly looking the tough spokesman in the eye replied: "I know how to sign my name; and on that subject I take no instructions from you. For fifty years I have signed in this same way, and I do not mean to change. If you choose you can kill me, of course, but you cannot alter the fact that I had my reign out and have not abdicated, so I am the Empress Mother still, and that is my signature. Take it or leave it as you please."

The men grumbling took the paper and went out, leaving the Empress Mother chilled with exposure in her unusually light costume, but quite undaunted and triumphant in the possession of her room.

Even in exile and poverty she still drew round her devoted friends, who were ready to offer her their purses and their lives; and in captivity and trouble she still was a success. When the Germans came and replaced her Bolshevik guards by a regiment of officers the Empress smiled gently and sadly on the latter, and won their hearts immediately, giving them new life and hope. From time to time, when allowed to do so by the revolutionary authorities, she received a few of the refugee aristocrats, who gladly came from the environs for an audience with their old Empress; and she talked with them and with their daughters, whom they brought to be presented to Her Majesty. Thus her days were spent as normally as possible, holding together a group of her ancient associates, and she was not considered apparently a danger to revolutionary ideals. Had she not fought the retrograde spirit in 1916; and had she not begged for the banishment of the Occult forces; and also that her son the emperor would join with the liberals then in helping and loving his country? Even now, after all she has gone through, she still loyally clings to Russia, and lives on at the villa of Ei-ta-dor, come what may.

And there are others such as she among our imperial family, for her two daughters are remaining at her side, and farther up the rocky coast the Grand Duke Nicholas and his brother Peter remain, waiting patiently, hoping always to see their country make good after the storm. Each of their homes has been raided, and the old splendid chief has acted as the Empress Mother did, and with the same success.

The Russian aristocrats though of various types have stood the test of the revolution surprisingly well; for they have been through much from lack of money and the scarcity and high prices of necessities and the impossibility of communication with their estates or with the members of their large families, who are much scattered over the country. In January, 1918, an uprising in Jalta and elsewhere caused many of the nobility, and especially the officers, to be arrested, and some were shot; and none of this group now knows what has become of the dear relatives whom they last heard of at the Front or in the cities of the north, and who they feel are probably risking everything.

The Bombardment of Jalta

Sympathy with the upper classes accused of a counter revolution, like being a member of these classes, was a serious crime in the eyes of the triumphant Bolsheviki, and at different times there have been regular persecutions, always accompanied by house-to-house visits, inspections, requisitions and insults forever renewed. Living on through months of this has been very hard, and yet has been stood patiently. One day about a year ago ships of the Russian Black Sea Fleet appeared on the horizon, steamed as near as possible to the shores in front of Jalta, and bombarded that city and the villas about it for three long days and nights. The inhabitants of the town took refuge in their cellars; men, women and children living through the long hours without food and without fuel, with scarcely sufficient clothes, with no beds to sleep upon and unable to guess when if ever these ships would sail away again, or if the bombardment would be followed by a descent and a general massacre. The terrible thought is always that the enemy one dreads is of one's own race and people, a group gone mad with fear and poisoned by false doctrines, all of which were injected by the stealth of the Germans.

From outside came no news at all save now and then false, exciting rumors of hope and rescue by the Allies. These raised beliefs only to cast them down again, and make despair the blacker. Small wonder if nerves and health have suffered in a year and more, though the Crimea has been the most protected corner of all Russia. Yet pride and blood have told, and there have been both marvelous courage and great self-denial shown, and a Christian spirit rivaled by no other race, with patience always shown in word and deed toward followers of inferior rank who live near the victimized high-bred group.

Nobles, officers, members of the former parliaments and the old government have saved some forms of organization about them; some schooling for their children; and what resemblance they could create to a useful healthy community. Always ready to meet destruction they have smiled on with brave lips, and though going through so much scarcely any of them have spoken or thought of vengeance. Each has believed in the future of the race; each one who could has worked for the good cause of law and order; and the others have merely waited patiently, with what tranquillity they could command.

Only the other day a letter came to me from a leading spirit in that little colony. After describing sundry measures being taken to help in the movement for self-government by the new provisional ministry, and after saying to me something of what had been suffered in the Crimea, the writer goes on to tell me: "Recently I was in Jalta and I saw your people there, who are all well. Your brother-in-law had been north to your country estates, and had in person talked to the peasantry with most satisfactory results. I admired him greatly for this, as it is not eight months since your château and estates were sacked and burned. . . . There are others here acting in the same way. I am impressed with the general faith shown by all, though I have to admit that most members of the society clan at Jalta seem a little nervous, which considering what they have lived through during the past year or so is hardly surprising. . . . Now the Allies are really here; and I trust ready to help us in our effort at government, and to back Dénikine's army especially. One feels one may now almost count on success in holding this province free of the poison already injected elsewhere; and perhaps—if we live—we may even hope to repulse the dangerous enemies from other districts little by little, thus gaining more ground for law and order and a popular government. But necessarily there must elapse a long period before the whole country under whatever form of organization can completely recover its tranquillity and prosperity after all this lost time; and probably many of us will be killed before we are through with the work we are undertaking. But we are far from crushed yet, as vital forces go; and in every direction small attempts at resurrection and constructive work are apparent. You know my personal confidence is indomitable. We have always through history stood frightful blows and shown tremendous recuperative power, and we have vast primitive resources at our disposal, both to pay others for their help and to be developed for our own benefit."

Such letters show there is still life and hope for Russia, and that among those who have lost most no time is being wasted in laments.

I know one evening a small group was gathered, and they talked of the future and of the new Russia to be rebuilt on quite different lines from the old one, and to my surprise an officer said: "We could reform again sometime the best of armies; and it will be well to have Dénikine's force to use as a source of concentrated resource and creative strength for this purpose. If in time our peasantry becomes educated, so much the better; for then as soldiers the people will have gained in patriotism and love for the whole of Russia; and we will not have each man thinking only of his home village as his personal political unit and the one point he is called upon to defend. It has been so until now; and largely because the rank and file knew nothing of geography, could not read or understand. Our peasant soldiery stood unarmed against the wiles of enemy propaganda. To them it was the village and the emperor who counted; and when the latter fell away nothing of common interest united the man from one part to the one who was a native of another part of Russia; so our army fell apart."

In the Provinces

"Politically in the provinces it was the same with our people, though agriculture usually makes for conservatism in politics. What could the peasant of your Bouromka village care for the trials and tribulations of his brother who was living on the coast of the Baltic or the White Sea or in far-away Siberia; places which were to him not even familiar names, since he had never learned geography? So it was that he knew patriotism only in its most primitive form, and felt called upon to defend only his own *kata* from oncoming foes. Real love of country must be spread yet, with us, to include all of the race; and our people must become educated and well governed, till by degrees every one of our peasants will be ready to enjoy his share of benefits, and also will do gladly his part in the general duty which must be performed.

"While this is preparing, we officers, who know nothing of politics or of administrative organizations, can only sit with crossed arms, looking on, or join Dénikine and contribute what we can to the strength of the cause, thus carrying out our share of reconstruction."

The proprietors seem still to have confidence in their humble peasants, too, in spite of the disillusions which have been. Nearly everyone speaks quite simply of going back to ruined homes, and taking up life there, if not on the same old basis, then on new lines; and where one hears a sharp criticism or a threat of vengeance it is generally because a foreign strain of blood runs through the veins of the speaker, and puts him out of understanding with his people.

With the officer, the ex-official, the Empress and the noble join the bourgeois and the peasant of the Crimea in this effort put on foot to reorganize. When the first movement took place in October last, and the present provisional government was formed, it was the lowly people of the country districts and those of the municipalities who joined in with heartiest sympathy. They had suffered least, of course, here in this rich southern province from the revolution—at least so far—and they were probably less disheartened and disillusioned than were the other classes, but they especially wanted to make their revolution a success, and to establish its first ideals and principles on a lasting basis.

To preserve and keep the new-found liberty, which they had all but lost again under the German-Tartar rule, and to avoid the terrible mistakes they had seen made farther north was a fine ambition. So it was they who acted through their representatives, elected at their early meetings, and who stood for the people's own democratic ideals. They, the poor people, promised to uphold and back this provisional cabinet and Congress in its labor last October.

Again in December it was the people of the city streets and in the city parks and theaters who received the sailors of the Allied Fleet and tried to prove their friendship as best they could express it; and this spontaneous, frank reception surely had as great a value as was represented by court ball or splendid banquet offered to one king from another.

Dénikine Making Good

When the announced mobilization takes place the poor man and the rich will have given equally all they can offer to their great cause; and certainly Dénikine's army, with aristocrat and bourgeois, peasant and fisherman, orthodoxy and Islam rubbing elbows, will stand to the most ardent republican for the perfection of democracy and patriotism, combined and organized.

So with the venture at proper self-government well started on the Crimean Peninsula before the Allies came, the experiment is full of promise from within. Since October much has been accomplished, and as if in answer to the prayer of every sincere Russian came to them two months later the Allied Fleet, apparently ready to uphold them morally and materially. Six weeks later we read of the progress of Dénikine's army with a glow of triumph. He and his volunteers have pushed the horde of the red guard back; and the reading of this news makes exiles' hearts in foreign countries beat fast with new-born hope. It seems to eliminate the danger of this little Crimean province being overrun by the barbarians paid to destroy it. Surely this brave leader with his unit is making good.

One wonders if the world will be touched to admiration of this splendid patriotism. There are men who have refused through all the reign of terror to admit defeat, and who now after a year of torture are ready to re-create their country quite anew. They are brave and generous enough to give up without a sign of complaint the traditions they and their forefathers were used to through many hundreds of years; even to lose their fortunes without murmuring, and begin life on a new basis of democratic principles and legal equality for all their race.

I, who have been a Russian for many years, though born in this calm American land, would ask every citizen to uphold my adopted people whenever and wherever it were possible; for Dénekine and his men are fighting for the cause of all the world and for its safety, and they need succor—mental, moral and material—to beat down the powers of darkness. These seem to be threatening every country at the present moment with the poison of doctrines made in Germany for the destruction of the ideals and civic health of each and every self-respecting race.

Till help reaches her the giant Russia must struggle onward toward her salvation as best she can, amazing mankind with her strange contrasts of defects and virtues. Always mysterious at this moment our people stoop to the lowest depths in some parts of the country while in others they soar far up above the clouds.

"The Crimea—Dénikine's army" seem words to conjure with; words which when written against the dark background of the terror's story will light the future student to comprehension and sympathy. Now already they mean to exiles a new strength of faith, a new ray of hope, together with a new and tenderer charity.

For all Furniture & Woodwork Use O-Cedar Polish the O-Cedar Polish Way

Wet a piece of cloth with water

Wring it almost dry

Pour on O-Cedar

Go over the surface to be cleaned and polished

Polish with a dry cloth

The O-Cedar Result:- a high, dry, lasting lustre.

25c to $3 Sizes: At All Dealers.

O-Cedar Polish

Channell Chemical Co. *Chicago - Toronto - London*

©CCCo 19.9

"It's You, Arthur!"

ARTHUR FIELDS, the great vaudeville favorite, is a past master at putting the "punch" into popular songs. The illustration is from a photograph taken at the Edison Recording Laboratories and shows Mr. Fields standing beside the New Edison and singing in direct comparison with its RE-CREATION of his voice. This test of direct comparison is an Edison test. It is made by no other manufacturer.

At the table are seated three experts, who pass on each Edison recording. In the group surrounding them are several popular Edison artists who happened to be at the Edison Recording Laboratories when this test was made. Among them are Collins and Harlan, world famed singing comedians; George Wilton Ballard, the popular ballad singer; Cesare Sodero, Director of Sodero's Band; and Eugene Jaudas, Leader of the Jaudas Society Orchestra.

The verdict of this critical assemblage was expressed in the spontaneous ejaculation, "It's *you*, Arthur." The New Edison has never failed, in similar comparisons, to bring forth a similar verdict.

Broadway Is Gay Again!

Good old Broadway, bad old Broadway, where joy is king
and care must wear the mask of mirth.
Broadway is itself again!

THERE are those who appear to believe that the Edison Recording Laboratories specialize on grand opera and classical music to the neglect of the songs of the day. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

During the war, the output of RE-CREATIONS was necessarily reduced but now the Edison Manufacturing Laboratories are operating at full blast and the Broadway Hits are being produced in large quantities.

The artists who sing the new songs and play the new dance music for the New Edison will testify that Mr. Edison's recording experts are as painstaking and exacting in recording the latest nonsense from "Tin Pan Alley"* as they are in making a record of a grand opera aria. Recently, after repeated rehearsals, a celebrated singer of comic songs said disgustedly to his companion: "Edison certainly makes you earn your money. You'd think I was going to sing 'Celeste Aïda' instead of a thing that nobody will remember the name of twelve months from now."

This singer spoke the truth. It is an inflexible rule at the Edison Recording Laboratories that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well.

*The Popular Song Publishers' District.

For the same reason that the New Edison brings to your home everything the ear can give you of the art of the world's great opera singers, it also puts the very breath of Broadway into its RE-CREATION of the Broadway song and dance hits.

The illustration on the opposite page is from a photograph taken at the Edison Recording Laboratories on Fifth Avenue, New York City, as Arthur Fields was making the acid test of singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of his voice.

If you will close your eyes as you listen to the New Edison's RE-CREATION of Mr. Fields' voice in some of the recent Broadway song hits a magic carpet will transport you to Longacre Square, and Fields' performance will be as entertaining to you as if you were sitting in a second row seat at the Palace Theatre.

Mr. Edison spent three million dollars in research work to develop the phonograph which performs this miracle. Do not confuse this wonderful Three Million Dollar Phonograph with other sound reproducing devices. There is but one instrument which sustains the test of direct comparison with living singers and instrumentalists. It is

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

May we send you a complimentary copy of "ALONG BROADWAY" and the booklet "WHAT THE CRITICS SAY"?

ALL TOGETHER
Let's continue production and insure Prosperity.
U. S. Dept. of Labor.
W. B. WILSON, Secretary.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

CASH WYBLE, BOLSHEVIST

(Continued from Page 15)

statoo or any such folderol. I jes' want to help. What'm I to do to ——"

"That's how all real great men feel," put in Coger, noting the joyous wriggle. "But they get the statues, just the same. Go on, Oskar."

"Here's the gist of it," continued Rand: "We intend to strike a double blow—a blow at capital and a blow at the Government. Not at the United States," he made haste to add, "but at the capitalistic Government that's running the United States. Now then, here in Clayburg what is the symbol of Government?"

"The—the hoosgow?" ventured Cash, squinting speculatively out of the window of his room toward the county jail across the square.

"No," reproved Scholes coldly. "The railroad station of course. The state owns the jail. But the Government just now runs the railways."

"Oh," mumbled Cash, ashamed of his stupid guess, "I see. The deepo. Yes"

"And," pursued Rand in Socratic form of question oratory, "what is the symbol of capital in Clayburg?"

"The bank!" spoke up Coger, unwilling to risk another wrong guess from the convert. "The bank is."

"The bank," agreed Rand; resuming: "So a blow at the station and at the bank would strike at the very core of the misgovernment and of capital."

"That's good logic!" approved Scholes. "Corkin g good!"

"On Saturday," said Rand, "the fair ends. That day the bank will be bursting with deposits; from the concession men and all the rest. It will have more money in it than will be there for another year. Wyble, every penny of that sum is going into circulation again; to push forward the cause. Every cent of it!"

"Huh?" queried Cash perplexedly.

"And at the same time," continued Rand with slow solemnity, "the railroad station is going to be blown off the face of the earth."

"The—the deepo?" asked Cash, aghast. "What for?"

"As an object lesson to the Government," was the answer. "To strike terror to the bourgeoisie; and to show that the Bolsheviki are to be feared. On the same day, in fifty large or small cities, railroad stations and banks are to be dealt with in like manner. But we are concerned with Clay——"

"Goin' to blow up the bank too?" asked Cash gropingly. "But you jes' said the bank money was to ——"

"So I did. So it is. We'll come to that presently. At eleven-forty-five on Saturday morning I am going to take a suitcase to the station. I am going to plant it in the waiting room. In it will be a machine timed to explode at precisely eleven-fifty. I shall leave the waiting room and go to the bank. There ——"

"Hold on!" begged Cash, his eyes abulge. "Hold on there! You-all's forgot suthin'. If the deepo has got to be blowed up, all well and good. It's a measly old shack, anyhow. An' likely it'll scare the Gov'ment suthin' terrible to find it's been sp'iled. But you're forgettin' there's sure to be folks in the deepo or close by to it. There's the agent, f'r instance; an' anybody what happens to be loafin' ——"

"Just because I don't mention a thing," sharply rebuked Rand, while Coger and Scholes exchanged bothered glances, "don't be certain I have forgotten it. I have arranged, past any chance of mistake, that the station shall be deserted at eleven-fifty.

"The explosion shall not harm the hair of anyone's head. I have seen to that. Set your mind easy about it."

"Good!" grunted Cash. "I was afeard ——"

"You needn't be," struck in Scholes. "When you've traveled with Oskar Rand as long as I have you'll learn to know he don't overlook any bets. Oskar wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Just you leave the thinking part of this to Oskar," exhorted Coger. "That's what I do. And I've never had cause to be sorry. You can go to sleep on the cinch that the blow-up won't harm a soul. Because there'll be nobody round the station at eleven-fifty. We've looked to that. Of course if you want to back out or turn bourgeois ——"

"I don't!" snapped Cash, his eyes beginning to glint. "An' I'll thank you not to misname me, either. I ain't what you'd call a rabbit, when it comes to standin' for names like boorjoys."

"No offense, comrade!" soothed Coger. "I apologize. You're a reg'lar he-man, down to the ground. Only it riled me to have anyone think Oskar would let innocent bystanders get hurt. Go on, Oskar."

"At eleven-fifty on Saturday morning," said Rand, "Coger and Scholes and I will be at the front door of the bank. The noise of the explosion is sure to cause a stampede. Everyone in town will make a rush for the station; including everyone in the bank and round it. Everyone who isn't on duty there. That means everyone except the cashier. Possibly some clerk, too, but not likely. Because in a dead burg like this a blow-up always brings everyone on the run. And that is going to be the loudest blow-up ever heard this side of the nearest munitions dump."

Coger nodded emphatic confirmation. Scholes stared at Rand as at an oracle. Cash felt the atmosphere of adulation, and thrilled subconsciously to it. But still he did not comprehend. Rand went on in curt Napoleonic accents:

"You will be at the front door of the bank—with your rifle. When these comrades and I are through inside we will call you as we go out of the back door. We are going to have a good secondhand car there waiting for us. When we call you you'll come round and join us and we'll make our get-away. It means a good many thousand dollars for the cause, and no risk. Are you with us, comrade?"

Cash Wyble's face was still blank. Impatiently Coger elucidated:

"You're to mount guard at the front door of the bank, in case anyone gets back from gawping at the wrecked station before we finish sticking up the cashier and cleaning the safe. There won't be a chance in ten that anyone'll butt in. But if they do, you and your gun are too well known hereabouts for them to try to rush you. We won't be five minutes in there. Then we'll make a clean get-away—you with us, of course—to a good place we know for hiding out. And there we'll stay, comfy and snug, till this blows over and ——"

"It's due to blow over damn soon, too," chimed in Scholes. "Because, like Oskar told you, the same stunt is to be pulled off in fifty cities. And the Government will be paralyzed. It'll have to come to terms. Then all you need to do is to come back here and be the idol of the place. That statue ——"

But Cash Wyble had found his voice at last. "For the love of suff'rin' Mike!" he baboled incoherently. "What in blue blazes are you fellers lottin' to do? Rob the bank an' ——"

"You're in the wrong pew!" interrupted Coger. "Capital does the robbing in this country, not us. We proletarians are the ones that have been robbed for centuries. We ——"

"That's right!" Rand caught him up. "You have the wrong idea, Wyble. And I don't mind saying I'm jarred to find a man of your brains making such an error. Whom do we rob? Capital. Where did capital get its money? From us. We recover our own stolen goods. Where does the robbery come in? Tell me that!"

"But," floundered poor Cash, "the bank's chockful of money a lot of us prol'tar'ns put into it. I got some there myself. If you clean out the bank you'll be robbing the very folks you aim to help. An' ——"

"I'm afraid you never gave much study to banking laws," interposed Rand almost affectionately. "If you had you would know the depositors don't lose a cent when a bank is emptied. By the law the directors have got to make good the loss ——"

"They and the preferred stockholders," amended Scholes with painstaking zeal for accuracy.

"Quite so," assented Rand gratefully. "They are required by law to make good all losses. The depositors don't lose a cent. Now who are the directors and the—the ——"

"—— the preferred stockholders," prompted Scholes.

"Yes," said Rand. "Who are they? They are the representatives of capital, of the privileged class—the minions of Wall Street. Those are the people we are punishing by taking the bank funds; those and no others. And we'll turn their own guns on them by using that money to spread the propaganda of Bolshevism. It is colossal! It is sublime!"

"Maybe so," conceded Wyble, his vivid imagination aflame at the thought of turning capital's own money against it, and the adventure zest stirring within him as he visualized the risk and the glory involved. "Maybe so. But—but ——"

He hesitated. In his heart he still balked at the idea. He was no moralist at best. And for days he had become more and more soggy with the lees of Bolshevism. Yet the prospect of robbery—even for exalted motives—warred with the man's native honesty and with all his traditions.

Rand, reading the mountaineer's twitching face like coarse print, checked an outburst from Scholes and began to talk.

"There is no need for hesitation, comrade," he said. "It is a chance and a privilege. It is part of the movement that will make this world safe and happy for your children and your grandchildren. The movement's glorious wings are weighted to earth by lack of funds to carry on its teachings. We propose to punish capital; to endow the cause; to harm no one. I have explained to you the pernicious systems of direct and indirect taxation. Any lawyer will tell you those systems are not only legal but constitutional. What is taxation? The Government forces you to give up a share of your rightful earnings, to strengthen the hold that capital has on your throat. Good! Now, we propose to force capital to give up a share of its unrighteous takings, in order to loosen capital's hold on our throats. It is a matter of simple taxation. We do not ask the bank for the money. We take it. Does the capitalistic Government ask you for your tax money? No. It says 'Pay up or we'll levy on your farm!' That's what it says. That is what we are going to do to the bank. Only instead of using the forced loan for iniquitous purposes we shall turn it over to the cause; to help make mankind free. Do you call that robbery? Then George Washington was a robber when he seized the Hessian stores at Trenton and used the food and powder for his starving little army."

For nearly an hour Rand talked on in his most hypnotic spellbinder form. And bit by bit under the artful avalanche of words Cash Wyble's scruples were battered to ruin.

"I—I allus useter wonder how Washin'ton must 'a' felt," said Cash at last in surrender, "when he looked round him arter the Rev'lootion an' remembered he was the man what had made thisyer land free. I useter think, kinder, that it'd be wuth dyin', jes' to feel that way for one minute. Funny idee of mine, wa'n't it? Sort o' silly. But that's how I useter think. An' now I'm due to have a wee peckle of the same kind o' feelin', if thisyer goes through. I ——"

"Sure you will!" exulted Scholes, thumping him resoundingly on the back. "Surest thing in the world! And the statue Oskar was speaking about ——"

A vicious nudge silenced him.

"Say," whispered Rand in the prophet's ear under cover of noisy congratulation from Coger, "lay off of that statue bunk! We've got him 'way past that now. He'll stick!"

Cash Wyble was not clever. He had never pretended to be. Outwardly he was a lank and taciturn mountaineer. Inwardly—like many of his mountain brethren—he was a susceptible child; pitiably open to any influence that could be made to appeal to his rudimentary sense of logic or to his emotions.

Wherefore he was as the softest clay in the deft grip of the molders. No purer and loftier fire or disinterested zeal blazed in the heart of the peasant maid of Domremy than now fired Wyble. He was to help set free a crushed land. He was to make history. He was to fight capital as valorously as he had fought the boche. And grimly he was happy.

As to the possible danger of the exploit, he gave that not a thought. That he was destined for the rôle of scapegoat and was to be left to hold the bag, while his three mentors should escape with their plunder under the protection of his rifle, did not occur to him for a moment. His sole fear was lest he should fail to play his small but needful part in the drama with the requisite skill

It was this fear that led him Saturday morning to rise while the Bolsheviki still snored, and set to work cleaning his rifle. For two hours he labored over the weapon—taking it down, oiling, and examining every separate portion of its simple mechanism; reassembling it and continuing to ply grease rag and rammer and oil tin until long after the gun was in spotless perfection. Then he turned his attention to the ammunition.

In spite of all this self-imposed labor eleven o'clock found Wyble occupationless and nervous. Shouldering his meticulously loaded rifle he fared forth into the streets.

On the night before he had written a long and painfully composed letter to Jean telling her of his plan and reassuring her as to his safety. This epistle he now mailed. Then he strolled over to the bank to take another look at his forthcoming post of duty.

The Clayburg railroad station stood side on to an open space still known from olden days as the muster ground. This was nearly a half mile from the market square, which faced Cash's boarding house. Across the muster ground, a furlong from the station, was an irregular line of buildings. A winding alley pierced this line and led to the squat two-story red-brick bank a hundred yards farther from the muster ground. From the station the bank was invisible by reason of the line of houses and the twisting nature of Bank Alley.

Cash stood idly on the bank steps, his half-shut eyes playing restlessly to and fro as he planned for the hundredth time the precise spot whence he

Continued on Page 120

Before She Set Forth on Her Journey Jean Bade Him Go to Clayburg, for Fair Week, and Have a Royally Good Time There

JORDAN

The New Jordan Silhouette

THE new Jordan Silhouette marks the realization of another Jordan ideal—the result of another year of diligent study of what particular people want.

Its piquant profile expresses the charming ideals of France. It is full of the spirit of victory and the brightness of Spring

It is the best balanced and the lightest car on the road—for its wheelbase.

And like the charming woman of today the Silhouette is a little more slender than ever—a little more chic and gay.

Doors are European—opening in a full half circle. Mouldings are rectangular—characteristic of only the finest bodies. The new French angle at the dash adds a Continental touch that is at once different—and prophetic of imitation.

There is a cocky tilt to the front seat cowl—perfectly flat body-edge—so refreshing in these days—full crown fenders—stamped from costly dies with rare precision.

The hood, with twenty-nine louvers, is just a trifle higher, with slanting sport type windshield. The body is just a trifle lower—with deep soft-cushioned seats resting almost on the floor.

In the tonneau a built-in cordovan leather boot and saddle bag forms a pleasant surprise for those who have grown tired of new fashioned things and crave the old.

The top is as carefully studied and tailored as a woman's hat—fitted with plate glass rear vision light. Hardware is artistic—lamps attractively mounted—patented rattle proof spring shackles—Cord tires, 32 x 4½.

A chassis of finished mechanical excellence including all the universally approved mechanical units—equipped with a series of all-aluminum custom style bodies.

Disc wheels are coming. Wire wheels are preferred by some. Artillery wheels—sturdy and finished in harmonious colors—standard equipment.

The Jordan Silhouette is furnished in either four or seven passenger capacity—finished in either Egyptian Bronze or Burgundy Old Wine.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *CLEVELAND, OHIO*

THE WHITE

with

DOUBLE REDUCTION GEAR DRIVE

Having all the leverage and flexibility of a chain and sprocket and the frictionless driving contact of gears which *roll* in oil, dust proof

Light Unsprung Weight · High Leverage
More Road Clearance · Narrow Tread

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK

A New Low Cost OF HEAVY HAULAGE

The new White heavy duty trucks have been designed with but one end in view: to do more work at lower cost. They carry forward the White policy of building trucks to do the most work with the least effort.

For years the chain-driven White has set the pace in heavy haulage. It has held its own against a field of competition based on new axle features. It has won its place by sheer merit *as a truck*, and not because of any single feature in it. It is standard today in America's greatest fleets.

In White Trucks, mechanical changes are made only to improve operation. The company has always sold operating efficiency—*truck performance.*

The heavy duty models remained chain-driven until we were able to develop an enclosed form of drive having all the advantages of chain and sprocket. This has now been done. The Double Reduction Gear Drive is the full counterpart of chains in *applying* power. It has the chain *pull*, in *gear* form.

The new trucks follow a twofold aim in White design: sturdy engine up in front and maximum pull in the rear. The final drive saves power and therefore fuel. The lubrication saves oil. Light unsprung weight saves tires. Continuous operation saves time of both truck and driver by a steady volume of performance.

In all its years of transportation service, The White Company has never swerved from its original purpose to build an *economical* truck.

These new trucks are money *savers.*

THE WHITE COMPANY CLEVELAND

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
The Florsheim SHOE

FLORSHEIM Styles of the Times interest every well-dressed man — they're correct — perfect-fitting — and of lasting quality. Florsheim dealers are showing the season's smart shapes.

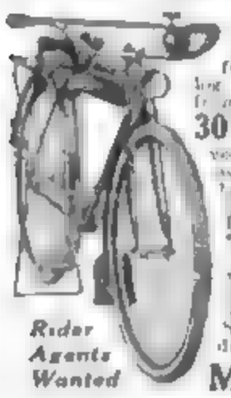
Ten Dollars and up

Consider the wear not the price per pair. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Vogan's
OREGON CHERRIES
Vogan Candy Co.
Portland, Oregon

Delivered TO YOU FREE



Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles shown on the new Free Catalog. We pay all transportation charges from Chicago to your home.

30 Days' Free Trial allowed on every bicycle we sell. You ride the bicycle a month on your own town (and full approval test. Don't buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our great new offer and Factory Direct Prices. No money down.

TIRES LAMP HORNS and sundries at half usual prices. Coaster-brake rear wheels, parts, repairs and equipment at half. You will be astonished and delighted with our values and prices. No one else can sell for less.

SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. It's free.

Rider Agents Wanted

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. L-55, Chicago

(Continued from Page 116)

would best be able to guard against approach from either end of the alley.

Thence, having still more than half an hour on his hands, he wandered down the alley and across the muster ground to the disreputable old station.

The platform was deserted just now. Through the grimy office window Cash could see the operator-agent-baggageman slumping over his desk, reading. Wyble wondered vaguely by what ruse Rand was going to get the agent out of the way before the explosion. Then he stuck his head into the open doorway of the waiting room, to find if there were any idlers there.

There was but one occupant of the waiting room—a ramrodlike figure in rusty black; a man who sat, a carpetbag between his large feet, his shrewd eyes fixed on nothingness.

The Reverend Mr. Howison was sleepy after a horrible night's restlessness in a hot and overcrowded boarding house. He wanted a nap. He did not want to be forced to talk. So he glanced up with no pleasure at the tousled head thrust in through the doorway. Yet as he recognized Cash Wyble the drowsiness fled from the shrewd old eyes and the circuit rider jumped to his feet.

Cash was no more anxious to be held in long conversation just then than had been Howison, so he ducked out of the room and round to the far side of the platform in record time, hoping the clergyman had not recognized him. But like most people who sought to fool Howison he was quick to learn his mistake.

By the time Wyble had rounded the corner of the platform—before he could make off across the muster ground—the circuit rider's hand was on his shoulder. Sulkily and with very bad pretense of surprise the mountaineer came to a reluctant halt.

"I've been looking for you!" was Howison's terse greeting. "I got a glimpse of you as I left the train last evening, but I lost you in the fair crowd. And I didn't know where you were stopping. I walked pretty much all over town last night and this morning. But I couldn't find you."

Under the crisp words and the openly disapproving frown of the circuit rider Cash had a ridiculous sense of guilt. He felt like a small boy who is summoned to the teacher's desk to answer for some crime whose nature he does not yet know.

"Wal," he vouchsafed grudgingly, "pleased to see you, sir. But I gotta traipse along pres'n'ly. I got a' 'p'intment. I ——"

"An appointment, eh?" Howison caught him up. "I hope it isn't with your precious friends, Rand and his two confederates."

"Huh?" bleated Cash, startled. "What ——"

"I said," repeated the circuit rider, "that I hope your appointment isn't with those three. If it is I would be justified in my capacity as a magistrate of this county to commit you to jail to keep you out of mischief."

"How how did you-all know 'bout Rand an' them?" demanded Wyble, still dazed. "How ——"

"Rand is pretty well known from Morgantown to Huntington," was the reply. "He did time at least once in state's prison. As for Coger, I know him because I had the genuine pleasure of sentencing him to jail for vagrancy last year. Vagrancy was the technical charge because we were not able to prove the pickpocket accusation. The third man I don't know except by sight. He ran a thimblerigging game down at the Wheeling Fair, I recall. Wyble, I'm honestly and heartily ashamed of you!"

"What for?" challenged Cash, beginning to grow angry. "An' you-all are 'way off 'bout those men. They're ——"

"They're the very rottenest companions that even a ninny like yourself could have managed to pick up!" retorted Howison. "I reached Clayburg on the seven-thirty-three train last evening. As I got off of the platform and looked out over the crowd coming back from the fairgrounds the first man I recognized was you. You were walking across the muster ground with Rand and the two others. Rand was talking; and you were listening to him as you never in your life listened to a sermon of mine. The only time I've seen such a worshiping look in any creature's eyes was when I've watched a dog greet his master who has been away. It told me all I needed to know. And I started after you. But I lost you in the crowd. What does Jean think of your trailing round with such men as Rand? I thought she would be too sensible to ——"

"Jean ain't here," growled Cash. "Nor yet she ain't to home. She went down to Hunt'n't'n, near three weeks back, to tend her mother. Old woman took sick an' sent for her. She ——"

"That explains it!" declared Howison "I might have known she'd keep you clear of such trash if she were on duty. Where — "

"Not meanin' no disrespec', parson," objected Cash, "I'm tellin' you I don't hone to hear my friends spoke of as 'trash.' Nor yet as 'rottenest c'mpanions.' They're three fine men; 'speshly Rand. 'Twon't be long now 'fore they get their rights an'——"

"Unless the jails are too crowded already," amended Howison; adding: "When I couldn't find you last night I made inquiries about Rand & Co. I find they have been spreading Bolshevism here, or trying to. Was it Bolshevik talk you were listening to so ecstatically when I saw you with them?"

"Yes," flared Cash, "it was! Now you-all asks me, it was. I've listened to a heap of it this week. An' I'm here to say it's the grandest thing on thisyer earth. I'm for it! An' so would you be if you'd let 'em 'splain it to you like they done to me."

The zeal of the proselyte was glowing within him, making him forget his momentary disgruntlement at the preacher's scolding. Here was a chance to expound his new-discovered creed to a really intelligent listener. And Cash resolved to make the most of it.

"Jes' let me 'splain to you," he urged, "how ——"

"Explain?" mocked Howison. "Explain what? That the Bolsheviki intend to do away with capital and taxes and rents and laws and government; and to parcel up the wealth of the world among the proletariat? And that they plan to open their campaign by terrorism and sabotage and looting? You can save your breath, young man. I know the whole filthy doctrine."

"Filthy?" echoed the horrified Cash, amazed that this mere outsider should understand the inner gospel of Bolshevism, and still more amazed that he should revile it. "Filthy? It's the greatest thing for the poor man since ——"

"—— since the Reds got control of Russia," finished Howison. "It is. The only flaw in it is that it starts too late to number Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot among its central committee. Not that Rand and his fellows don't do their best to make up for that lack. Wyble," he went on earnestly, "I'm sorry—and sick to think that a decent chap of your sort should have been infected by this slimy rot. And as your pastor—as well as your friend and your mother's friend and Jean's—I can't let you go on being seared by such a poison. You'll listen to me for a few minutes!" he broke off sharply, laying his hand once more, grippingly, on Cash's shoulder. "And you'll listen as closely as if your own soul's salvation hung on what I say. It may, at that."

He paused, to look in bewilderment at his parishioner. Cash was fidgeting. His eyes were shifting furtively across the muster ground toward Bank Alley. He knew he was in for a lecture; and his time was limited. A glance at the sun told him the hour was close to eleven-thirty. In another fifteen minutes

"Wyble," the circuit rider was saying when Cash next sought to focus his worried attention on the speaker, "something is the matter with you. You have something on your mind. I don't ask what it is—unless I can help you. The best way I can be of help for the moment is to tell you again that Bolshevism is the vilest and maddest and most insidious menace that has ever threatened an unhappy world. When we turn it upside down—as we shall—we'll discover on it the label 'Made in Germany.' That ought to be enough for any white man to know about it.

"It has worked its way into national systems like some foul humor of the blood. Unless it is cured it will make all it touches as putrid as itself. It is a bid for wholesale laziness. It appeals directly to the discontent that is in the soul of every failure. That discontent, rightly guided, leads men to success. Played upon by Bolshevism it leads them to crime and to worthlessness. It appeals to the so-called proletariat. Who are the proletariat? They are the bulk of the people. If the bulk of the people are dissatisfied with the Government they can change it to-morrow by their votes. Nothing should be simpler than to do that. It is far easier and less revolting than to carry out the program of the Bolshevists. If the Bolshevik theories were of benefit to mankind, don't you suppose mankind would have adopted them, by law, ages ago? I don't say our present system is perfect, but it is as near perfection as fallible human wisdom has been able to make it. It is the combined wisdom of the majority and of their elected representatives. The human body is not perfect. But we can't make it so by hacking it into another shape with a rusty ax."

As he talked Howison noted that Cash was not half heeding and that he grew momentarily more uneasy to be gone. Wherefore the circuit rider abandoned generalities and resorted to the blunt old *homo-mensura* line of argument so dear to the mountain heart.

"Granting that Bolshevism is all Rand claims for it," he said, "what is it going to do for the Wyble family? If the Rothschild wealth is to be split among folks who are poorer than Rothschild, then the Wyble wealth is also to be split up among folks who are poorer than you are. That is true. You can't work the property-dividing rule on one class without working it on another. That's the very thing the Bolsheviki falsely accuse the bourgeoisie of doing. Your ancestors carved your farm out of the wilderness. They labored night and day and on into old age to make it pay and to form a home. You work to keep up and improve that farm.

"Well, if Bolshevism succeeds, you must be content to share your farm and your home and your savings with a swarm of worthless people who have been too lazy or too stupid to acquire property of their own; people who are now trying to take a short cut to prosperity by ordering the workers to divide up their hard-earned goods with them. What incentive will you have to toil if lazier men are to gobble your earnings? Bolshevists complain of taxes that take a tiny per cent of men's incomes for the upkeep of the country. But how about a Bolshevist tax that divides a man's entire livelihood?

"Why did an all-wise God lavish His gifts on man if those gifts are to be thrown away at the behest of lazier and less useful men? Won't the whole world go to pieces under such a rule—just as Russia decayed at its first leprous touch? Won't it?

"There is another point you may not have thought of: Everything is to be shared, you know. And I hear the doctrine of free love goes with the rest of the offal. So I suppose you are prepared to share Jean with Rand and with a dozen others—if it is so decreed by the Bolshevik rulers? Or to hand her over to Coger, at Rand's orders? Don't scowl at me, man, or show your teeth! I'm not insulting your blessed little wife. It is you who are insulting her by joining a movement that makes such things possible. Just as you are insulting the memory of your parents by wanting to split up the home they slaved so hard to make for you.

"Capital has wronged the proletariat, eh? So the proletariat will pay by destroying capital? That is the beautiful new doctrine of violence—or reprisal. Son, it is only in the devil's ledger that two wrongs make a right. 'Reprisal' is a mere fancy name for 'pillage.'"

Cash despite himself had begun to listen. His head was in a whirl. Howison's lifelong authority over the mountaineer was reasserting itself. Wyble was in a *maze*—a maze wherein all things were hopelessly confused.

His troubled eyes ceased to wander across the empty muster ground. His miserable glance swept the station platform. To his surprise he saw it was no longer deserted. Two dozen people were lounging there and in the waiting room, and more were approaching from the direction of the fairgrounds.

Surely Rand would not be able to disperse so large a gathering as this in order to leave the station empty for the explosion! Why, people were drifting toward the platform every minute. How could Rand possibly arrange that none should be there at the appointed time?

"What's the folks all doing at the deepo this hour, d'ye s'pose?" he broke in on the preacher's exhortation.

Puzzled at the irrelevant query, yet reading a genuine concern in Cash's voice, Howison replied: "I suppose they are coming from the fair, and waiting for the

(Concluded on Page 122)

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

Write to-day for this New Free Book

Learn how to do plain upholstering—how to make many useful and pretty things that will add comfort to your home. Learn all about

DU PONT FABRIKOID
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Craftsman Quality

-and what a real home help this beautiful, luxurious, leather-like material is—how easily it can be used to re-upholster old furniture—make sofa pillows—table throws—den hangings and a thousand and one home comforts.

We want every woman to know Craftsman Fabrikoid. It is now sold in some department and furniture stores. We want to put it on sale in all of them by developing a large retail demand among those who know its beauty and economy.

If you cannot buy Craftsman Fabrikoid in your town, we will mail you a sample piece 25 inches square, ample to cover almost any chair seat or cushion, for $1.00 post paid. State whether you want plain black, or Spanish leather effect in brown, green, red or blue tones. Write immediately for our booklet "Home Upholstering" and tell us the name of your local upholstery goods dealer.

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY

Wilmington, Del. New Toronto, Canada.

The Principal du Pont Products are:

Explosives: Industrial, Agricultural and Sporting. **Chemicals:** Pyroxylin Solutions, Ethers, Bronzing Liquids, Coal Tar Distillates, Commercial Acids, Alums, etc. **Leather Substitutes:** Fabrikoid Upholstery, Rayntite Top Material, Fairfield Rubber Cloth. **Pyroxylin Plastics:** Ivory, Shell and Transparent Py ra lin, Py ra lin Specialties Challenge Cleanable Collars and Cuffs **Paints and Varnishes:** For Industrial and Home Uses. **Pigments and Colors in Oil:** For Industrial Uses. **Lithopone:** For Industrial Uses **Stains, Fillers, Lacquers and Enamels:** For Industrial and Home Uses. **Dyestuffs:** Coal Tar Dyestuffs and Intermediates.

For full information address: Advertising Division, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Delaware

DU PONT

BOSTWICK
Leather Coats

For Play or Work, Ideal!

For golfers, motorists, hunters, any outdoor sports and for the man whose work takes him outdoors.

The BOSTWICK coat is free and easy, wind-proof—warm, but light, good fitting—and it's distinctive.

The sleeves and body lining are fine, soft gray mocha leather. The body is the best velour in tan, gray or golden brown—a decidedly good looking and practical garment.

Elastic pleat back, roomy sleeves and knit wrists and Three Way Comfort Collar.

Dealers everywhere are rapidly adding BOSTWICK Leather Coats, and Flannel Shirts to their lines. If your dealer has not received his stock, write us; we will see that you are supplied. Send for style book.

Dealers—write for samples and prices

Johnson, Bostwick & Co.
103 Bostwick Bldg., Minneapolis

ROUGH ON RATS

Never-Failing Exterminator

No need to be troubled with rats and mice. "Rough On Rats" never fails to clear the premises of these pests when used according to directions. It is not a ready mixed exterminator, rats do not learn to avoid it because the food you mix it with can be changed as necessary. It tempts old and young rats alike. At drug and general stores. "Ending Rats and Mice"—booklet—sent free.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

insure maximum safety and minimum cost in safeguarding electrical circuits against the fire and accident hazards of overloads and short circuits. An inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. The Economy is the pioneer renewable fuse. As compared with [illegible] one-time fuses, it cuts annual fuse maintenance costs approximately 80%

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Kinzie and Orleans Sts. CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Wahan E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

CUT ME OUT!

and mail me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 969 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. I will bring you full details about how you can make $5 or $10 a week *extra* in your spare time!

Name
Address
City State

(Concluded from Page 120)

eleven-fifty up-country train from Huntington, just as I am. Why?"

"'Leven-fifty?" babbled Cash in blank dismay. "There's no train due here at 'leven-fifty; from Hunt'n't'n or anywheres else. I know. I got a time-table when Jean went. Not more'n three weeks back. Here it is. See? No train either way, this hour."

As he spoke he fished from his pocket a crumpled green time-table and opened it.

"That's the old schedule," Howison told him, still marveling at the man's perturbation. "The autumn time-tables went into effect a fortnight ago. Here is one of them," he continued, drawing out a white leaflet. "And here is that train marked on it. Due at Clayburg, eleven-fifty. And under the new management there hasn't been a single passenger train late in nearly a month; so the conductor told me yesterday. But we were speaking of Bolshevism. And ——"

"Rand an' them ain't been in Clayburg but eight days," Cash interrupted wildly. "And they come here from Hunt'n't'n. They must know all 'bout that new train."

His words and the sudden emotion behind them were a mystery to Howison. The preacher peered with keen curiosity into the agitated face that gaped so bemusedly into his own. Wyble did not heed the scrutiny. His mind was racing.

Rand had assured him there would be no one near the station at eleven-fifty. So had Coger and Scholes. Yet all three must have known the up-country train would be due in Clayburg at that time. They could not have given him their assurance without some knowledge of the time-table—the new time-table by which they themselves had come to Clayburg.

And in a glare of revelation Cash Wyble understood. Not only did they know the station and platform and incoming train would be crowded with fairgoers but they had counted on the wholesale slaughter to keep public attention away from the bank and to facilitate their own escape!

Howison was speaking again. But Cash did not hear. The blood was hammering in his ears. His brain was afire. In his heart was maniac rage. He had made himself a blind accomplice not merely in the looting of the bank but in the murder of scores of men and women and little children. The long-controlled wildcat temper was aflame. Cash was drunk with fury—fury at himself for falling dupe to these men, even more than at them for the deed of blood they had planned.

The rapping of a seal ring on glass pierced his roaring senses. He looked dully across the platform, to see the station agent leaning from the office window waving a sheet of yellow paper at him. Mechanically Wyble slouched up to the window and took the paper.

"Just came," announced the agent. "I caught sight of you out there, and I ——"

But Cash had moved away. Laboriously he was wading through the hieroglyphs with which the telegram began and was working his way toward the meat of the message. At last he read:

"Mother much better. Expect me at Clayburg to-day, 11:50. JEAN."

Cash Wyble's bloodshot eyes roved past the inquiring face of the circuit rider to the sun-scorched expanse of the muster ground. There his gaze focused and came to rest.

Across the otherwise deserted space three men were walking toward the station. The central figure of the trio was Oskar Rand. With gingerly care he held in his right hand a large and battered suitcase.

All three men wore a drawn and furtive air, which they strove to mask by extravagant indifference. They chatted with elaborate unconcern. As Cash saw them they were about midway of the wide muster ground and Rand was just shifting his course toward the waiting-room end of the station.

At sight of the Bolsheviki Cash Wyble's insane fury departed as suddenly as it had come upon him. Deadly cool and with every nerve steady he turned on Howison a face so hideous that the preacher recoiled.

"Parson," called Wyble, raising his nasal voice so that all should hear him—"parson, d'ye see them three men comin' this way? Wal, you're a mag'strate of this yer county. An' as sich I not'fy you-all that I got reason to believe Rand has contr'band goods in the gripsack he's totin'. Likewise I aims to make sure. I ain't goin' to tetch him none. But I lot on sendin' a leetle search-off'cer a-pirootin' through his grip."

As he spoke Cash Wyble whipped his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The snub-nosed bullet tore through the exact center of Rand's suitcase. A pink-white flare turned the noon sunlight pallid. A crashing reverberation shattered every window within a quarter mile. An enormous saffron smoke puff belched heavenward, a plume of mist through which whizzing dark fragments flashed in and out of view.

Then—the muster ground lay momentarily empty; with a ragged crater in its hard-packed center and with a queer little multi-colored rain spattering down upon it from nowhere.

From all sides the fairgoers and townsfolk ran chattering and yelling to the scene of the explosion. And in the midst of the turmoil the eleven-fifty train from Huntington rolled into the station.

AN INSURANCE POLICY

(Continued from Page 34)

of the women employed in the United States in mercantile and manufacturing establishments and offices live at home, with parents or relatives. They are predominantly young women and in a majority of cases they are wage earners or salary earners only temporarily. Mostly, sooner or later, they marry. Mostly, in fact, they are looking to matrimony and a domestic career rather than to an industrial career. It is only in rather exceptional cases that they go to work for mere pin money. One presumably typical investigation showed that eighty per cent of the women employed in manufacturing establishments turned their wages into the family treasury. But the fact remains that a majority of women workers do not depend upon their wages for a living. Their wages simply help out the family exchequer or enable the worker to live better with regard to apparel, spending money, and so on, than she could if she were unemployed.

Minimum-Wage Laws for Men

That condition of a great body of women who are willing to work for less than it would cost to maintain them in wholesome decent style obviously makes a bad situation for women who are wholly dependent on their wages for a living. But there is no doubt that any very sweeping wholesale advance of women's wages, fixed by law, would react unfavorably upon a great number of women workers by making it decidedly more difficult for them to get and keep employment. Organized labor in the United States is opposed to minimum-wage legislation for men. It very much prefers to do its own bargaining over wages, rather than leave the matter to a state commission. It suspects that wage legislation for men, if the principle were once adopted, might eventually take the wage question out of its hands, and it doesn't want that question taken out of its hands. It believes also that if that principle were adopted the effect would be to check the organization of labor into self-governing unions or even that wage legislation might finally undermine the present unions, for the principle of establishing wages by statutory machinery is one to which employers could appeal as well as employees. If women's wages are fixed by law and men's wages are not, the legal wage must be very carefully adjusted or the result will be to set up a discrimination against women, so they would be the last to be hired and the first to be discharged; industry and business would get along without them wherever it could. In order to earn the legal wage a woman would have to pass a more rigorous examination than at present. A good many women who now receive less than a fair living wage, and on the whole are better off for receiving it, would be shut out from any employment except domestic service or some other work to which the minimum-wage law did not apply.

Because they are women and live at home and are looking to a domestic career rather than an industrial career a great many women workers set a higher value upon the surroundings and general atmosphere of their employment than upon the wage. They would rather work in a pleasant room where they are courteously treated at twelve dollars a week than in an ugly room where they are discourteously treated at fifteen. Wage legislation can hardly take those things into account.

Industry must pay at least a fair living wage to the labor employed in it. From that general proposition nobody worth considering will dissent. But industry is a mighty complicated thing and there is hardly any general proposition to which, at some point or other, it may not throw out an exception. Taking the country over, a positively great number of people now employed in industry and business are not able to earn a fair living wage. Because of inexperience or of bodily or mental defects they are not competent to produce by a day's work the fair cost of a day's maintenance. It is better to let them earn what they can; but a minimum wage rigidly fixed at fair cost of living would exclude them from earning anything. The minimum-wage law of Maryland, and perhaps of some other states, takes that into account by authorizing the commission to grant exceptions to persons who, upon examination, appear incapable of earning the rate of wages established for competent workers.

But wages are only part of the problem. As big a part is finding a job or having an opportunity to earn the wages. In that respect we have notoriously been very much at fault.

Mostly the matter of finding a job has been left to take care of itself. Until war developed a labor shortage that threatened to hamper the nation in a serious way no real attempt was made to organize that matter as it ought to be organized.

Nearly every big factor in modern production has its regular market places to which buyers and sellers turn—fusing points at which supply and demand regularly meet—and its frequent market reports, which give a comprehensive view of the whole situation, so that supply from all points of the compass is constantly moving in fairly automatic fashion to meet demand from all points of the compass. If there is a carload of wheat in one place and need of a carload in another place the wheat moves to that point as water runs downhill. But to a very important extent labor is still in the primitive position of peddling itself from door to door—and constantly missing the door, in the next street, where it is really wanted. This applies to all sorts of labor, outside of the most highly organized trades.

Unavoidable Idleness

The scandalous labor turnover last year, running in some factories as high as three or four hundred per cent, was one reason for the shortage of labor. As a very important step to minimize unemployment there ought to be a thorough, nation-wide organization of labor exchanges, or employment offices, under public control. The Federal Government made a good start in that direction as a war measure. But we need it no less as a peace measure, and the start should be persistently followed up.

Unemployment is a chronic cause of poverty. Sometimes it is due to a general slackening of business or depression of industry. That can be successfully attacked by creating reserves of work, especially public work, to take up the slack when unemployment threatens to become general on an important scale. To go further into that would be mainly to repeat what I wrote in a recent article on the subject. But there is always some unemployment even in good times. Partly it is a result of seasonal trades and occupations. In many cases they can be better organized and regularized so as to keep labor more fully employed. But after all that there will still be at a given time some margin of unemployed labor. The carpenter and bricklayer will be out of work between jobs; some other labor will be idle.

Reports show two or three or four per cent of idle labor when there is no industrial depression. British trade-union returns over a series of years indicate two per cent as about the minimum of unemployment. England deals with the whole problem by state aided and directed insurance against unemployment. English experience of that is so short and the last

(Concluded on Page 124)

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

GRINNELL Dress Gloves are to the well-groomed man or woman (or child) what sunshine is to a Spring day—the final touch of perfection.

In fit and finish, in style and distinction, in materials and workmanship, they are the choice of people who really know.

Sixty-two years of progressive knowledge and experience in glove making gives us the confidence to appeal to the fastidious, exacting, and critical dressers.

Grinnell Gloves are so made that they cannot fail to please—to give comfort, wear, fit, and that satisfaction to the wearer which comes from distinctive style.

So much more is put into Grinnell Gloves than can be described in words or picture, that we respectfully suggest that, at your first opportunity, you make it a point to ask your dealer to show you a pair.

Grinnell Dress Gloves for every occasion, from street wear to dress affairs, in suèdes, mochas and capes; and in finely woven fabrics, single and duplexed; also in silks and wooli-kid.

For men, women, boys, and girls; for spring, summer, fall, and winter wear.

The Grinnell trade mark is a sixty-two-year-old guaranty of quality—be sure that this mark is on your next pair of gloves.

1919 Glove Book Free

The 1919 edition of the Grinnell Glove Book shows the correct styles for every purpose. We will mail it to you on request. Select the style you want—if your dealer hasn't it, give us his name and we will send him a pair for your inspection.

MORRISON-RICKER MFG. CO.

(Established 1856)

25 Broad Street, Grinnell, Iowa, U.S.A.

Copyright 1919, by Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.

In Active Service

Edwin P. Kohl, whose picture appears above, although still in his twenties, has been *in active service* for eleven years—one year with Uncle Sam and ten years with us.

In his one year in the Navy he has already climbed several rounds up the ladder of promotion.

And in his ten years with us, he developed a *spare-time* Curtis subscription business that finally paid $100.00 a week profit for himself.

$8000 Profit

The $8000.00 in salary and commissions that he earned as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* paid his way through two universities and established him in the law business, which he gave up at the call of war.

What he earned, you can earn also

In the next few months, more than a half million Curtis subscriptions will expire! We will pay YOU to collect the local renewals and new orders.

If you have an hour of time to spare, even once a week, you *can by this plan turn it into money:* money that will replace the "overtime" you have lost since rush war work ceased.

The coupon will bring our complete cash offer—without obligating you at all.

CUT ME OUT

The Curtis Publishing Company
970 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

Gentlemen:

Tell me how I can make my spare time pay

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Concluded from Page 122)

four and a half years have developed such extraordinary conditions that it is impossible to speak very confidently or definitely of the result, yet no doubt that policy will be continued there.

There is a considerable agitation for unemployment insurance in the United States. On the other hand the carpenter and bricklayer—and the building trades generally, which are especially liable to between-jobs unemployment—have been fairly successful in dealing with it from another angle. Union carpenters in the East, for example, have been striking for an increase of pay from five and a half to six and a half dollars a day.

In short, they have succeeded pretty well in raising wages to a point that fairly covers the unemployment risk.

The best way of dealing with unemployment in the United States—after providing for reserves of public works that will keep the wheels turning in a slack time—is to treat it as a standing charge upon labor exactly like the cost of living, and cover it by commensurate wages. Commonly in arbitrating labor disputes and wage scales cost of living is taken as a basis. But a reasonable calculation of cost of living must cover fifty-two weeks in the year, and the liability to unemployment during the year should always be taken into account. If cost of living is twenty dollars a week and there is traceable liability to three or four weeks' unemployment the wage base should be twenty-two dollars.

The more all these liabilities can be put into the regular weekly pay envelopes and directly into labor's own hands, rather than covered by state-managed insurance, the better. That ought to be the general proposition. Industrial accidents are a hazard that ought to be covered by insurance—exactly as death is a hazard that ought to be covered by insurance. It comes upon the individual family—any individual family; one out of a thousand as chance may elect—as an overwhelming calamity. You know it is likely to come at any time. Out of ten thousand it will hit somebody, maybe you, maybe Jones. It is a strictly and logically insurable risk. When women workers are in such a position that they cannot protect themselves against overwork and poverty wages which involve physical and moral deterioration, intelligent social intervention to limit hours and fix a minimum, bare-living wage is sound. But wherever a labor liability can be met by the regular wage, to be received and managed directly by labor itself, that is better than a state-insurance scheme. The minimum wage in every case ought to be one that takes the calculable liability to unemployment into account. Unemployment due to industrial depression ought to be countered on a broadly organized plan. Those things are practicable and the liability to unemployment must be met. Broadly it is a standing condition of industry and a constant cause of poverty.

Time Lost by Illness

As great a cause is sickness—many would say a greater cause. The records of organized charity covering the cases investigated by them often put sickness first among the reasons for dependency. It has been said, in fact, that sickness is the proximate cause of one-third of the poverty in the country. It isn't only that sickness in attacking the breadwinner cuts off the family income, but attacking any member of the family it immediately increases expenses. A New Jersey commission reported last year that investigation in a typical city showed nearly two and a half per cent of the population at a given time too ill to work. The commission concluded that sickness caused an average loss of seven days' time in each year to all persons above fifteen years of age. Forty-two per cent of the families assisted by organized charity attributed their dependency to sickness. In New York the time lost on account of sickness was put at an average of nine days a year—or, applied to the whole working population, forty million days annually. Of course last fall and winter, when the Spanish influenza raged, the sickness loss rose to fearful heights.

Doctors say fifty or sixty per cent of this sickness in ordinary times is preventable. Perhaps they set it too high, if they mean preventable by means that can reasonably be put into operation within the next few years. But undoubtedly a very great part of it is preventable by better sanitation, better housing, and by putting the present resources of medical science at the command of that part of the population which is least able to buy medical service and therefore least in the habit of resorting to it: generally the death rate is highest and sickness most prevalent among the worst-paid part of the population. That would mean stronger, better-equipped local and state health departments. A bill now before the New York legislature, backed by the associated employers of the state, proposes a decided extension of the state's health service at a cost of about nine million dollars a year.

There is no reasonable doubt about the benefit of improving and extending public health service. Better housing and public hygiene generally are a part of the problem. A prudent man who believes in medical science at all, and who can afford it, calls in a doctor at the first definite sign of derangement in the family health. Putting medical science more readily at the service of those who are frightened by the expense and turning expert advice as to living conditions more extensively to that quarter are a good social investment. As the New York example indicates the cost of a decided extension of public health service is nothing to daunt any American commonwealth.

Compulsory Sick Benefits

Sickness is of course an insurable risk. Various fraternal organizations provide sick benefits for their members. A generation ago Germany inaugurated compulsory nation-wide insurance against sickness among industrial wage earners. Thirty years' experience has convinced Germany that it is a good social investment. A report made in December, 1915, by the American business men's association in Berlin says: "Compulsory workmen's insurance has raised the working classes in Germany in respect to health, economy and standing in the community. Furthermore, hundreds of thousands now fighting on the field of battle for the Fatherland may trace their health and capacity to the timely and proper treatment received with the aid of sickness insurance." Probably no question of continuing compulsory universal health insurance would be raised in Germany.

Other countries have followed that lead in recent years, notably England, which adopted a universal compulsory health insurance, or sickness insurance, law in 1911. The English law embraces all manual laborers between sixteen and seventy years of age, and others whose yearly income is below eight hundred dollars. About fourteen million people are under the law. Vigorous agitation for similar compulsory insurance laws has appeared in the United States recently. In general the plan is to make the insurance obligatory upon all wage earners and others whose income falls below a stated sum—say a thousand or twelve hundred a year. Benefits include free services of doctor and nurse when needed, with necessary medicine and supplies and a cash payment during incapacity equal, say, to two-thirds of the wage.

As to how the cost of this service is to be borne plans differ. Germany collects two-thirds of the cost from the employer and one-third from the employee. It is often proposed here to collect two-fifths from employers, two-fifths from workers and one-fifth from the state. On the other hand labor representatives often insist that the whole cost be borne by the employer—to which employers vigorously object. And employers point out that if they bear the whole cost of the insurance they must have the privilege of subjecting employees, or applicants for employment, to a physical examination, much as life-insurance companies examine applicants for policies. Labor sees that that might work a constant discrimination against men who were really able to do the work required, yet who failed to come up to the mark set by the professional examiners.

No doubt many men who could have performed the duties of a soldier acceptably were rejected in the draft because they had defects, such as bad teeth or flat feet, which might incapacitate them. In fact about a third of the men examined in the draft were found defective at some point. Examination of workmen by like professional standards might easily foreclose a great number of men from occupations upon which they had depended for a livelihood, and so create a big class of technically unemployable, or of persons who could not get the sort of employment which was most advantageous to them. Undoubtedly labor would bitterly oppose any such physical examination.

A compulsory health-insurance bill was before the New York legislature last year Estimates of the probable cost ran to a hundred and thirty million dollars a year, or even higher. Employers said that would be an oppressive tax on the industries of the state. But if the estimates were right, then it is a fair inference that an equal loss is now falling on the workmen of the state through sickness. In fact an average loss of nine days' wages at three dollars a day would come to about a hundred and twenty millions, without counting the cost of medical attendance

This year Governor Smith is pushing another health-insurance measure. As to the general proposition that vigorous steps should be taken by the state to attack the huge loss which now falls upon wage earners through sickness there is really no difference of opinion. Employers are as heartily in favor of that as labor organizations are But there is decided difference as to what means should be taken and how the cost should be assessed.

The agitation for compulsory, state-managed health insurance—or sickness insurance—substantially on the plan adopted in Germany, England and other foreign countries, has already had good results, however. In New York, for example, as noted above, associated employers are backing a bill by which the state health department's activities would be much extended, including free physical examination and medical and nursing services for those unable to pay. It is a reasonable inference that the agitation for compulsory health insurance was what inspired the employers to take this step. Governor Smith argues that compulsory health insurance will decidedly lessen sickness because assessing the sickness cost will prompt everybody concerned to seek every means of preventing illness for the sake of lowering the cost.

Unquestionably public health is a subject that needs most vigorous agitation. Sickness loss now falls with crushing force upon a large body of people who are least able to protect themselves against it and is a big chronic cause of poverty. Without doubt there are perfectly practicable means, the use of which would entail no oppressive burden upon anybody, for reducing the liability to sickness. They include better housing, sanitation, hygiene, medical advice and attendance, closer inspection of foods, and the like. Until last year's plague visited the country the death rate in the registration area had been steadily falling for twenty years. In general the means by which that was accomplished are well known and can be more vigorously applied.

Insurance Against Poverty

Sickness is an insurable risk and there is no doubt that some very comprehensive and acceptable scheme of insurance against it will yet be worked out. Whether, in the United States, it will be a compulsory, state-managed scheme is by no means so certain. But the more that subject is agitated the faster sickness loss will be reduced, for agitation will direct attention to public health, and means that are tried and proved will be more extensively employed to prevent sickness.

Steady, intelligent public attention is what the whole problem of poverty needs. There is no doubt that a great part of it is preventable. The poor, it is true, we have always had with us. Time was when we had always had slavery and smallpox with us. Now out of five hundred thousand persons, one person dies annually of smallpox in the United States. Time was when slavery and smallpox were generally taken as a matter of course. As soon as they ceased being taken as a matter of course they were put into the way of practically disappearing—not by any magic formula but by tireless, sure-footed, practical-minded effort.

At length we have the means of reducing poverty to its practically irreducible minimum. It is only very recently, as history runs, that we have had those means. But now we have the wealth—not enough wealth for a limousine and a grand piano to every inhabitant and a four-hour workday; but enough for the essentials of decent physical existence to every family. We have the social and industrial organization and the body of scientific knowledge. Poverty is a social loss and a social danger. We can take out an insurance policy against it.

Send for Free Color Chart

We now have ready a beautiful new Art-Rug chart showing the full line of patterns in the actual colors. Send for your copy today and select just the rugs to harmonize with your room decorations. We also have color folders illustrating the other Congoleum Floor-Coverings mentioned below. Write your name and address on a postal and send it to our nearest branch office.

On the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 344. The 6 x 9 foot size retails for $8.75.

Look for the Gold Seal

Of *all* the facts in this advertisement The Congoleum Company gives you its assurance by pasting on the face of every Art-Rug and on every two yards of other Congoleum Floor-Coverings a Gold Seal, like that illustrated, bearing the words "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded." If you don't find the Gold Seal have the dealer show you the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back of the material.

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal ART-RUGS

Colors and Patterns for Every Room in the House

THERE is nothing haphazard about Congoleum Art-Rug designs and colors. They are planned by specialists who have devoted their lives to the art of producing patterns and color combinations that meet the demand for artistic floor-coverings for every home need.

Congoleum designs are printed in seven to twelve colors on a special base material that is durable, sanitary and economical, making a tough surface that resists wear wonderfully.

Other Congoleum Features

Owing to the sanitary body and firm, non-absorbent surface Congoleum Art-Rugs can be cleaned in a few seconds with a damp mop. How much easier this is than to sweep and pound the dirt out of a fabric rug.

They lie flat on the floor and do not curl or kick up. They never interfere with swinging doors.

You save money from the day you buy Congoleum Art-Rugs because of their low price and remarkable wearing qualities. The sizes and prices are:

6x9 feet $8.75; 7½x9 feet $10.60; 9x9 feet $12.75; 9 x 10½ feet $14.85; 9 x 12 feet $17.00.

Congoleum Floor-Coverings

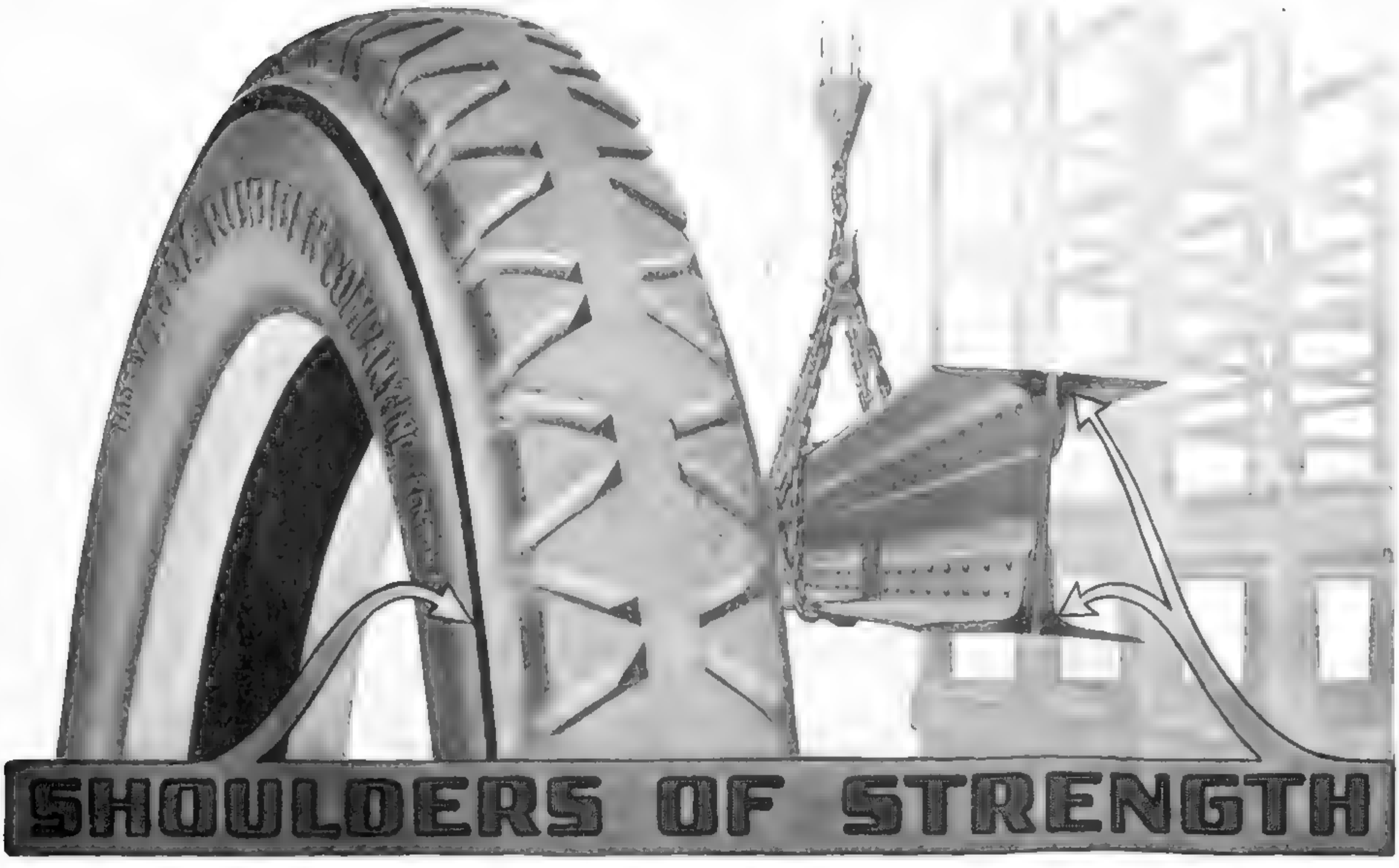
Congoleum Art-Carpets *(3 yards wide)*—our newest product. Their extra width enables you to cover many rooms *without a seam*. Made in beautiful 12-color patterns suitable for living-room, bedroom, dining-room, hall, etc. Price $1.25 per square yard.

Congoleum *(2 yards wide)*—the original Congoleum for use over the entire floor. Made in the usual floor-covering width of 2 yards and in a wide range of splendid patterns for kitchen, bathroom, pantry, etc. Prices $1.15 per square yard.

Prices in the Far West and South average 15 per cent higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25 per cent higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company

Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, The Barrett Company, St. John, N. B., San Francisco, Boston, Toronto, Halifax, N. S.



BIG buildings the world over are an embodiment of "Shoulders of Strength". The modern sky-scraper, a skeleton of steel and stone, lasting as the Pyramids, gets its strength from its I-Beam frame.

The I-Beam is a striking example of the scientific use of "Shoulders of Strength". Note, in the picture, how the I-Beam's shoulders brace its supporting surfaces—how they give greater strength at the points where strain is most severe.

AJAX ROAD KING

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

The principle of the I-Beam is built into Ajax Tires. Study the pictured section of the Ajax Road King. See those strong, flexible supporting shoulders at the base of the tread. Thousands and thousands of users attest the mileage-adding value of this exclusive Ajax feature.

The Ajax Road King, in actual mileage achievement, has earned its great popularity. "Shoulders of Strength" give it more tread on the road—more rubber where it should be. Friction is evenly distributed over the entire tread surface. This means longer wear. The Road King serves you equally well on the light, the medium or the heavy car. It has the strength that means true service in every sense of the word.

Ajax Tires are 97% *Owner's Choice*—this big percentage of the total annual output being chosen by individual car owners to replace some other make.

Use Ajax Tires—Ajax Tubes—Ajax H. Q. Tire Accessories. Buy from your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot. Write for the descriptive booklet—Ajax Shoulders of Strength.

Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed In Writing 5000 Miles

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

Factories: Trenton, N. J. Branches in Leading Cities

AJAX TIRES

THE CAT OF THE STARS

(Concluded from Page 5)

and more sensitive. Every time he heard a laugh he was sure that it was directed at him; and because he so uncomfortably looked away from the absent-minded gaze of fellow passengers he made them gaze the harder.

The beautiful self-confidence which had always concealed Mr. McGee's slight defects from himself and had helped him to rise to the position of assistant to the railway president was torn away, and he began to doubt himself, began to feel that others must doubt him. When he finally crept up the cement incline in the New York station, after a writhing glance at the redcaps, to see if New Yorkers would notice his ludicrousness as much as people had on the way through he wondered if he could not return to Vernon and wire the steamship directors that he was ill.

He was not exaggerating about the importance of this trip to New York. The directors of the Citrus and Southern Line really were waiting for him. They needed him.

It is a curious fact of psychological economics that there are almost as many large employers waiting and praying for the chance to pay tens of thousands a year to dependable young men as there are dependable young men waiting and praying for the chance to earn a thousand a year. The president of the Citrus and Southern, the pouchy blob-nosed dean of South American and West Indian shipping, had been in the hospital for six months, after peritonitis. From his bed he had vaguely directed the policies of the company. Things had run well enough, with the old clerks working mechanically. But a crisis had come. The company had either to expand or break.

The Green Feather Line, weary of litigation, wanted to sell all its ships to the Citrus and Southern, which if it bought them might double its business. If some other company bought them and vigorously increased competition the Citrus and Southern might be ruined.

The Citrus and Southern held a five months' option. By the end of that period they hoped to have found the man who could connect the sick president's brain with the general office's body—and they believed that in Palmer McGee they had found that man.

McGee did not know how carefully he had been watched. He had never met one of the directors or officers of the Citrus and Southern, had never seen one of them, and their correspondence had been polite but not exciting. But the two suave gentlemen who had been poking about Vernon lately had been commercial secret agents of the Titanic Rating and Credit Company; and they knew all about McGee, from the number of drinks he had at the club to the amount of his bank account and his manner of listening to the stories of the chief shippers of the M. & D. R. R.

The Citrus and Southern chiefs were certain that they had found their man. McGee was to be sent to Buenos Aires, but only on test. If he was as good as they thought, he would in three months be brought back as vice president, at a salary nearly four times as large as the one he had received in Vernon. In this crisis they had the generosity of despair.

They were to meet McGee in the president's suite at the hospital at four-thirty; and the train got in at three-fifteen.

McGee went to a hotel, and sat still, scared, looking at himself in a dressing-table mirror. He became momently more rustic, more tough, more skinned and awkward in his own eyes.

He called up the hospital, got the president. "Th-this is McGee. I—I'm coming right over," he quavered.

"Huh! That fellow sounds kind of light-waisted. Not much self-confidence," complained the president to his old friend, the chairman of the board of directors. "Here, prop me up, Billy. We must give him a thorough look-over. Can't take any chances."

The note of doubt was a germ which instantly infected the chairman. "That's too bad. The Rating and Credit people reported he was a find. But still—of course ——"

When Palmer McGee faced the president, the first vice president and a committee of four directors, three of the six had already turned from welcoming eagerness to stilly doubt. He felt that doubt. But he interpreted it thus:

"They think I'm a complete boob to have a haircut like this. Think I don't know any better. And I can't explain. Mustn't admit that I know there's anything wrong—mustn't admit I was an easy mark and let a drunken barber carve me up."

He was so busy with these corroding reflections that he did not quite catch the sharp question which the president fired at him:

"McGee, what's your opinion of the future of the competition between Australian wheat and the Argentine crop?"

"I—I—I didn't quite understand you, sir," lamented poor McGee, victim of the cat of the trembling stars.

The president thought to himself: "If he can't get as dead simple a question as that —— Wonder if the first vice president wouldn't do, after all? No. Too old-fogyish."

While he meditated he was repeating the query, without much interest; and without interest he heard McGee's thorough but shaky answer.

And McGee forgot to put in his unusual information about the future of New Zealand grain.

Two hours later the president and directors decided that McGee "wouldn't quite do"; which meant that he wouldn't do at all; and they wearily began to talk of other candidates for the position. None of the others were satisfactory.

Four months later they decided that they would have to go slow; wait for the president to recover. They could find no one adaptable enough to coördinate the president and the working management. So they gave up their option on the steamers of the Green Feather Line.

The best of the jest was that Palmer McGee had looked rather well in his flippant haircut. Because the Chapel Street barber had started cutting his hair a certain length when he had been a Freshman in Yale he had kept up that mode, which was respectable but dull. But the semi-shave had brought out his energetic neck muscles. Never had he looked so taut and trim. Though dozens of people between the Vernon barber shop and the New York hospital had noticed his uneasiness none of them had considered his coiffure queer—they had merely wondered whether he was an embezzler or a forger.

McGee returned to Vernon broken, and General Coreos y Dulce, ex-president of the Central American republic of San Coloquin, entered the train of victims of Willis Stodeport, of Scrimmins Street.

The general had colonized Ynez Island, lying off the coast of San Coloquin. Fields of cane and coffee he had created, and he was happily expropriating two thousand melodious natives. The general was a merry and easy ruler. When he had accepted the presidency of San Coloquin, after certain military misunderstandings, he hadn't even executed anybody—except a cousin or two, merely for politeness' sake.

His colony on Ynez Island was served by the steamers of the Green Feather Line. The business was not yet sufficient to warrant a regular stop, but General Dulce had a private agreement with the manager of the Green Feather, as well as one with the sick president of the Citrus and Southern, which latter agreement was to take effect if the company took over the Green Feather boats.

But when the Citrus and Southern gave up their option the Green Feather fleet was bought, not by another Atlantic line, but by a Seattle firm, for their Alaskan and Siberian trade. Consequently the general had to depend for service on a tin-can line which ran out of San Coloquin.

The owner of that line hated the general; had hated him when the general had been president, and had added to that hate with every meditative gin rickey he had sipped in the long years since. The general's fruit spoiled aboard the creaky old steamers; it was always too late to catch the boat north. His coffee was drenched, and his sugar short weight. When the general desperately bought a freighter of his own it was mysteriously burned.

Poverty and failure closed in on Ynez Island. The colonists hadn't enough to eat. When the influenza reached the island the weakened natives died in hordes. Some of them fled to the mainland, carrying the disease. The number of fatalities that would probably have been prevented by comfort and proper food and a supply of drugs has been estimated by Dr. Prof. Sir Henry Henson Sturgis at three thousand two hundred and ninety. One of the last to die was the broken-hearted general.

Before he died the wheel of Fate had turned past him and stopped at a certain European monarch. The general had in all his colonizing and his financial schemes been merely the secret agent of that monarch. The king was uncomfortable on his throne. It rocked and squeaked and threatened to give way at the seat. It was kept together only by many fees for repairs—jolly gifts to the duke who hypocritically led the opposition party, to a foreign agent, to certain clerics and editors and professors, even to the ostensible leader of the left wing of the radical party.

Five years before Willis Stodeport had patted Adolphus Josephus Mudface, the king had realized that he was in danger of using up all his private estate. He had speculated. He had called General Coreos y Dulce from Central America; and it was royalty's own money that had developed the colonization of Ynez Island.

It had been impossible for the king to keep in touch with the details of the colonization. Had he learned of the loss of the Green Feather service he might have raised funds for the purchase of the whole fleet when the Citrus and Southern gave up the option. But the proud, dogged general, with his sky-climbing mustachios and his belief that one Castilian was cleverer than four Andalusians or eight gringos, had been certain that he could pull through without help from the royal master.

It was not till the approach of death that he sent the coded cablegram which informed the king that he could expect no income from Ynez Island. Then the monarch knew that he could not keep his promises to certain peers and ministers; that his wordiest supporters would join the republican movement; that the gold-crusted but shaky-legged throne would at any moment be kicked out from beneath him by rude persons in mechanics' boots.

So it came to pass that at a certain hour the farthest stars quivered with mystic forces from the far-off fleck of dust called Earth, forces which would, just for a sketchy beginning, change all the boundaries and customs of Southern Europe. The king had at that hour desperately called in the two ministers and the one foreign emissary whom he trusted, and with that famous weak smile had murmured: "Gentlemen, it is the end. Shall I flee or—or —— You remember they didn't give my cousin the funeral even of a private gentleman."

At that hour, in a hovel in the Jamaica negro quarter of the capital of San Coloquin, General Coreos y Dulce, friend of composers and masters of science, was dying of nothing at all but sick hope and coldly creeping fear, and a belief that he had pneumonia.

A thousand and more miles away the president of the Citrus and Southern Steamship Company was writing his resignation. His old friend, the chairman of the board of directors, again begged: "But this means the ruin of the company, Ben. We can't go on without you."

"I know, Billy," the president sighed, "but I'm all in. If we could have found someone to carry out my ideas I could have pulled through—and the company could have. Shame we were fooled about that McGee fellow. If we hadn't wasted so much time looking him over we might have had time to find the right man, and he'd have taken enough worry off my shoulders so that —— Well, I'll about pass out in three months, I reckon, old man. Let's have one more go at pinochle. I have a hunch I'm going to get double pinochle."

About half an hour after that, and half a continent away, Palmer McGee left the home of the president of the M. & D. R. R. He walked as one dreaming. The railroad president had said: "I don't know what the trouble is, my boy, but you haven't been worth a hang for quite a while now. And you're drinking too much. Better go off some place and get hold of yourself."

McGee crawled to the nearest telegraph office that was open, and sent a wire to the Buffalo & Bangor, accepting their offer in the purchasing department. The salary was not less than the one he had been receiving, but there was little future. Afterward he had a cocktail, the fourth that evening.

It cannot be authoritatively determined whether it was that evening or the one before that a barber named Discopolos first actually struck his wife, and she observed, "All right. I'll leave you." The neighbors say that though this was the first time he had mauled her, things had been going badly with them for many months. One of them asserts that the trouble started on an evening when Discopolos had promised to come home to supper, but had not shown up till one-thirty in the morning. It seems that, though he had forgotten it, this had been her birthday, and she, poor mouse, had prepared a gay little feast for them.

But it is certainly known that at the same hour on the same evening there was much peace and much study of the newspaper comics in the house of the Stodeports on Scrimmins Street.

Willis stooped to pull the tail of Adolphus Josephus Mudface, now a half-grown cat. Mrs. Stodeport complained: "Now, Willie, do let that cat alone! He might scratch you, and you'll get fleas and things. No telling what-all might happen if you go patting and fooling with ——"

Mr. Stodeport yawningly interrupted: "Oh, let the child alone! Way you go on, might think something dreadful would happen, just because he strokes a cat. I suppose probably he might get one of these germs, and spread it, and before he got through with it, maybe be the cause of two-three people taking sick! Ha, ha, ha! Or maybe he might make somebody rob a bank or something just awful! Ha, ha, ha! You better hold in your imagination, mamma! We-ell ——"

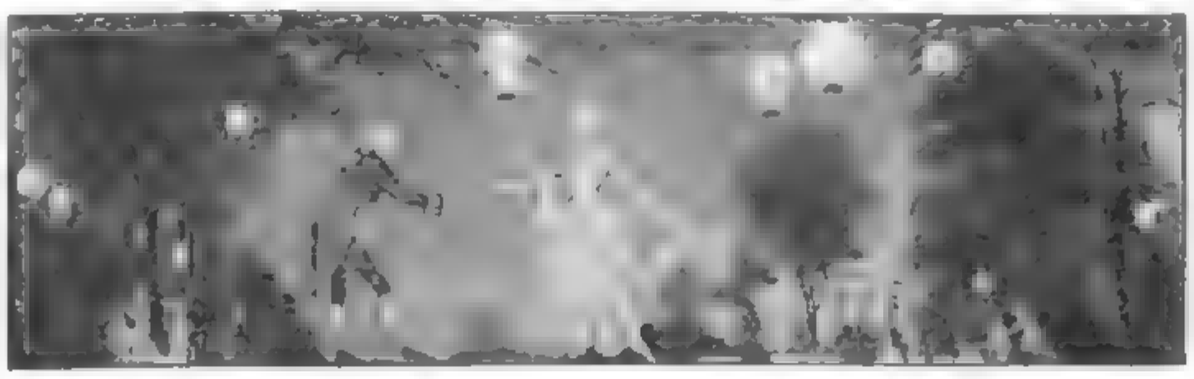
Mr. Stodeport yawned, and put the cat out, and yawned, and wound the clock, and yawned, and went up to bed, still chuckling over his fancy about Willis having a mysterious effect on persons five or six blocks away.

At exactly that moment in a medieval castle about four thousand miles from Willis Stodeport the king of an ancient nation sighed to the Right Honorable the Earl of Arden, K. C. B., special and secret emissary of the British throne: "Yes, it is the twilight of the gods. I take some little pride in saying that even in my downfall I can see clearly the mysteries of Fate. I know definitely that my misfortune is a link in a chain of events that impressively started with ——"

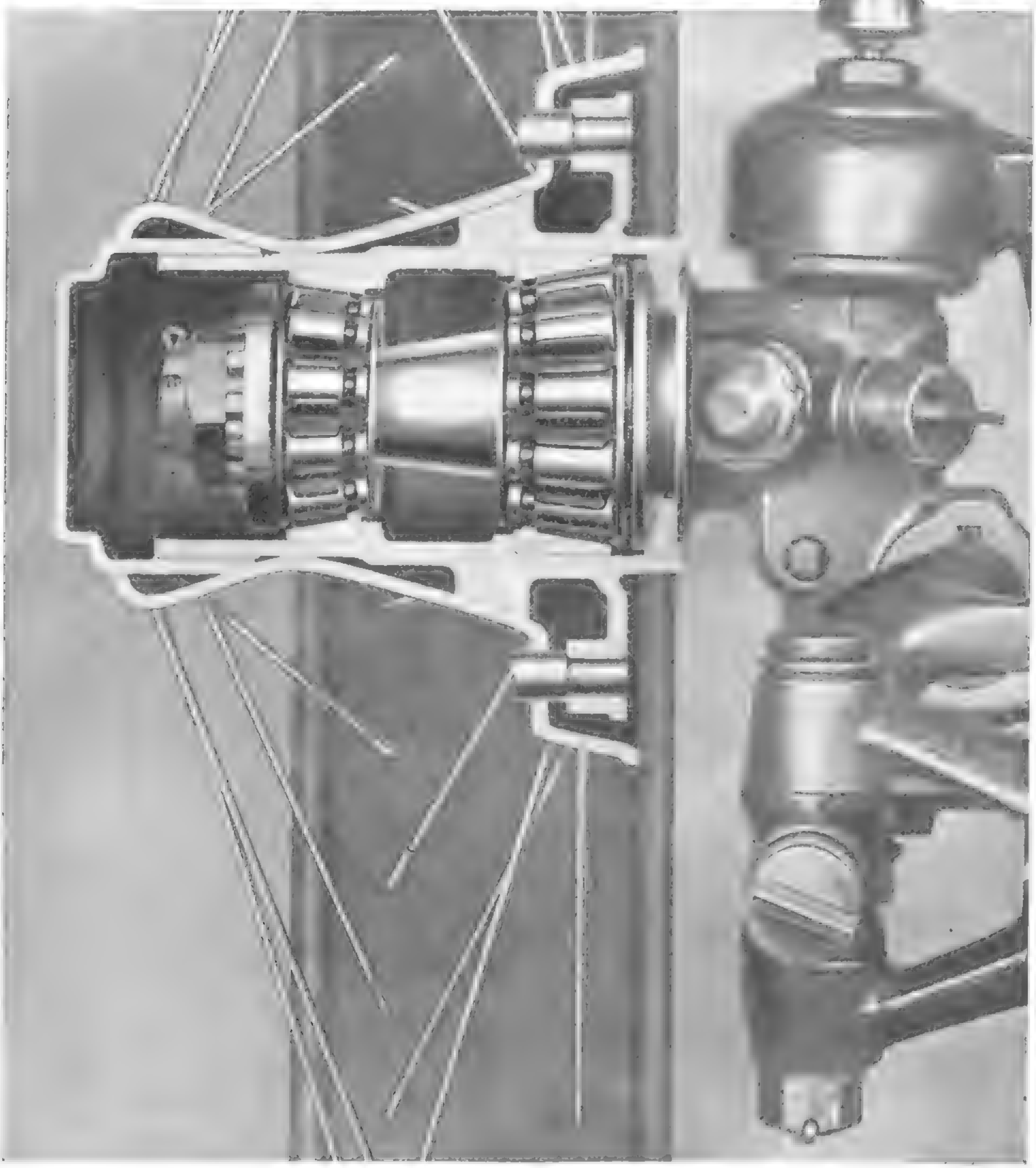
"—— with the loss of thousands of lives and millions of pounds, in San Coloquin," mused Lord Arden.

"No! No! No! Nothing so earthly and petty. I have long been a student of astrology. My astrologer and I have determined that this evil chance of myself and my poor people is but the last act in a cosmic tragedy that started with an esoteric change in the magnetism of Azimech, the cold and virgin star. At least it is comforting to know that my sorrows originated in nothing trivial, but have been willed by the brooding stars in the farthest abysses of eternal night, and that ——"

"Um. Oh, yes. Yes, I see," said the Earl of Arden.



TIMKEN



TAPER

The Fact

You'll find the best argument for the use of Timken Taper under the hub caps of nine out of ten of the different makes of cars you see parked by the curb down town. It's there, and it wouldn't be there unless it rendered the performance which experienced car owners demand and experienced builders and engineers provide for.

Write down the names of the ten best-built American motor cars and motor trucks—or the twenty best—or the fifty best—or the hundred best, if your knowledge will carry you that far.

Then check your list by the booklet "The Companies Timken Keeps," and you'll find ninety per cent of the names you've selected have Timken Tapered Roller Bearings under their hub caps.

Send for the book and make the test. We'll be glad to mail you a copy.

The Reasons

"Why have Timken Bearings established this leadership?" you ask.

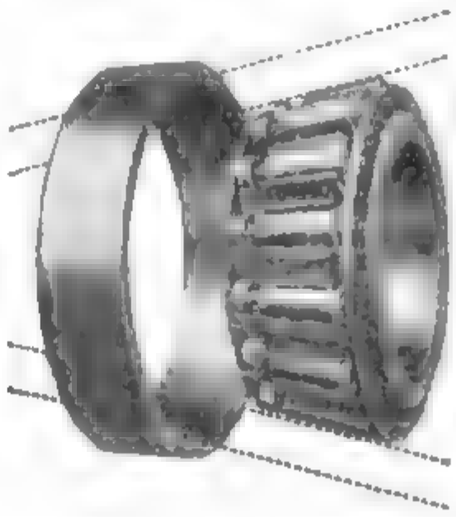
First, because they are correctly designed for the work they have to do. Secondly, because in every other point of bearing quality they measure up to that superiority in design.

The Timken tapered design was the first practical answer to the first automobile engineer's question:

"How can a motor-car bearing resist the forces of speed, load pressures, shocks and vibration? How can it stand the severity of the punishment without wearing out?"

Exactly how Timken Taper answered that question is explained in another well-known Timken book "How Can I Tell?" Send for it—read it—and if anyone asks you the reason for Timken success, you'll be able to tell him.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO
Canton, Ohio

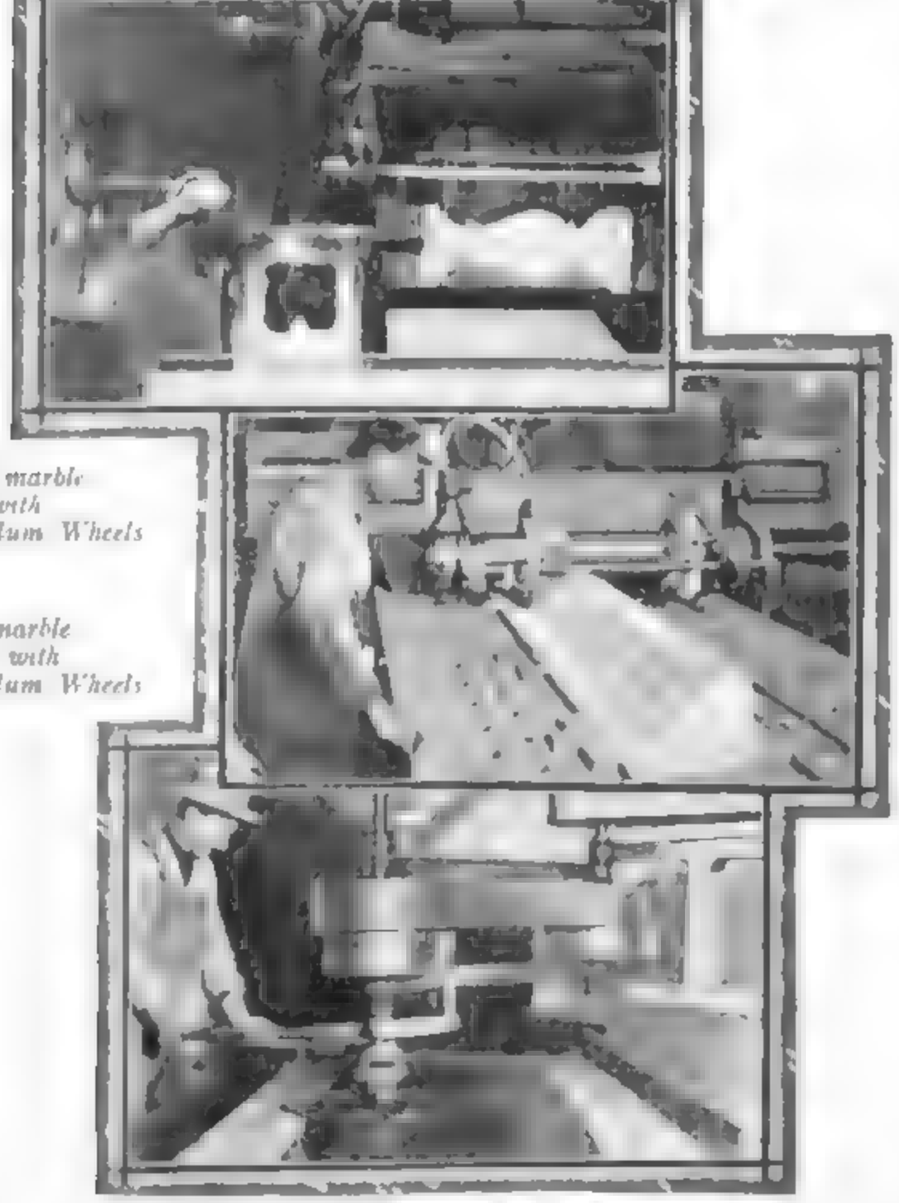


Dotted lines show how the inside of the "cup" of a Timken Bearing is *tapered* to fit over the *tapered* rollers.

CARBORUNDUM PRODUCTS

IN THE SERVICE OF INDUSTRY

Sawing marble with Carborundum Wheels



Moulding marble balusters with Carborundum Wheels

Forming marble mouldings with Carborundum Wheels

Surfacing granite with Carborundum grains

Carborundum has revolutionized marble and stone working.

In the old days marble mouldings were laboriously cut by hand—chiseled out roughly and then polished by tedious days of rubbing.

Intricate designs in mouldings or balusters were not possible—nor was it possible to secure uniformity in design and finish.

Marble slabs were crudely cut or sawed and then rubbed to the desired size and shape. The marble working industry was painfully limited.

Carborundum has changed all this.

The marble working industry has been revolutionized—its scope has been greatly broadened—the cost of production has been reduced to a fraction of what it was a few years ago—and the products themselves have been wonderfully beautified.

With Carborundum cutting and polishing wheels, miles of mouldings of intricate design, hundreds of balusters and marble fittings can be turned out at a startlingly lessened cost, in days' less time—each piece true to design, each edge sharp and clean, each surface amazingly uniform in finish.

And in the ordinary sawing or coping of marble slabs Carborundum Wheels have worked veritable miracles. They cut marble as easily as a saw goes through a plank. Cutting 72 inches of marble one inch thick in a minute is not an unusual performance.

And in the polishing of granite and the sawing and surfacing of stone and slate Carborundum is showing equally remarkable efficiency.

The marble and stone working trades are merely typical of the service rendered to industry by Carborundum products

Carborundum products include Carborundum and Aloxite Wheels for every conceivable grinding operation from the snagging of the roughest castings to the sharpening of a razor, the buffing of shoes and leather and the polishing of jewels.

Carborundum Service Men help you get "The Right Wheel in the Right Place."

THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

DEAR CHILD—By Beatrice Ravenel

[From Miss Virgil'a Gueselin, at Seastrand-on-Sea, Somewhere on the Atlantic Coast, to Miss Martha Gueselin, at Cherokee Island, South Carolina.]

DEAR MATT: We have been brought up all wrong. You must know before it is too late that an education in the classics and the humanities is worse than no help when your business becomes entertaining young men.

The world is altogether different from Cherokee Island. Everything is different—the food, the ideals, the clothes; but most especially the conversation. They flash at you like a heliograph, and expect you to fill up the interstices or else drop behind and not matter. Claryce—you will hear plenty about her later—lent me a book of what they call *vers libre*, which I found enthralling but most unsettling. I can imagine that it would give the colonel acute polyphobia, it is so different from Mr. Pope. More than anything it reminds me of the prisms on the hall chandelier at home of a summer morning, whipping you over the eyes with rainbows. Everything here is like that. People no longer speak unconscious prose, like Monsieur Jourdain; they spatter free verse.

What I started out to say when one thing led to another was that I see no way of giving you a rounded impression. The best I can do is to keep a sort of diary to register flashes, and send it to you when it seems to want to go. But remember, if you show it to the colonel wickedness shall be its own reward, because thenceforth I shall write with an eye on the colonel, and spare him anything that might bring the blush to the cheek of the middle-aged person.

Where shall I begin?

The background seems the logical way. I have made a change of skies, because that and the sea are not ours at all. The blues are warmer, instead of our clear cobalts. And in place of our saffron beach, burned bare for half a mile inland straight into a jungle of palmettos and water cedars, here a bluff full of birches hangs right over the water, with terraces of trees leading into the air behind. And the rocks are more beautiful than statues.

The hotel is merely a hotel, like the illustrations. The huge piazzas flung out like fringe round it have no Venetians, only red-striped awnings, and you sit in the glare. It seems to me that women who care so much about their appearance would adopt our most becoming *jalousie* habits at least.

Certainly here your sins in the way of make-up inevitably find you out.

Lieutenant Moor stands it better than anybody. He shall be presented formally, all in good time. When he was made God seems to have left out everything but the absolute essentials, and the result is a sort of spare perfection. He is as clear-cut as a yacht. I catch myself staring. I do not believe that anybody ever wasted time looking at Helen when Achilles was round.

One bit of fascinating economy about him is his silence. You wonder how anything so apparently obvious can be so mysterious. I wish that I could catch it.

The trouble is that I have nobody to ask elucidation of when things baffle me. Aunt Florine, in her delightfully vague way, takes everything for granted. My only salvation lies in getting information by a sort of process of absorption, because when I use the Socratic method everybody is entirely amused.

My one comfort is old Minty. Her black face is like a chunk of home. She looks more like a witch giantess than ever in a Frenchy little cap instead of a head handkerchief, and she still has her occult way of finding out everything. She saved me from wearing spats with the wrong frock. She turns Aunt Florine out twice a day, a work of art. The night we got here she picked me up from the couch where I had collapsed, gave me a hot bath and a rub, and only really waked me when she was buttoning my neck. Then she sat on the bed and laughed until she rocked it.

"Seem laike I got a baby 'gain," she chortled. "Das de fust nightgownd I seen sence I lef' home."

"What's wrong with my nightdress?" I demanded. It was the kind we have always worn—good substantial English nainsook with a band and a button at the throat and wrists. My best scalloping was on the ruffles.

"Wrong?" she gasped. "Nuttin' wrong. It's right 'tell it's righteous."

"What kind do they wear here?"

"Evenin' gownds an' perjummies, an' the pattern on de cretonne chai'back showin' troo 'em. Yo'd be a treat for de doctor."

I don't believe it.

This letter must run to catch the last mail. Remember to mark the lessons for next Sunday, it puts the colonel out so to hunt them up. And look after Flight's lame leg. He will follow the colonel about. Keep them apart.

Yours, GILLIE.

Aunt Florine has been most generous. Boxes of thrilling things. It takes time to get into a modern frock, because it really begins with the most intimate undergarment; but the end justifies the means. I am saving some of the youngest-looking aggregations for you.

Oh, did I mention that Dick is here?

DEAR MATT (or Diary, whichever it is): This, Claryce says, is not a really fashionable, only a "nice" place. One summer resort differeth from another in glory, and we are a highly respectable, rather expensive resort where the same people come year after year. "Dull as ditch-water. As we can't afford Newport I should prefer one of those Bohemian colonies where anything happens," says Claryce. "But mamma insists that they get you nowhere."

You remember that when Evalina went into the world adventures assailed her; and even Miss Ferrier's Mary collected a few, including a desirable naval officer. But if Claryce, who comes from New York, with her vivid good looks and her great sophistication—perhaps knowingness is the juster word—cannot make anything happen, how should a country mouse hope to succeed?

She and her mamma share our table. Mrs. Morrison is what our grandmothers would have called a presence, and our grandfathers a demd fine woman. She looks about with a lorgnon as who should say: "Yes, I am a widow, and I should scorn to be anything else." She and Aunt Florine discuss therapeutics and genealogies by the meal. After some moot point Aunt Florine says resignedly: "Did you hear her say, dear child, that her great-grandfather had married a De Lancy? So he did, but that was *en secondes noces*. How one can inherit so much gentility from one's step-great-grandmother passes my comprehension." Which is scathing from her. "But the music they play nowadays is enough to confuse anyone." Which is her charity.

You would love the dining room. Eighteen is a little old to enjoy it. It is so full of life, and people, and red hanging baskets of flowers, and music coming through the piazza windows, and some forks frankly tangoing, and drifts of fugitive food and conversation. There is a table beyond ours on which my mind is always intruding. As the colonel says, nothing is more inelegant than undue interest in strangers; but, then, all these strangers seem to take an interest in me.

Facing me is the delightful-looking lieutenant aforesaid, the most utterly groomed thing in his white uniform, fined down, just a trifle like a supercilious seraph. He is said to be here on sick leave, but he looks entirely fit.

On his right sits a stooping elderly gentleman in a clerical waistcoat. He wears mandarin spectacles that give him the beam of a kindly Christian owl. His clothes are good but put on as though he had been pondering higher things.

"The Reverend Colin McDonald, from Washington," flutters Aunt Florine.

"Heard of him; writes; philanthropist. Must have money," suggests Mrs. Morrison, regarding him speculatively.

"A large competence. A most brilliant conversationalist," whispers Aunt Florine pinkly. I am sure that he is the elderly and highly creditable romance that keeps her young.

On Lieutenant Moor's left is something that justifies curiosity. It is in navy white, also, arabesqued with iron rust. It gazes out of the falcon eyes and over the truculent mustachios of a pirate, and you hope against hope that its rising will reveal a scarlet cummerbund knotted about the middle.

"Do you mean," marvels Claryce, "that you have never heard of Paul Fontaine? What have you read?"

And the colonel, who thinks that he has made us read everything of importance!

The fourth man, with his back to me, is—Dick.

I have no right to object to his being here. But doesn't it seem to you that after getting his captain's commission at Oglethorpe he would be impatient at "wearing the blue chains of the ocean," and chafe to be turned loose in France? He seems maddeningly contented. He met us at the station, having arranged everything. "Here?" sang Aunt Florine, who treats him like a nephew. "Here?" grumbled I. "Yes," answered he in his usual clairvoyant manner, which is so tiresome; "they also serve who only stand and hate."

Had he chosen a summer hotel of a different constellation it would have been more tactful. Just because his father and the colonel have made their feudal plans for allying the families—which I am supposed to be ignorant of—is no reason why I should fall in with them. The fact that he owns three-quarters of Cherokee and much besides, and we own one-quarter and nothing, makes it worse. When Dick steps in front of me with that proprietary droop of the shoulders I feel as though the shadow of one of the columns of Lamboll Hall were bending over and engulfing me. If I were a detective I should write a monograph on shoulders. They are far more betraying than eyes.

When you start on a search for adventures the best way is to play that you are somebody else. But is there anything so bad as even an inarticulate suitor to remind you that you are you? If an adventure appeared in the offing, a rakish craft with spanking wings, it would never get through Dick's barrage, so help him God! He would bring it down, all in the way of business.

He isn't an event; he isn't a career; he is merely a state of life.

Good night. GILLIE.

DEAR DI (short for Diary, but it might also be short for Diana, the very name for a young maid's confidante): I am to Claryce a wonder and a wild desire. The wonder is for what I do not know, and the desire is to enlighten me.

This morning a crowd of us were sitting on the sand between dips. I understood the smiles when Minty followed me down with a white burnoose sort of a wrap and Aunt Florine's orders. Personally I consider human arms and legs delightful things. Then Miss Brunne, a large fair woman with sly, good-natured eyes, murmured: "My Gawd, the mawking bird flew inter the clawset this mawnin'." Naturally I had said nothing of the kind. Her own r's are detonating. It would never occur to me to mention the fact, but this must be the place where the writers of dialect stories collect their specimens. "How adorable! Aren't you glad she came?"

"Very," agreed Lieutenant Moor, his angles disposed on the sand with the effect of a bas-relief. "How did she happen to come?"

"Because I wanted to see the world," said I truthfully.

Then they shouted, they rolled on the sand and sang in chorus: "She wanted to see the world, and so she came to Seastrand." They made a chant of it with strophe and antistrophe. At last Claryce put her arm round me and said: "Leave dear child alone. Don't mind them. They're crazy but harmless.

"They like you anyhow," she comforted after they had gone, "or they wouldn't all call you dear child, as your aunt does."

Then she began the radioactivity which is the world's brand of talk.

"Standoffishness doesn't get you anywhere. Good fences make good neighbors but mighty poor lovers. What men want is naturalness, a good fellow. The accentuation of the difference of sex—oh, yes, but that's a matter of moods. For every day they want to feel at home. That's where the married women score," said Claryce with a glance of armed neutrality at the long side lines on the piazza.

"So unfair. But the kind of woman I hate is that."

Miss Brunne, her red hair under a cardinal parasol, her short skirt giving the feeling of trailing, a brilliant almost succulent figure, smiled down as she went by. She always smiles.

"She calls herself Miss Vera Brunne, actress of sorts. Of course she's married. Lectures, séances—that sort of thing. Do you notice how she pursues Moor? Of course the husband hunt is in the air, but she's different. Mamma's favorite sport is to avoid meeting her. She has a room near ours. There are stories"—she glanced sideways. "Men like her."

"Naturally. She's lovely, the whole six feet of her."

"And," added Claryce—it was like changing gears—"they like you."

"Do they?"

"You know they do. I don't say that you're technically beautiful, but every time you come out with that the-world-is-mine air of yours every man looks up. And then I want to—strangle—you—slowly—like this!" She crisped her fingers, and mine flew to my throat; and then we both laughed. She went on.

"But what do you care? Your market's made." A halting silence. "Your Dick," then with a gulp: "Is he your Dick?"

I looked at her. Her hand caught my arm.

"Oh don't! Don't!" she pleaded. "I wouldn't hurt your feelings for anything but—you seem such a natural person; understanding. I don't want to be impertinent—only—it's such a vital thing to me."

Her voice trailed off.

I looked away. If I was sorry for her I was ashamed, too, to the bottom of my heart; just as though she had begun to tear her clothes off in public. And her burning eyes were no more ashamed than those of a madwoman who had torn off her clothes.

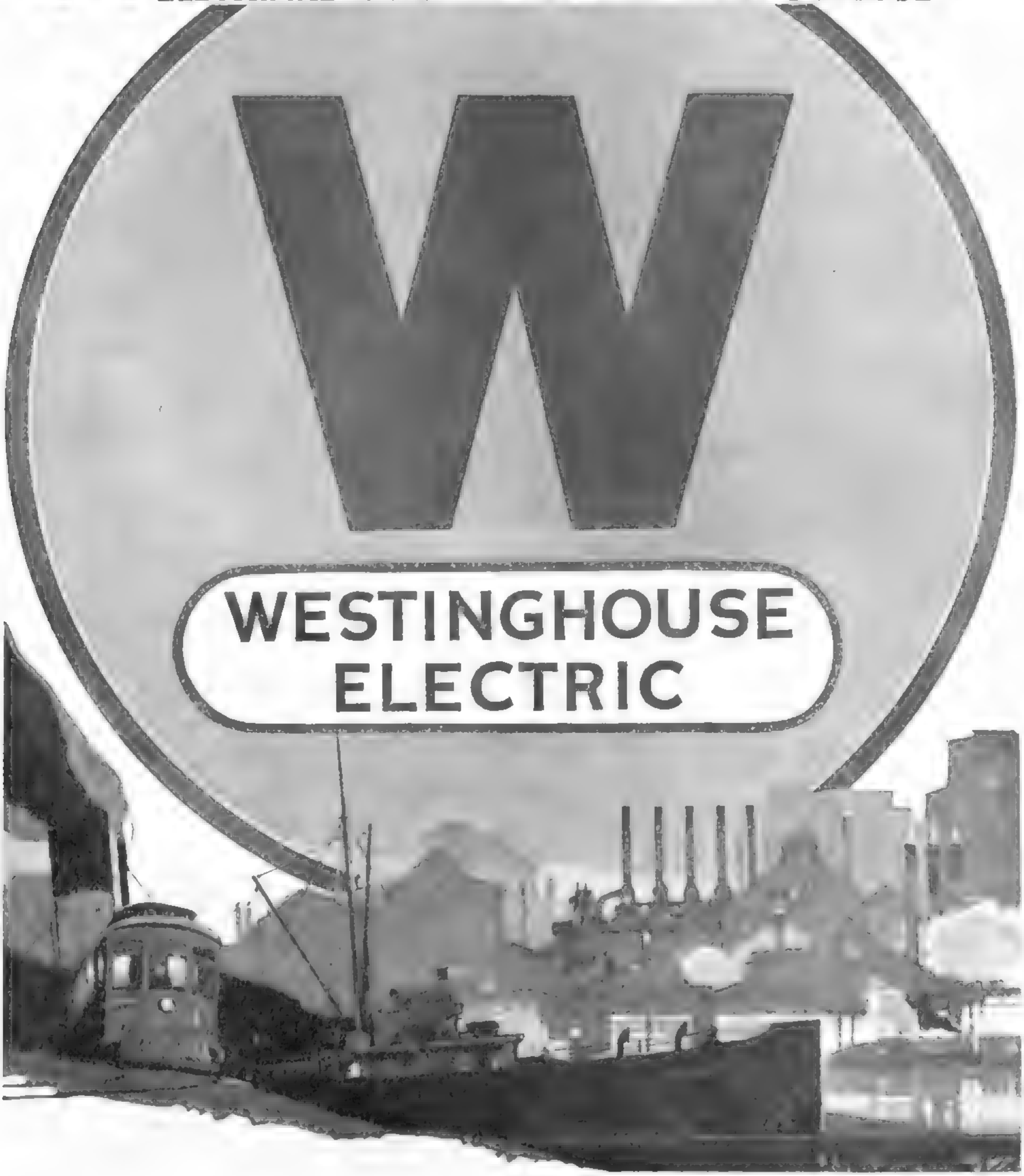
"He's so—decent," she sighed after a while.

"Most people are at least that."

(Continued on Page 135)

Westinghouse

ELECTRICAL APPARATUS FOR EVERY PURPOSE



Westinghouse

ELECTRICAL APPARATUS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Wherever Wheels Turn

In the kitchen of a great hotel, someone throws a switch, and, with amazing swiftness, potatoes are peeled, meat chopped, ice made, cut and chipped, ice cream frozen, meals cooked, dishes washed—all by electricity.

Somewhere upon the broad highway of the Atlantic, a dreadnaught, majestic and mighty, hurls its thousands of tons through the waves, propelled by the force of electricity.

An airplane darts across the heavens—to it electricity is the spark of life in the engine and the one tie that links earth and sky.

To the housewife, busy at her sewing or cleaning or laundry work, electricity is convenience and freedom from toil—to the manufacturer, with his lathes, his drills, his planers and other machines, it is efficiency and economy.

Such is the miracle of electricity, that while scarcely more than thirty years ago it was but an imperfect means of illumination—nothing more—today it is doing countless important tasks wherever wheels turn.

And such are the vastness and versatility of Westinghouse engineering and manufacturing that in whatever field electricity is used, there you will come upon the familiar Westinghouse symbol—here on great turbine-generators supplying light, heat and power to perhaps a dozen cities and towns—there on a little motor whirling the blades of a fan; here on a powerful railway locomotive—there on the meter measuring the flow of current to your lamps.

Not only in every field of service, but in every civilized country, the name and mark of Westinghouse are well-known. Westinghouse power drives trains across the Alps and runs street cars in Japan. It operates sugar mills in Latin America and lights cities in China. Go where you will around the globe, you are never far from its presence.

The explanation of Westinghouse universality is not far to seek. Born of the vision and genius of him whose name it bears, it has ever been at the forefront of electrical development.

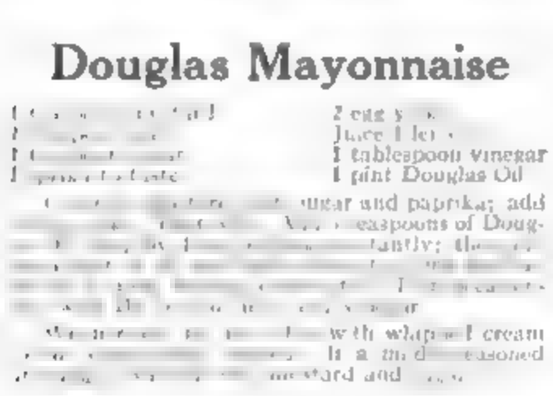
It placed electric lighting on a commercial basis. It made possible cheap and efficient transmission of power over long distance. It introduced the steam turbine into America and developed it to the stage of practical use. It produced the turbine-generator.

To it, likewise, the world owes the marine turbine with reduction gear; the apparatus with which Niagara Falls was first harnessed; the first practical meter for the measuring of electric current and many other notable contributions to progress.

Today sixteen plants and between 40,000 and 50,000 persons are required to meet the world-wide demands for Westinghouse engineering and Westinghouse products.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Douglas Oil



Douglas Corn Starch

Makes Dainty Desserts

Douglas Corn Starch
Your Favorite Chocolate Pudding

Early Tomatoes

With Mayonnaise—*Made as We Tell You How*

Douglas Corn Starch
Makes Superb
Chocolate Pie.

HERE is the greatest treat of Springtime—early tomatoes, young and tender, served with mayonnaise made as we tell you here. You must use Douglas Oil, and the recipe given in this advertisement. The special quality of the oil and the perfected recipe are a prize-winning combination. You will find it easy to make mayonnaise with Douglas Oil. It comes right up smooth and beautifully stiff, because Douglas Oil blends so perfectly with the egg.

Also Douglas Oil lacks the positive flavor which many people don't like in salad oil. It is a very fine, almost neutral oil which carries the flavor of the other ingredients.

Douglas Mayonnaise brings out the delicate tomato taste and the crisp sweetness of lettuce. It is oil de luxe—America's choice for salads. For Douglas Oil is real native American oil, made from the heart of corn alone. This attractive origin gives valuable nutritive qualities while increasing the pleasure of its use. Who doesn't love foods made from corn?

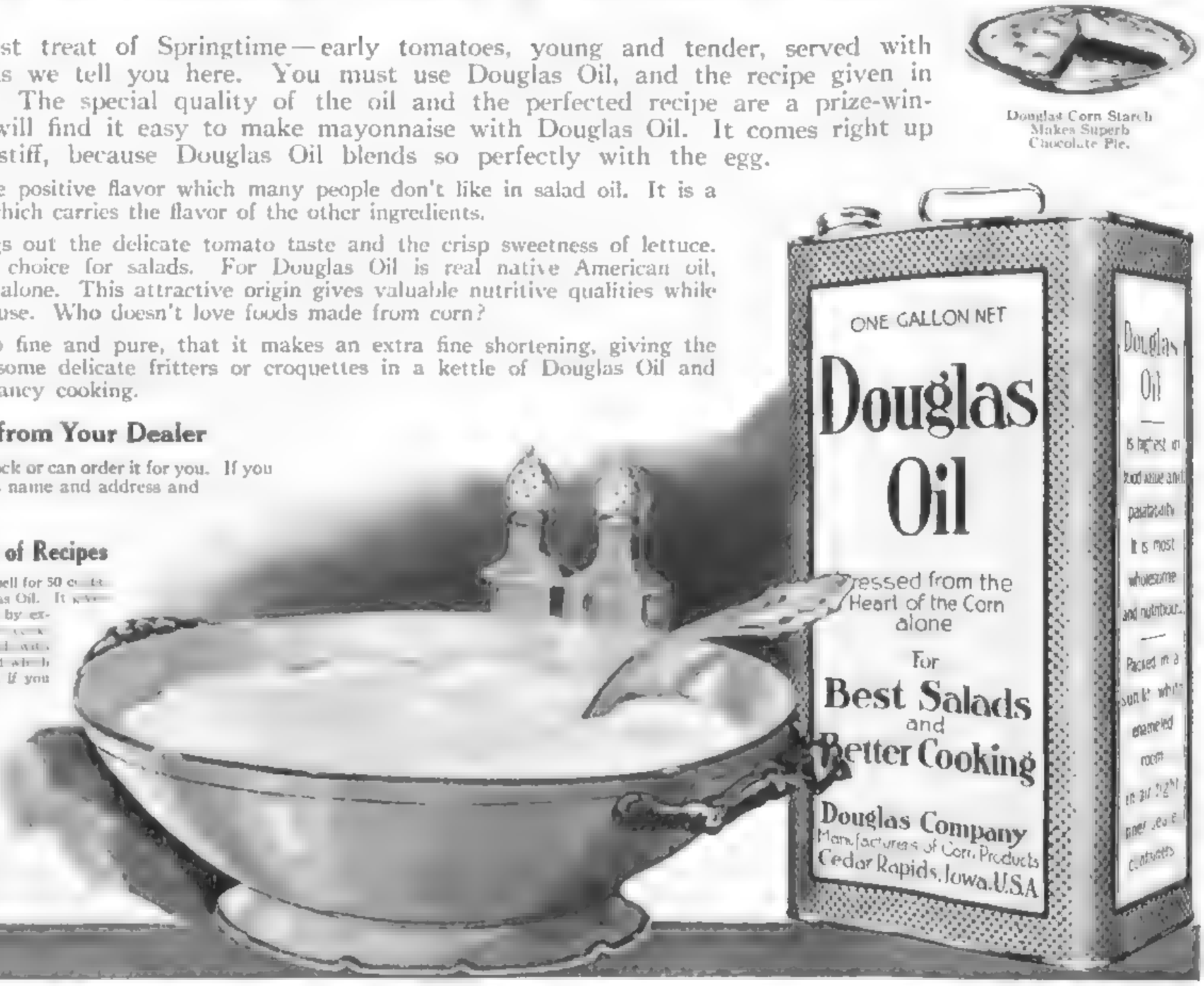
Douglas Oil is so mild, so fine and pure, that it makes an extra fine shortening, giving the same result as butter. Fry some delicate fritters or croquettes in a kettle of Douglas Oil and you give a new meaning to fancy cooking.

Order Douglas Oil from Your Dealer

Your grocer has Douglas Oil in stock or can order it for you. If you cannot secure it, write us, giving his name and address and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for the Free Douglas Book of Recipes

This is a special recipe book published to sell for 50 cents but free for a limited time to users of Douglas Oil. It gives special recipes for salad dressings, compiled by experts, and explains the [illegible] Douglas Oil. [illegible] Douglas Corn Starch, the pure product which is preferred by housewives. Free on request if you will kindly mention your grocer's name.



DOUGLAS COMPANY

Manufacturers of Corn Products

General Offices: Cedar Rapids, Ia.

New York, 15 Park Row
Philadelphia, 10 Chestnut Street
Boston, 50 Congress Street
Chicago, 363 W. Ontario Street

(174)

(Continued from Page 131)

"Oh, are they?" she retorted bitterly. "And I've watched you. You don't really care. Are you—engaged to him?"

"Certainly not! I've known him all my life."

She dipped her head to hide the outrageous joy in her eyes, just as though her shoulder, the back of her neck—were not shouting it. She lifted her other hand from the sand, where it left a print like an animal's claw.

"Will you give me a chance?" she muttered, her voice catching. "It's a howling favor to ask, but—will you keep out of the way for a—little while? It may do no good, but ——"

"Oh, very well," I said.

I got up and left her there. I wanted to tell her that there was something magnificent, something to be respected in caring as much as that. But all the same it was horrible and abject. The dazzle on the sea, and the blobs of sun umbrellas like gorgeous fungi on the beach, and the ducky colored marbles that were children rolling on the sand—all accentuated the indecency of dragging this palpitating twilight thing into the daylight. I climbed the path that led to the birches. I wanted to be able to look over and away into an indifferent horizon that knew nothing about human emotions and cared less.

Why did we have to spoil things? I thought of Ariadne wading out, stretching unavailing hands after her lover's galley; and Sappho dashing down to forgetfulness in the wine-dark sea; and all the other limp women who had forgotten their pride. I had no use for any of them. When the sentimental invertebrate little birches began whispering "O Cupid, king of gods and men," I could have slapped them. That isn't my kind of adventure.

DEAR DI (or Matt): Blessed be Allah for ordaining in this world such a diversity of interesting men.

"Dick," I asked, "who is Paul Fontaine?"

"In private life he is Capt. Jean-Hilaire-Marie de Malakar, of Brittany and the French Navy, and sits at our table."

"But what has he written?"

"Crépuscule Thibétain, and a weird Burmese thing with a disappearing name, mostly apostrophes; and Nénufar Bleu du Nil—that's a fairy tale. I'll get it for you. And a raft of others."

"Travels?"

"Um-um," said Dick.

Claryce took up the tale.

"His war record is wonderful. But he's been everywhere, and at each place he's had a love affair and written a book about it. Don't get nervous, Captain Lamboll. Nothing like a live dictionary for dialect and local color, you know. I wonder who's going to be the heroine of his American romance."

He is sufficiently *quelqu'un* to tattoo himself all over with iron rust if he wants to. The chances of the dance cast me upon the piazza last night; and all in a moment Dick, who had whirled me there, had disappeared, and I was sitting in a secluded corner with the moonlight and Captain de Malakar. No, I do not invent the moon; it was there. And the heavens were opening.

You will not misunderstand, dear Di. There are differences in heavens. This was one not of love but of curiosity.

Great men don't want to be kept on pedestals; they want to be amused. He asked direct questions, as one does of a child. His English is the most beautiful that I have ever heard, enriched with a little orchestration.

So our name was Breton, like his own? And we still sent wedding invitations and such things to the old *archiviste?* And did we have cabbage soup for breakfast? "No, but often for dinner." And we had a *gouvernante* of course, as our aunt did not live with us but in Washington?

"No," I admitted. I felt that I had known him always. His kind black eyes draw you up by the roots. "We did have two, but the colonel fell in love with them and so they left."

"Just as with us! Just as with us!" he cried with a roar of delight. "But he makes you read—the sermons of Monsieur Stern, *par exemple;* but not the romances."

"I have read very few romances, but I have read Nénufar Bleu du Nil," I ventured. Claryce had lent it to me. "Do you believe in magic really? Your book is full of it."

"And you ask me that, you who have lived in the heart of African folklore, you dweller by the sea? Have you not felt the unknown in your blue summer nights, darker than the night? In the touch that sends your feet down one path rather than another?"

"Of course I've always felt that. But—why?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Antennæ. Some who wish to open our eyes; others who would live on our life like cannibals, because alone in that way can they realize their own. Look at that woman."

Miss Vera Brunne was coming through one of the long windows some distance away. Her short dancing skirt broke into a handful of reflections, like the shiny seeds of a split pomegranate. Her bodice was a breath of tulle. She looked like the Song of Solomon. She stood a moment expostulating with somebody. Then Lieutenant Moor came out and followed her round the far corner. Her shoulders were squared, determined. His were uncertain, pulling back but drawn in her wake.

"That woman"—Captain de Malakar sank his voice to a sinister whisper—"was two years ago in Paris; and all Paris ran to see her. She did marvels—read sealed letters, told fortunes in the crystal, gave messages from the dead, family secrets, marks on the body—marvels! But to me the great wonder was the way in which she raised incredible weights easily as a feather. At last I knew what to watch for. One night I, watching from the wings, caught a glimpse—only one but enough; something forbidden and devilish, a very gesture of evil." His black glance dilated and swooped forward. "A paw—a hairy paw!"

A cold shiver vibrated up my spine. Any spine would have behaved that way.

"A brutal thing, a thing without a soul. I saw her cower, sick with terror. Afterward I saw her cry. She showed me marks on her wrists, her arms. From being her servant the Thing had become her tyrant. It is the invariable end."

"What did you do?" I breathed.

"I drove it away," he said simply. That seemed to tell the whole story.

"But how?"

"By the concentration of the will. It is the only way. I have found no force in any form of exorcism, in any names; only in the naked will. I forbade it the plane of humanity. Never will it trouble her again—unless she has the weakness to summon it."

"She must be very grateful," I sighed.

"She? Perhaps. She would certainly not care to be reminded of it. You promise then? This story is what Lamboll calls 'graveyard.'" His hand swept it away. "Ugly. Let us speak of something else. Magic to the demoiselle means love charms, *hein?*"

"No, indeed!" I denied indignantly with a swift vision of Claryce. "Nothing could interest me less."

He laughed softly.

"I might consider," I went on hastily, "a supernatural affair with a Djinni or something. One might feel at home with him. But I should certainly waste the time asking him cosmic questions, and never get to the love making at all."

"But when the moment comes, when your hand goes out without your volition to touch another's? When a desert island for you two seems the only ——"

"No," I insisted. "Even then it would be so much more exciting not to touch at all—simply to go on wanting."

"*Soit,*" he murmured. "Poets have agreed with you. But ——"

He lifted his hand as though to ask silence for the silvery hiss that comes into the sea when everything else is quiet. We listened, poised on the edge of mysteries. His voice blended into it.

"—— but let me warn you—do not want to touch me."

I said good night hastily. The piazza was deserted except for a square pool of light from the lobby. I slipped into a side door. A shadow unblotted itself from the floor and confronted me.

"T'ang Gawd, yo' come sometime!"

"You've been listening," I accused virtuously.

"Sho' I been lis'nin'; an' I wish de cunnel been hyar lis'nin' too. Love! A nice t'ing ter talk ter a young gal 'bout, disher time een de mawnin'."

At the foot of the staircase stood a spare patient figure straining his eyes over a newspaper in the dim light. The owl glasses regarded me mildly.

"My dear Miss Virgilia," he began in his kind elderly tone, "I do not wish to be intrusive, but as an old friend of Miss Gueselin's ——"

I proceeded upstairs trying to look as though neither of us were there. From the upper piazza a sudden arc of light flew out like a rocket. Dick appeared in the doorway, but I should have recognized the cigar.

"Do you know the time?" he demanded.

"Don't dare to tell me," I interrupted.

"Do you know the point of view of these foreigners concerning women?"

"He has just been informing me at great length. Dick," I murmured sweetly. "If you promise not to tell I'll tell you a secret: I think I'm going to be that American heroine."

"Good night!" And he went downstairs abruptly.

"Dick," I called. He stopped. "Do you happen to know whether there is anybody else sitting up to watch over my innocence?"

"Not that I know of. Good night."

I went with my head over my shoulder, and just at the angle where the short corridor runs into the long one someone walking very fast and very softly, as I was, collided with me. Lieutenant Moor gazed upon me as though he were swiftly redistributing his impressions. Then a charming smile rippled into his face, exactly like a child who has been in mischief and finds a fellow conspirator.

"Where do you come from, ghost?" he murmured.

"From discussing magic with Captain de Malakar," I whispered back.

He jumped. His eyes widened. He leaned nearer.

"You don't need it," he breathed, a new excited note in his voice. "You are magic. Will you—will you drive with me to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes," I said quite aloud, I was so pleased. "I'd love to!"

He started to speak, thought better of it, and disappeared down the well of the staircase with a flashing smile. For the first time I wondered what he was doing in this part of the hotel. He and Dick and Captain de Malakar are lodged in the long L that Dick calls the Garçonnerie. But, then, Dick had no business here either.

As I slid across Aunt Florine's room to reach mine all the chairs rose up and smote me before I remembered that she had rearranged the furniture so as to obtain the full benefit of the polar current. She pushed her lace cap back from one eye and yawned. The moonlight outlined the strips of wrinkle-evading plaster beside her mouth and eye corners, and turned something in a glass upon the table into Orient pearls.

"What time is it, dear child?"

"I don't know exactly, auntie," I answered veraciously. She relapsed.

Now suppose that I were on a desert island with Jean-Hilaire-Marie de Malakar:

A bird of paradise dropped boldly between the two figures, they had been for so long a time immobile. The eternal trade wind rocked the palms with long, relentless touches; the lagoon lay shuddering in the heat. Suddenly the etiolated white blossoms fell from the woman's hands and the bird rose with a shrill flutter of its jeweled fringes. The man at last had spoken:

"No longer can I endure it. You assassinate me with your cooking, more and more atrocious!"

I hadn't meant to write that. It wrote itself. Would it be that way? No, it was certainly no place for a bird of paradise.

DEAR DI: Now that Dick is forbidden and unlawful to me I am beginning to suspect what other people see in him. Whenever he comes near me I, mindful of my promise, have to drive him away with stones and curses.

How long is a little while?

Even Claryce has been obliged to admit that something has happened at last.

Last night just after dark Dick staggered into the lobby, a most ghastly sight, with blood streaking down his face and a golf club clutched in his hand. When the answers could be heard through the storm of questions he informed us that he had been held up by two men.

"And the men?" snapped Captain de Malakar.

"Didn't get anything. Out there," indicated Dick. Half a dozen others followed the captain into the night. Then Claryce, very determined, appeared with a first-aid kit, followed by Minty bearing a basin of water, and took charge.

"I have learned this," she announced with a steely glitter of joy in her eye; and as she turned his face into a lovely demonstration Dick was allowed to tell his story.

He was alone, having lingered to try a new shot. Two men, one with a pistol, had materialized out of the dusk and ordered him to hold up his hands.

"I did," he said grimly, "but I managed to do it so as to whack the gunman—no, not over the head, but unromantically in the stomach."

Then quick as thought he had swung round and given the other that peculiar French backward kick called the *savate,* catching him on the jaw. He must have surpassed the lightning. He had no idea when he had received the ugly gash on his forehead, probably from the second man while the kick was on the way.

Both marauders were found where he had left them, and were turned over to the police and sent to Medway, the nearest town. When capable of speech they admitted sulkily that their motive had been robbery.

If someone had emptied cylinders of oxygen into the hotel this morning the general exhilaration could not be greater. Everybody goes about smiling delightedly, saying, "How dreadful!" and "One's life is really not safe." The strange thing about the world, which I find so colorful, is that its inhabitants seem jaded and need a gentle titillation like a murder or an elopement to make them alive. We exchange thrills like an old-time mesmeric séance.

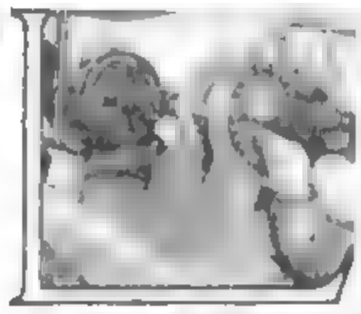
"This really brings the war home to one," says Mrs. Morrison. "Foreigners who speak broken English and some outlandish dialect? Could it be *plattdeutsch?*"

"I think not," answers Doctor McDonald, who has been as sweet to me as though that nocturnal interview had never taken place. I should greatly like him in the family. "Something Slav, I fancy. Our friend is a first-rate fighting man."

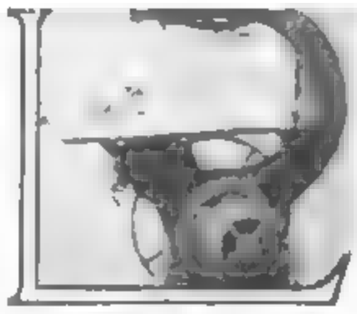
That is the kind of speech that makes me feel as though my own self-respect were being assailed. Then why is Dick here?

(Continued on Page 138)

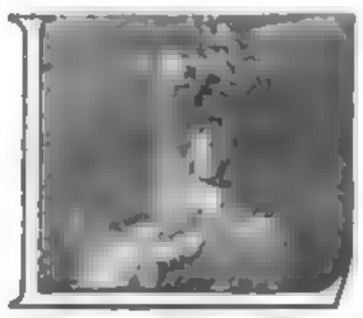
LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS



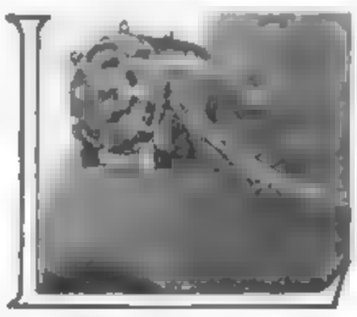
Power Plant Compressor



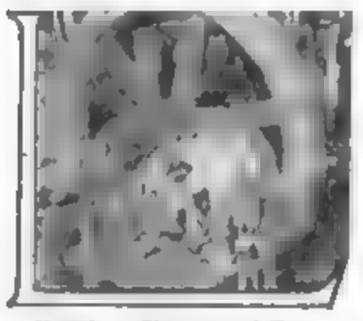
Wood-working Machine



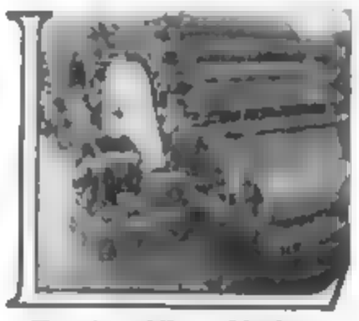
Elevators, Hoists and Cranes



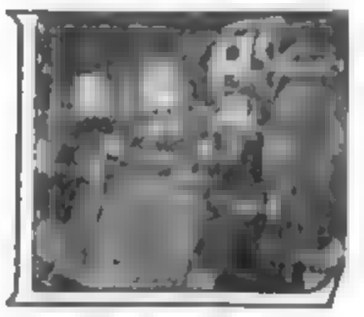
Fans, Blowers, etc.



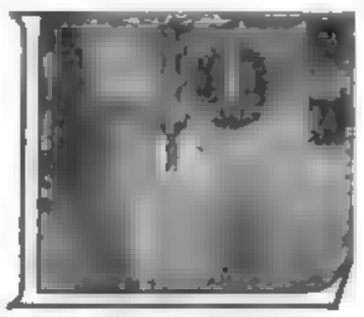
Punches, Shears and Presses



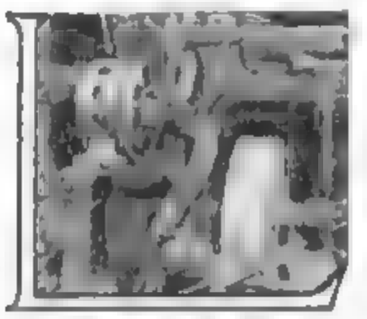
Textile and Paper Machinery



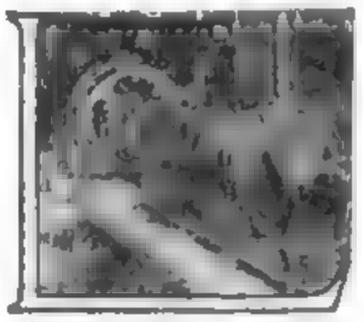
Metal Working Machines



Mining Machinery



Cranes, Pulverizers, Grinding Machines



Every Machine that a Motor Will Drive

How to Pick Motors for Your Machines

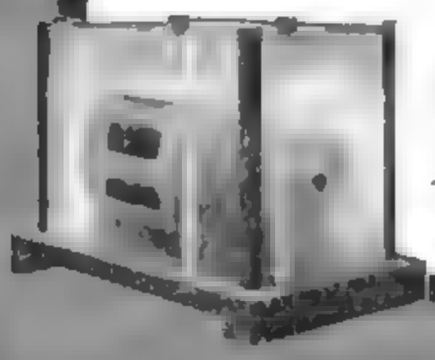
Who can pick the motors for your machinery so intelligently as the man who built the machine?

He has to select the motor for hundreds of such equipments instead of one. He knows the work the machine has to do. He knows when it has the right speed and power to do it properly.

Lincoln has a special engineering department trained to work with the machinery builder to help him in fitting the machine with the right motor before it leaves the shop. It is the best way to insure satisfactory service to the user.

When you buy a machine of any type ask the manufacturer to equip it with a Lincoln Motor—a motor that fits the machine.

"Link Up With Lincoln"



This Lincoln Motor operated under water at exhibitions and conventions for over 3 years without damage to windings.

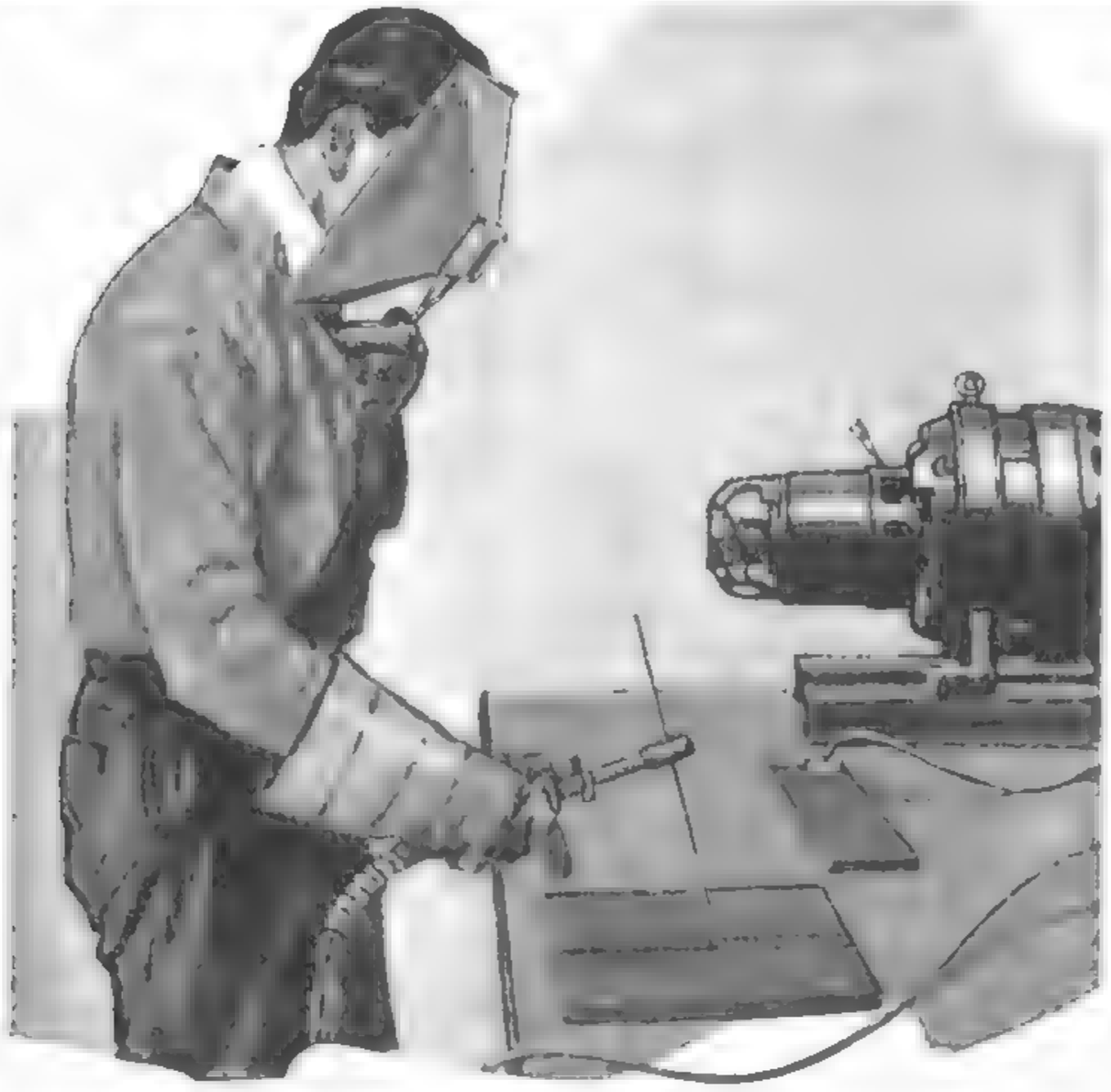
The Lincoln Electric Co., Cleveland, O.

New York City, Buffalo, Syracuse, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, Columbus, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Charlotte, N. C., Boston, Minneapolis

The Lincoln Electric Co., of Canada. Head Office: Toronto

Agencies in other principal cities

LINCOLN ARC WELDER

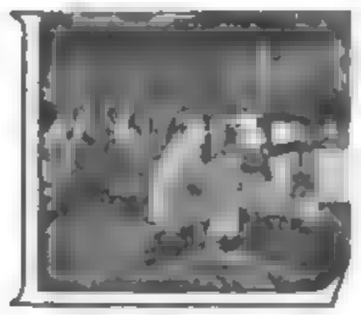


How to Work Iron and Steel at Lower Costs

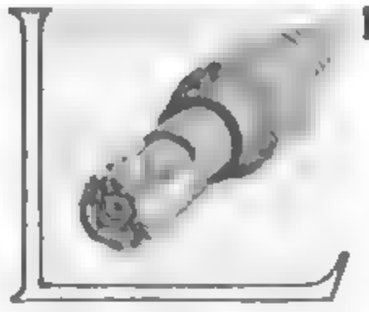
If your plant makes products of iron and steel—if you have worn or broken parts to repair—if you have defects or flaws to correct—then you can save money by electric arc welding.

The Lincoln Arc Welder will fuse two separate parts of steel into one solid continuous whole. It fills in molten steel between the edges of any pieces you want to join. It builds up new metal in defects, flaws or worn places on castings, forgings, shafts, etc.

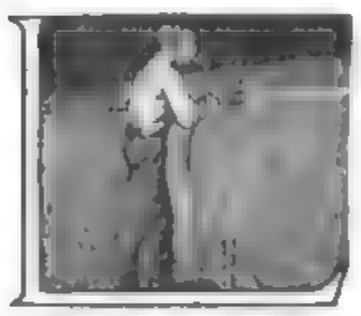
Lincoln Welding Engineers are finding every day new plants where they can show great savings. Why wait for them to seek you out? Put your problems before them today for investigation.



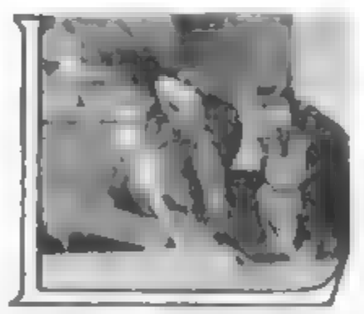
Quick Repairs

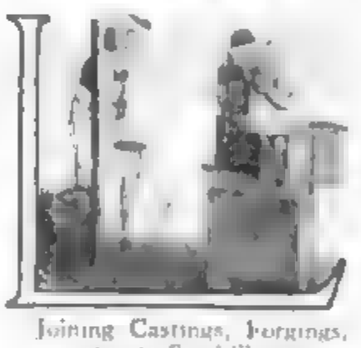


Build Up Worn Parts or Parts Wrongly Machined

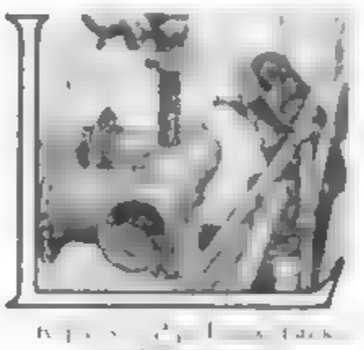


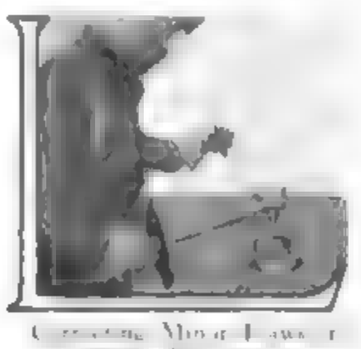
Building Steel Ships, Steel Cars, etc.





Joining Castings, Forgings, etc., to Steel Sheets

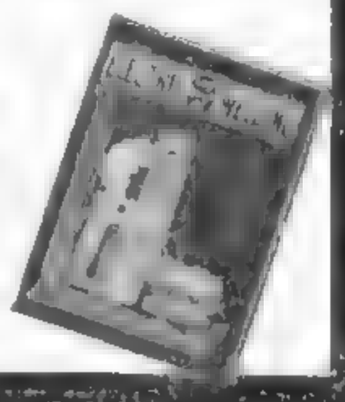




Wherever Iron or Steel Parts Must be Joined

Manufacture of Sheet Metal Work

Welding or Repairs Wherever a Cable can be Carried



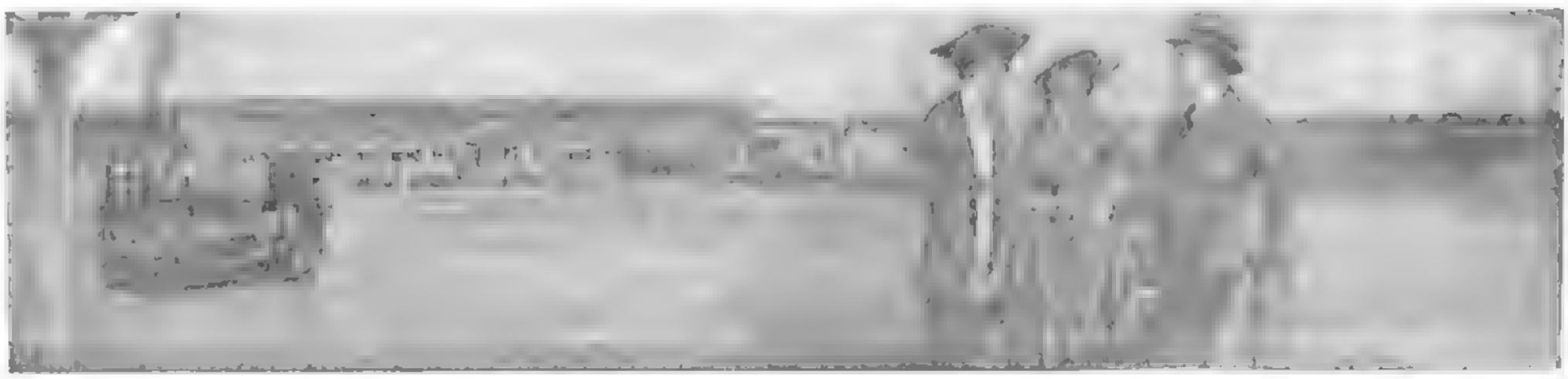
Send for this 80 page book with hundreds of shop photographs and information on this wonderful process

The Lincoln Electric Co., Cleveland, O.

New York City, Buffalo, Syracuse, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charlotte, N. C., Boston, Minneapolis

The Lincoln Electric Co., of Canada. Head Office: Toronto

Agencies in other principal cities



Why Shouldn't Luggage Match the Good Taste of other Personal Belongings

AMERICANS spend more money on their personal belongings than any other people on earth. They are also great travelers.

How is one to account for their indifference and lack of pride in so personal a matter as their traveling equipment?

Evidently there are numbers of men and women who cannot see themselves in relation to the luggage they carry.

High ideals of quality have to begin with the manufacturer.

Where there are *mixed standards of value* in a trade itself, how can the public have standards, or know what to buy?

Only a few dealers are keen enough to see that *competition* always regulates *price*—but that *quality* is a matter of the maker's character.

Farseeing dealers know that Americans want quality where they have anything to measure it by. These dealers are specializing on Belber Traveling Goods—Belber known quality at reasonable prices.

* * *

MORE than any other manufacturer, the Belber Company has given much thought to the *essentials* for which traveling goods are bought—*style*, *wear* and *lasting good looks*.

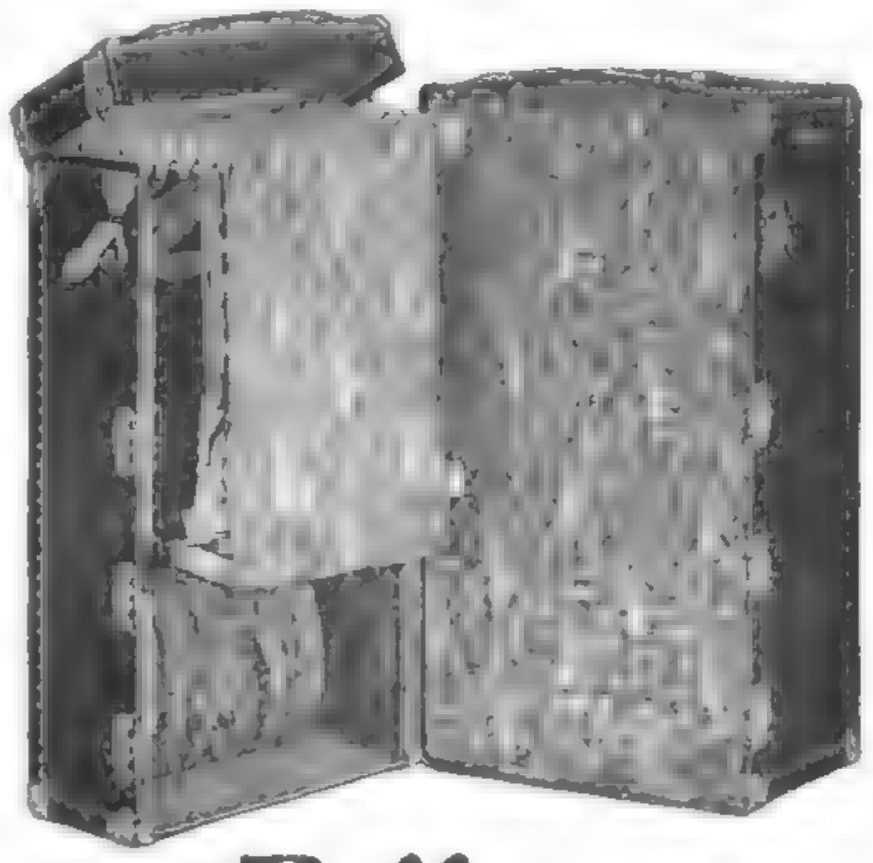
The person who still carries an old-fashioned trunk ought to know the many advantages of a Belber Wardrobe Trunk—its convenience, its comfort, its ability to stand years of hard usage.

Any Belber dealer will show him how it carries the *most* clothes in the *least* space—will tell him why it is the quality trunk that every modern traveler needs.

You will not pay any more for Belber Traveling Goods than for much inferior goods. But you will get more in sound wearing quality, in finer styles, a better choice of styles.

Belber Luggage is today the leading *nationally-known, quality-guaranteed* luggage. That is why it is prominently displayed by nearly every high-grade luggage dealer.

Find this dealer in your town. If you do not know his name—write and we will gladly tell you.



Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

The Wardrobe Trunk No. 81 here illustrated is a pleasing model of a popular priced trunk. It has all the advantages of Belber construction, being built over a box of three-ply veneer, covered and interlined with heavy gauge fiber.
The cover is blue fiber, set off by a black aber binding, liberally studded. Lined with a blue cretonne of pleasing design. It has a laundry bag, shoe pockets and five drawers, including the patented, convertible hat drawer. Supplied with the hollless interlocker which securely locks the trunk in five places at one operation. A sturdy, roomy trunk—a splendid example of Belber quality at reasonable prices.

Price $75—Other styles $30 to $300

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The largest manufacturer of Wardrobe Trunks, Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases in the world

Sales Offices: New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Minneapolis, San Francisco
Factories: New York Philadelphia Woodbury, N. J. Chicago Oshkosh, Wis.

(Continued from Page 135)

"I wonder if your daughter would like my smelling salts for her patient?" queries Aunt Florine. "I found it so comforting after the operation on my ear."

I sigh. I know what is coming. Each has had everything that the other has had, only worse. Sometimes I wonder whether one feature of that operation was not the removal of Aunt Florine's brain and the substitution of a small bunch of artificial pink roses. Which is flagrantly ungrateful.

"She is doing all that is necessary, I am sure," asserts Mrs. Morrison. "She took excellent care of me after I lost my kidney. And nothing could be worse than that."

Doctor McDonald agrees with her; at least he mutters something and escapes.

"I have had two operations for appendicitis," hazards Aunt Florine, shaken but unconquered.

"I have had twins!" proclaims Mrs. Morrison. "When they were born——"

"Gillie, dear child," says Aunt Florine hurriedly, "run upstairs and fetch my other needles. They're - somewhere."

Claryce always stays and hears everything.

The doctor from Medway smiled over the thoroughness of her handiwork, but approved it. He discovered a temperature and ordered quiet, so Dick is established on a wicker couch at the shady end of the piazza for the world to worship at a distance. She is very clever. With the opportunity to monopolize she effaces herself, only providing delicious things to drink, or the men he wants, or reading to him, as he seems ready for such attentions. And the sharp thirsty look has gone out of her face. It is all the difference between the spiny eagerness of a cactus and the same plant covered with blossoms.

It is not fitting that the aphorisms of Claryce should perish from the earth.

"Men admire a girl because other men have admired her. Their curiosity is roused as to what the others find so fascinating."

I am beginning to make a little circle. It undoubtedly dates from the night when I sat up with Captain de Malakar; since then I have been sought after. And the chief seeker is Lieutenant Moor.

As a conversationalist he is far inferior to Paul Fontaine, but his silence never seems, like the darn, a confession of poverty. I find myself deferring to his opinion, a little uneasily. There is something behind his pale eyes that I shall never understand. His thoughts watch, alert and a trifle contemptuous, instead of sporting through them like fish in a pool.

I find it an enormous help to catch a few of Captain de Malakar's fish and serve them up to Keith Moor. He is enormously interested, and we dissect the gambols and pick the bones. Indeed I find that I talk to each of the other, and of both to Dick—when the favorite slave allows me near Dick.

I must have used him as a pivot, because without him I drift from one person to the next. Miss Vera Brunne has been most friendly, asking me to tea with her in her room and lending me books. She also believes in direct questions; the only way of making conversation, I suppose, considering the differences in our experience. Generally Minty happens in with an offer to brush hair, or manicure, or mend. Miss Vera has the loveliest hair and the loveliest underthings and negligees. Also the loveliest sugar plums, which she calls candy; at home candy is what comes in sticks. I find it almost impossible to realize that she has been intimate with devils.

"The question is," observes Claryce, "does she find you wildly entertaining or does she simply want to know where you are? Yes, I mean Moor, I do."

Claryce might really have been better brought up

Captain de Malakar also has been most kind. Almost every evening we have a little encounter behind the clump of shivering palms on the piazza, but he sends me to bed in proper time. I shut my eyes and listen; it is like going into jungly woods with the padding of wild but friendly beasts round you. He and the sea and afterdark belong together.

This is the glamour after all that Keith Moor lacks. He is too daylight. And yet the things he says ought to be glamorous enough—sometimes.

"Some women," according to Claryce "don't know love making when they see it; and some would imagine it in the void."

Now suppose that I were on a desert island with Keith Moor.

The dead white sand stretched to the dead gray sea, swinging like the edge of a ribbon of which the other edge was the horizon. The monotony of the tropics weighed down the eyelids like an evil drug. The man sprang to his feet, flinging his cap across the sand.

"Fifteen minutes," he muttered thickly. "I'd give my immortal soul for fifteen minutes in a civilized club!"

It wouldn't do at all.

DEAR DI: Something has happened to me so extraordinary that I am not sure that it has really happened at all. As I sit in my commonplace robin's-egg room with every light turned on full, and the door into Aunt Florine's fastened open, and Minty moving about there, singing, as usual,

Wunce I wus a sinner,
Jist laike yo' is ——

the whole horror seems impossible.

This afternoon, at what Aunt Florine calls early candlelight, I, feeling very lonesome, remembered that Miss Vera had offered me a book on Japanese ghosts. When I knocked at her door no one answered, and noticing that it was ajar I saw no harm in pushing it open. She has had me there so often. Her room gives me a queer little shock always, it is so exactly my own, down to the glass handles, except that my blue is her pink. Until I look at the exhaustive *batteris de beauté* on the dressing table it seems as though my own room had developed chameleon traits.

The book's yellow back shone on the table between the windows. I went toward it softly, as you walk in somebody else's empty room. I opened it; very fortunately I lifted and opened it. As I glanced out at the gray-pink-lilac afterglow, like films of chiffon one over the other, it occurred to me idly that a staircase which shot up into the piazza a few feet away might tend to make some burglar's lot a happier one. And suddenly I had a feeling! The thrill that makes you in the woods at home stand perfectly still but poised on one foot to run, listening with the very pores of your skin lest a slinking rustle swell into a flagrant enveloping rattle. Something was inside, something stealthy.

I thought like waves of heat. Nothing is more conspicuous than a listening attitude; I shifted to the other foot. It was not likely that the hidden thing—probably a comrade of Dick's assailants—would attack me and run the risk of shrieks and discovery if he was convinced that I had not noticed his presence. I did not look very rich. As the colonel says, a snake is as anxious to get away from you as you are to get away from him.

And then by some trick of light, some last welling up—a wave of weak radiance ran along the wall; and before it ebbed I had seen round the edge of the chintz curtain that covers an open closet, just like mine, something—a shadow! It was stamped like a silhouette, even the hairs standing up from the back—a brutal thing, a thing without a soul!

The shadow of a hand! Or was it a paw?

For a nauseating second the floor melted under me and the print ran together. Then I heard something deep inside me say: "I am not afraid. Nothing can hurt me so long as I am not afraid." Perhaps it was not aware of me yet. Some of them are stupid, not alive. But I couldn't count on that. The dark came flowing in, holding my knees, creeping up my breast; when it reached my mouth I should be lost.

There was a way. Old Dah had taught me when I was a child. I must face the east—but that would mean turning my back on the windows and the shadow—and concentrating my will between the eyes I must drive it off. The naked will.

I could hear Dah's old voice crying help from miles away: "Don' breave een disher house; don' breave een disher room; don' breave on disher chile. Breave een hell!"

And the dark creeping up and one cruel star in the sky. I felt my foot pivot round; slowly, slowly, always holding the open book, I moved to the door, my spinal marrow crawling with an awful apprehensive life of its own.

I shut that door with exquisite and meticulous care, as they say. And then I stampeded down the corridor with the inferno behind me, and swung into my own room like Flight after a bird.

Minty dropped the coverlid she was folding.

"Fer de lan' sake! 'Git out de way, rabbit, an' let somebody run what kin run!'" she quoted.

"Minty," I bleated, "there's something in Miss Vera's room."

She swooped over the bed, her fists making big hollows in the cover, her eyes black and white rings like a target. "W'at?"

"A—sort of ghost," I gurgled. "A ha'nt."

She turned away scornfully. "Dat's all? Plenty o' dem roun'. Dey don' hurt yo' lessen yo' tarragate 'em. I s'posed 'twas sumpm else."

Her perfectly natural reception of horrors quieted me. I turned on all the lights and took her by the shoulders, just to feel a human being.

"Some w'ite people," observed Minty contemptuously, "got a supe'stishun dat dey ain' no ghos's."

DEAR DI: Query—Am I a yellow puppy in the manger?

Dick has been quiet for four days, and whenever I pause to make a polite inquiry the favorite slave reminds me over his head by means of her eloquent and very handsome eyes: "You promised. Keep off!" Moreover Keith has been away for three days. And as you grow older and more *exigeante* books have off times.

Seeking what I might devour this afternoon I wandered up to my point of birches. Underbrush makes a fairy circle of it on three sides, full of no-name blue and purplish wild flowers, and lovely fungi, pink and white coral color and grass. It feels as much mine as an old armchair. That reflection of yourself that you leave like a snail over outside things, to find again, is what keeps many people from dying of loneliness.

Formerly some boards were tacked to the trees saying "This is the forest primeval"—which anyone could see it wasn't; and "Oh, that we two were Maying" whereas it is now August. After I had flung them into the sea the soul of the place was saved.

As I was pondering these philosophical thoughts a clear-cut shadow ran across the grass, and Lieutenant Moor dropped down by me. He shook my hand solemnly with the trail of the fingers that I should recognize in the dark. Then he sighed peacefully, as on attaining the heaven where he would be.

"Dear child," he murmured. His tone carried the same intention.

"It's going to storm; and suddenly," said I. "Good evening ——"

"Keith," suggested he.

"Mr. Moor," corrected I.

"Where's Malakar?"

"He is going over to Medway; but it's going to storm, all the same. You heard about Dick?"

"Oh, I heard," he answered with a wry smile.

We gazed out to sea. One is not obliged to converse, even to strangers, with a sky like that unrolled before one. A threatening scowl of purple furred with gray, the sun pulsing through like a point of life. Under us the sand was darker than the faded mauve wavelets that fretted it like little animals cutting their teeth. The birches began shuddering warnings behind us. Wind swirls, the most scary and futile things in the world, went by catching up bits of sticks and leaves to worry. And the man by my side reminding me by every means in his power that he was anything but a stranger! More than ever he affected me like a disturbing sketch; he could convey so much by so little.

There is a limit to endurance.

"Talk! Say something!" I cried.

"What's the use?" he answered dreamily. The tension of the air was in his eyes, but a film of feeling—I can't think of any other word—blurred them like smoke over a woods fire. "Didn't you tell me once that no true dialogue could ever be written, no real scene, because the words didn't matter? It was all atmosphere."

"I meant love scenes," I snapped.

The ghastly silence! I could hear the wretched little seconds tolling their overtones into eternity. And then I was on my feet, my back against a tree, both hands hard against his breast, warding off something dreadful!

"Gillie, Gillie!" he said. "Only kiss me once! I can't stand it!" He said it over and over. All my consciousness was in the palms of my hands.

"You're not a child. Why do you pretend to be one? Why do you do it?"

I stared a question.

"Everything that's provocative, everything to draw me on. Do you think a man is proud of losing his self-control like this? Say you care! You know you care."

He flung out his clenched hand. A sudden clear wave of light stamped its shadow against a white tree trunk, even the hairs standing up from the back.

"For you?" I gasped. "For you?"

His eyes flickered as though he had been struck. His head turned stiffly, the jaw hardening. Then he walked slowly away. Something about his shoulders seemed disgraceful to look at. And a memory struggled to put itself together.

"Of course," he said dully. "I thought you cared."

When he was gone I beat the innocent little birches with the hands that he had held against him. I couldn't cry but I sobbed, I whined, I yelped—until my fury went out of me. One certainty was clear to me. Not until Keith Moor was safely away, not until he was safely dead must Dick suspect what had happened.

As I ran down the slope Captain de Malakar drove round the curve from the garage. I threw my hand up, and he stopped and looked at the sky.

"Take me with you, *mon capitaine!* Take me with you!" I panted.

"I had promised myself that pleasure; I had even had a tea basket prepared at your intention. But—the weather."

"I don't mind that. I don't want to be alone." Then as he whimsically indicated the overflowing piazza: "I feel—safe with you. From conversation, I mean."

"Run and get a raincoat."

I ran. I dodged Minty and captured Aunt Florine's respectable English mackintosh, which trails on me, and a tam.

Captain de Malakar took the beach road, which is shorter than the highroad. The bushes were straining inland, flattening themselves abjectly. The wind went with us. I wanted to stand on the seat and shout, but naturally I remained decorously seated. I wanted my brain blown clear of the hateful scene on the cliff and the hateful touch I still felt along my arms.

I know better than to talk to Captain de Malakar when he is driving—he is a sailor—but once he stopped and fussed with the car. It was opposite a deserted cottage which everybody sketches. With its bleached silvery shingles and volunteer garden it presents that forlorn appeal so desirable in a water color and so undesirable in a residence.

"If that were mine," I said, "I'd plant oleanders, double pink ones, and give parties. It needs cheering up. Its name is the Hermit Crab."

At Medway he went into the express office with a flat long package fastened with seals. Coming out he looked as though he had left a weight behind him. He even regarded the formidable sky cheerfully.

"Which road?" he asked. "By the beach we have a sporting chance to beat the tempest. On the other hand if we should be beaten the highroad offers a choice of shelters."

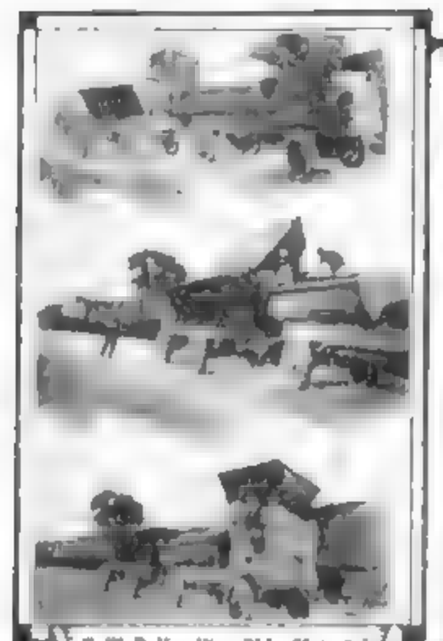
"Oh, the beach!" I begged. A sharp freshness came from the sea. The clouds in the washerwoman's corner, as the darkies call the northwest, were piling up, but there was still plenty of curious livid light. I snuggled into the rugs and we started.

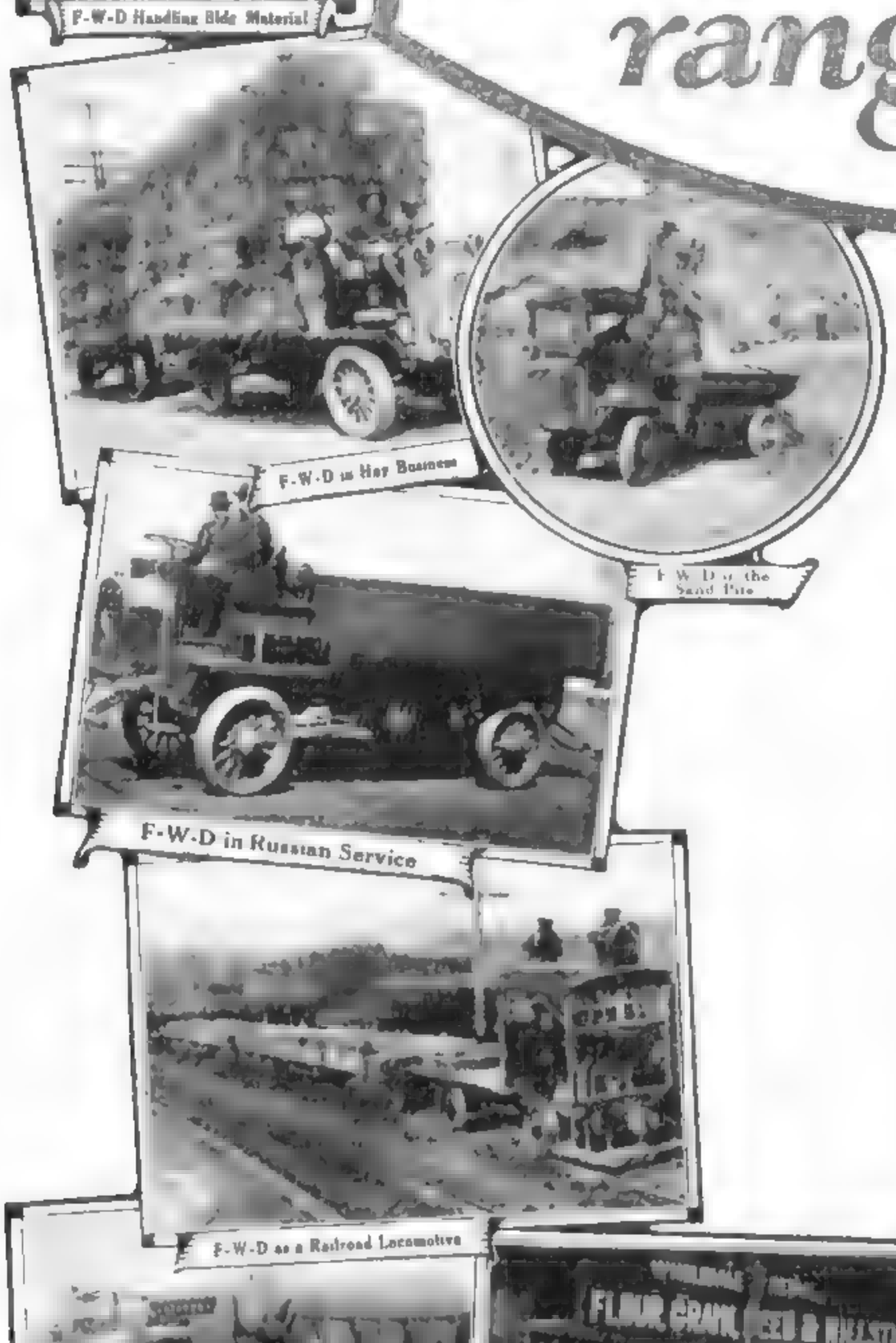
Then things began to happen. Rollings of thunder, whistlings and flaws of air. About halfway the car developed fractiousness. Captain de Malakar humored it and muttered things in strange tongues that did not sound flattering. And suddenly all in a moment the storm, feeling that it had given fair warning, pounced. A lift of the wind, a rush, an onslaught, and the heavens emptied themselves.

You remember the cyclone at Cherokee Island that drove in the piazza doors and whirled the venetians off left and right like cane stalks. But here we were in the open. I slipped to the floor and felt the car shudder, like a restive horse. The rain immured us. The wind shrieked like ten million devils on a spree, and the prince of the power of the air lifted his outrageous voice in howls of thunder. We made our way by the lightning Sometimes we speeded and sometimes we crawled. The beach under us grew squashy as the waves flung themselves inland. We had to take to the higher sand before their marauding wet fingers clutched the engine and doused the glim. The machine plowed on, then it

(Continued on Page 143)

F-W-D TRUCKS cover the widest range of uses


F-W-D Handling Hide Material


F-W-D in Hay Business

F-W-D at the Sand Pits

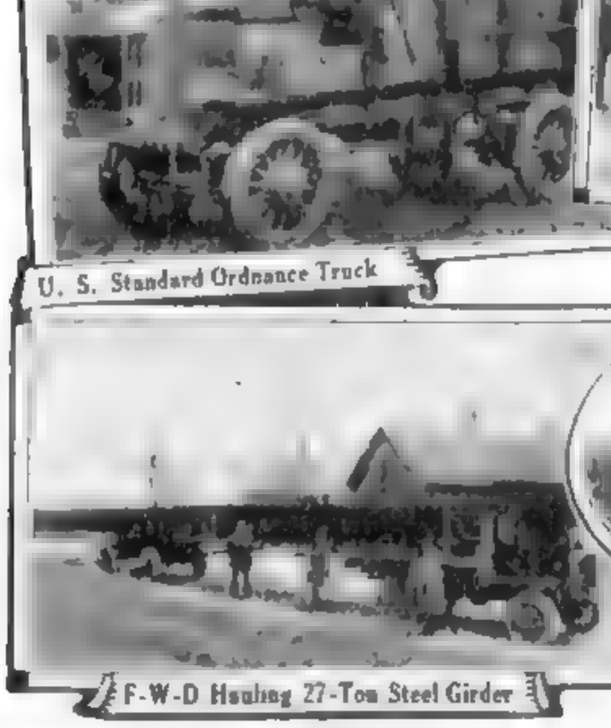
F-W-D in Russian Service

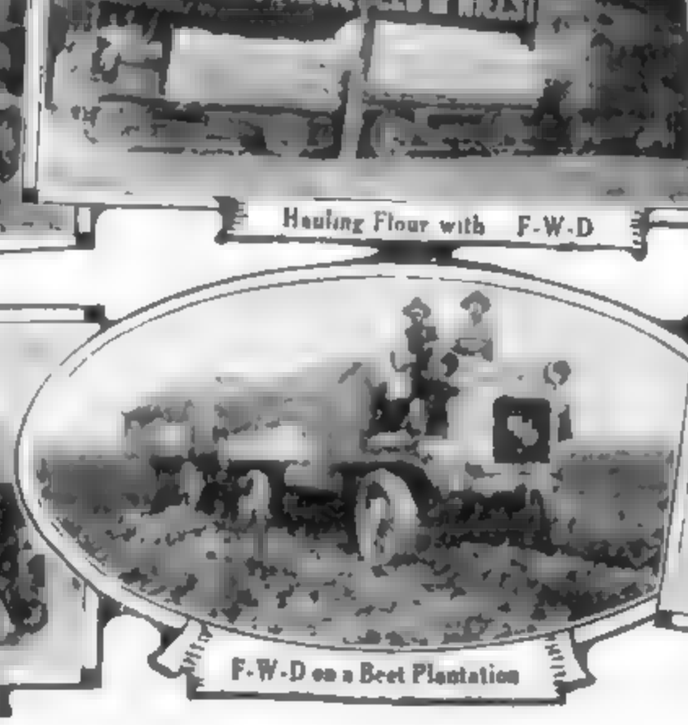
F-W-D as a Railroad Locomotive

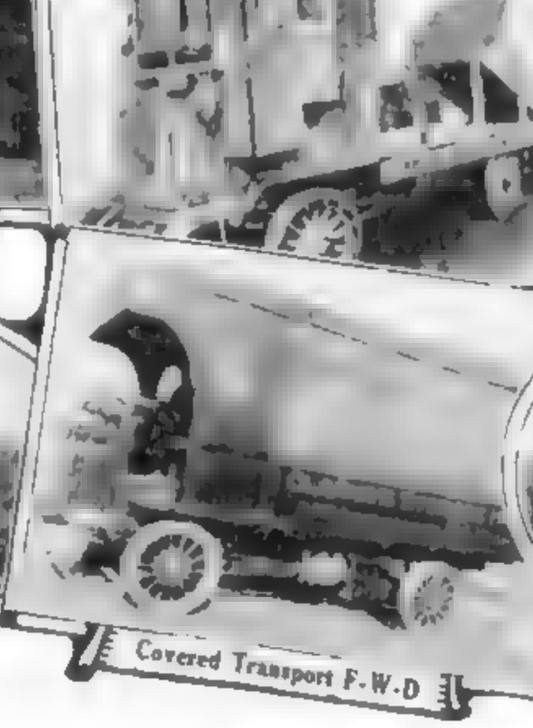
U. S. Standard Ordnance Truck

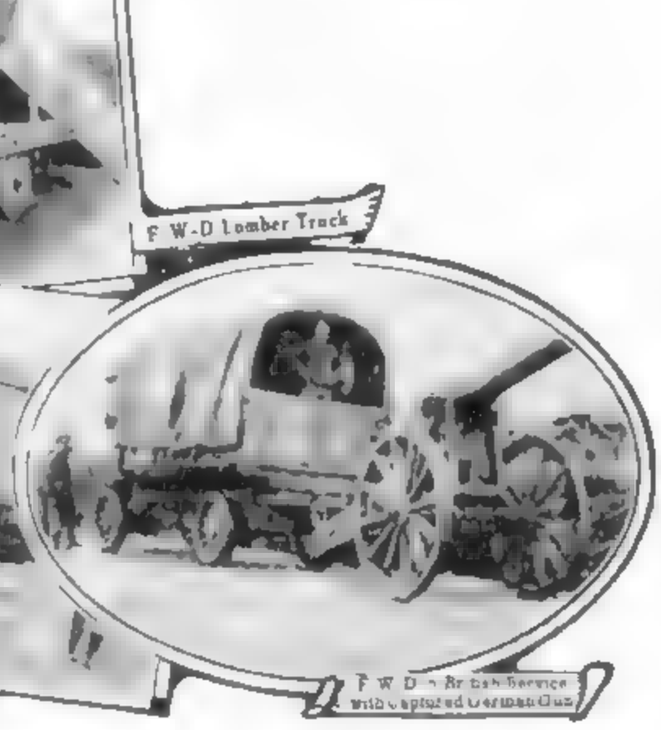
Hauling Flour with F-W-D

F-W-D Lumber Truck


F-W-D Hauling 27-Ton Steel Girder


F-W-D on a Beet Plantation


Covered Transport F-W-D

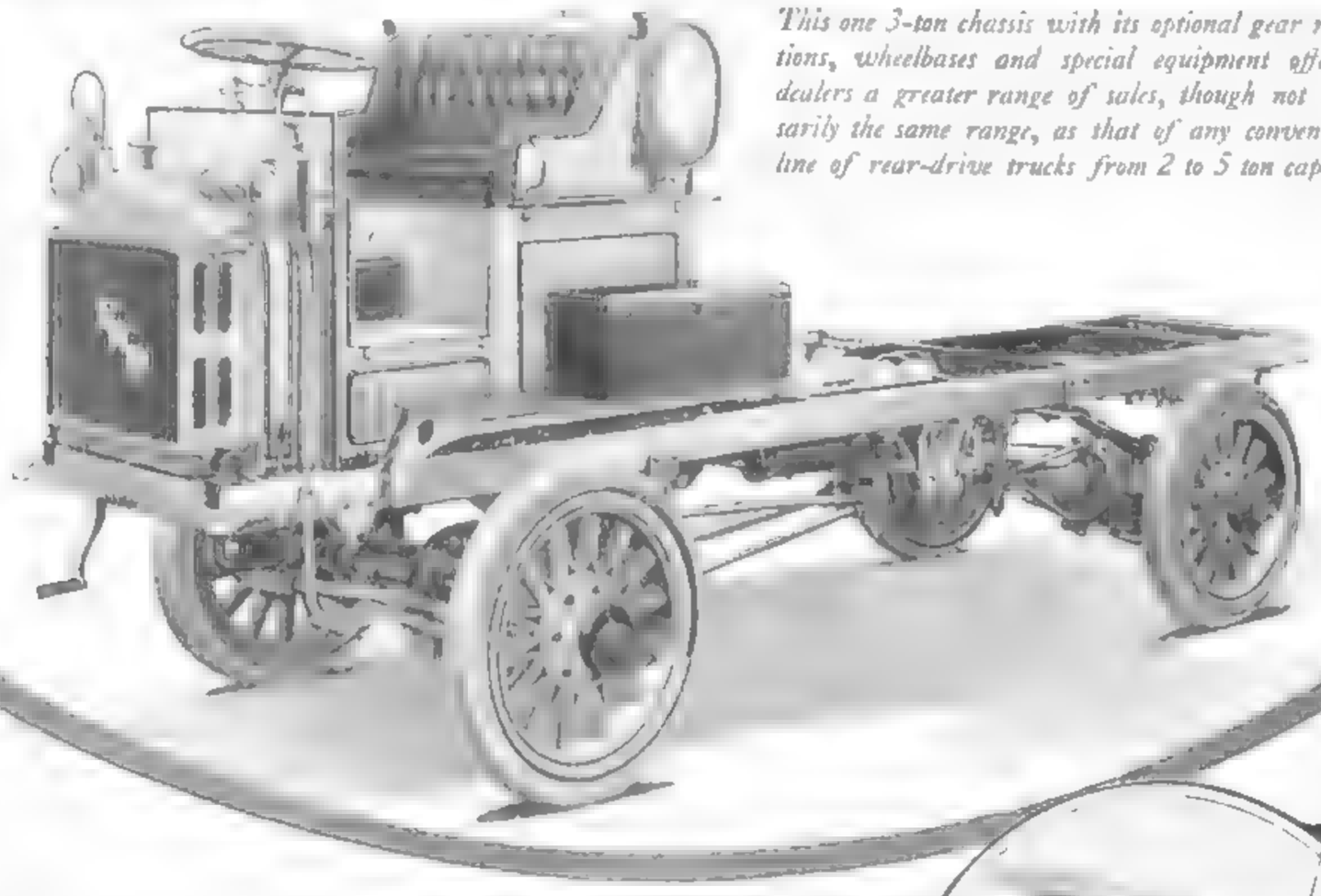

F-W-D in British Service with Captured German Gun

THE TRUCK that can be adapted most readily to your work—no matter what the nature of your hauling. The three-ton F-W-D combines with the power for any hauling emergency the adaptability for any form of load or service.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT asked us to build a five-ton truck. We urged a test of our three-ton chassis. It made an unparalleled record, with the result that about 3,000 F-W-D Trucks were purchased for the British service.

IN THE F-W-D the load is on all fours—also the power. This gives animal-like flexibility.

DISTRIBUTED LOAD weight, standard tread, with power on both front and rear wheels, are reasons why the F-W-D can be so readily and accurately adapted to such a multitude of uses and emergencies. Coupled with adaptability is economy that means lowest cost in fuel, tires, upkeep and time.



This one 3-ton chassis with its optional gear reductions, wheelbases and special equipment offers to dealers a greater range of sales, though not necessarily the same range, as that of any conventional line of rear-drive trucks from 2 to 5 ton capacity.

INSURE YOUR PLACE on the roads of today and the future by using F-W-D Three-Ton Trucks. If your tonnage requires greater capacity, use trailers. Thus you foster the Good Roads movement by distributed loads that do not overload and break down the roads.

IN CITY INDUSTRIAL SERVICE of all kinds the F-W-D has remarkable advantages—its small turning radius enabling easy manipulation in crowded thoroughfares and narrow alleys; its quick pick-up and efficient braking giving instant control.

During the year ending December 31st, 1918, it is estimated there were [illegible] trucks of all makes, from two to five-ton capacity inclusive, produced in the United States. Of this volume 50,265, or 69⅝%, were three or three and one-half ton, the guaranteed carrying capacity of the F-W-D. To this large percentage of the total standard heavy truck business may be added a substantial number of trucks drawn from the five-ton class by the use of F-W-D's and trailers, and further—by developing the many applications of F-W-D Trucks in which competition with the rear driven truck is eliminated—it will be proven that the F-W-D dealer with an investment in one model only, and spare parts for but one model, can compete on a more than equal basis with a dealer selling the full rear driven line, carrying several models on his floor and parts for several models in the service department. Write for the attractive folder we have just prepared, "F-W-D vs. The Full Conventional Line." It contains some valuable and interesting information that will be mailed promptly upon request.

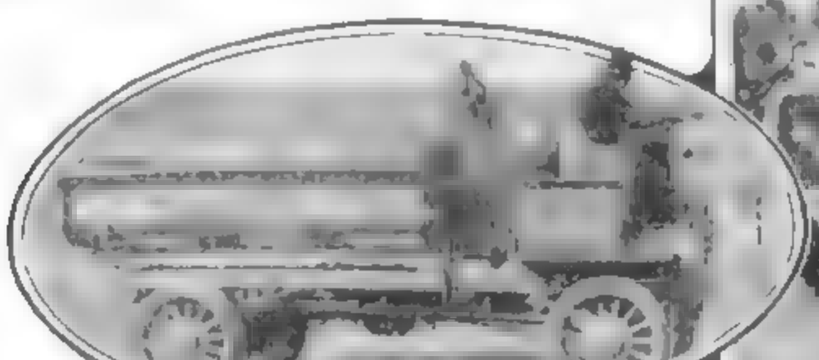
THE FOUR WHEEL DRIVE AUTO COMPANY,
Clintonville, Wisconsin **Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario**

The boys from the Front will tell you

Rural Delivery, Mountains and F-W-D

Desert Hauling with F-W-D

F-W-D, an Unexcelled Fire Truck



F-W-D for Cement Contractor

F-W-D on the Farm

Oil Tank on F-W-D Truck

6 Tons of Oil Well Casings on F-W-D

F-W-D with Trailer Hauling 18 Ton Load

A Machine Shop on F-W-D

F-W-D in the Redwoods

The Ink That Absorbs Moisture from the Air–

© '19 S. S. S. Inc

ARE you tired of perpetually finding your ink-well dry or half-full of clotted ink that won't flow?

Are you tired of finding your pens rusted and thick with dried-up ink?

Then send today for a bottle of Stafford's Commercial Writing Fluid!

Get this ink that is so slow to dry up in the ink-well—this ink that absorbs moisture from the air and retains its fluid qualities to the last drop—one of the most important discoveries ever made in ink manufacture.

Get this smooth flowing ink that writes blue and turns to a permanent black. Get this *brilliant* ink such as you have not been able to get for so long. The American color used equals in every way the before-the-war imported ones.

Get this handy bottle with its Dripless Pour Regulator which allows you to fill your ink-well without soiling your hands, without wasting a drop of ink—no matter how small the well is.

Yes, get this full measure bottle of permanent ink which evaporates so slowly and which has the clear brilliant color you want in ink—get a bottle of Stafford's Commercial Writing Fluid for the office today—and one for your home, too. Comes in sizes from two ounces to one quart.

S. S. STAFFORD, Inc. *Established 1858* 603–609 Washington St., New York

62 W. Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Factory: 9 Davenport Road, Toronto

Makers of Stafford's Inks and Writing Fluid, Phasta Liquid Paste, Typewriter Ribbons, Carbon Papers

Stafford's "Commercial" Writing Fluid

The Stafford Dripless Pour Regulator. You can start or stop the flow instantly with your finger tip.

(Continued from Page 139)

began to cough, slid a little way and stopped.

"Of course, naturally," roared Captain de Malakar. "I might have known. My tank almost emptied of petrol in the few moments when I left it! And I, fool, not to have examined it again.

"You cannot stay here," he continued at the top of his robust voice. "The first thing to do is to gain some shelter."

"Not at all!" I shouted.

I was completely put out. For Captain de Malakar to be stupid—and he admitted that he had been stupid was a subversion of Nature and not to be endured. "The first thing to do is to invent a plausible explanation to offer when we get home."

A sheet of lightning waved over the universe.

"But look! Look!" he howled. "Your villa. God indeed shears the wind to the bad-tempered lamb."

We were almost against the wall of the Hermit Crab. Captain de Malakar crawled out of the car and did something violent to the back door, which was of course in the lee of the wind. It swung open. He hoisted me out, bundled in the rugs and dumped me inside. I could hear him panting as we waited for the next illumination.

"If this were in one of my stories," he trumpeted, and then laughed as he realized how the close walls of the house muted the storm, "we should discover a ready-built fire in the salon, and a secret cupboard containing pâté de foie gras and eau de vie. Thank the good God, my matches at least, which I wear next my heart, will be dry—unlike the heart."

Diana, would you believe it! There was a ready-built fire! At least there was a pile of driftwood and paper thrown into the open fireplace, and in two minutes he had it flinging out halos of purple and gold; and I was worshiping.

"I was wrong to distrust the artistry of the good God," he said solemnly. "I forgive Him the cupboard, having a flask of my own. Drink."

As he held the little oval silver cup to me I began to laugh. I was bound hand and foot, helpless as a chrysalis, rolled in the rugs, with my tam over one eye and my hair plastered over my mouth. He opened his, a growing dread in his face, his arm stiffening. When he spoke in the reasonable humoring tone one uses with a hysterical patient I nearly became one: "Do not be alarmed, my child. Nothing shall hurt you."

"Oh, undo me!" I moaned.

Then he understood and peeled the layers off, both of us shrieking. My hair was streaming, my feet were pools, the tam was a drowned rat. Thanks to the mackintosh I was otherwise rather dry.

While he braved the elements again to rescue the cushions and the tea basket I explored by the aid of a fat-wood torch. Except for the fire the house was totally unfurnished. On one side of the "salon" lay what might be called the master's room with a primitive bathroom attached; on the other a kitchen and store closet. The stores consisted of a big heap of driftwood and some packing boxes, hopelessly empty. I ranged a few of these formally along the wall and decided that before I gave my parties I should cover them with cretonne and remove the two-year-old magazine posters from the salon. Then I took off my shoes and stockings and spread my hair over my shoulders. As Aunt Florine says, when you must do an unconventional thing it should be done with perfect naturalness. Captain de Malakar was equally well-bred. When he returned he hung his driving coat at one side of the fireplace.

"You had better take off your shoes," I suggested.

"Thank you," he responded politely, "but they are waterproof." They were leaving runnels over the floor. But, dear Di, let me tell you something about that collector of *nuances*, that amateur of details, Paul Fontaine. To this day I am sure that he does not know what my feet are like.

We emptied the bottle of tea and finished the sandwiches, both those of chicken and those of jelly. The storm continued to howl outside, but inside I basked on the sides of the cushions which that resourceful man had managed to keep dry with the curtains. Captain de Malakar paced slowly up and down the long narrow room; finally he stopped behind me.

"I am afraid," he began, his voice for once perfectly grave, with no little devil in the corner of it—"I am afraid that we shall have to remain here until daylight."

I nodded. That was evident.

"I wish to assure you," he went on in the same formal tone, "that you are quite safe with me."

I was so surprised that I turned and looked straight up into his deep perturbed eyes.

"Why, of course!" I agreed wonderingly. "You don't suppose that any hold-up men would be out on a night like this, do you? And the place can't be haunted. It's too new; and besides it doesn't feel so. You can always know by the feeling."

He swung away again. At the end of the next promenade he paused.

"Ah," he said, "you can feel them?"

I made up my mind at last to tell him. Alone of all men Captain de Malakar could supply the other half of the atmosphere for a ghost story without considering you either a fibber or a maniac.

"It's come back," I said. "Haven't you seen how worried she looks?"

He understood at once. "*Pauvre p'tite!*" he ejaculated when he had heard it all.

"Frightful!" I shivered.

"Did it never occur to you," he continued carefully, "that something hiding in a pretty woman's room might be, not a ghost but a husband?"

"But why should a husband hide?"

"Pertinent. Let us say, a clandestine husband, one who has reasons the most excellent for not being publicly associated with his wife."

"I see. Actresses don't want to seem married."

"Other reasons. Have you no suspicion who he may be?"

I shut my eyes. Two memories ran together, two and yet the same, proving the case. A shadow on a white wall; a shadow on a white tree trunk—a hand clenched like a paw!

"Lieutenant Moor!"

"You have said it. A year ago in Washington he and the pretty lady walked into a clergyman's house to be married, as one casually takes such serious steps in your country, more especially in wartime. Doctor McDonald ——"

"—— married them?"

"No; or they would have remembered him. He was visiting his old friend and saw them from a window when they came and again when they departed. They are not personalities to forget, neither the one nor the other."

"Married? But then how could he ——"

"—— make love to others? It has been known to happen," philosophized Captain de Malakar resignedly. "The old black woman, she first suspected the relation. The doctor corroborated. These old women, they have a flair for a romance. 'A lover only, perhaps,' said I. 'No, a husband,' insisted she. They ferret out the integrity of a situation; that is their great affair, not from curiosity but from very love of the subject. Love of love. Almost they persuade one to agree with certain of the boche psychologists who hold that a woman does not rightly exist except in relation to some man; that she is not a monad, not a microcosm, because she does not reflect a world. She is only a satellite to the male."

"Horrid wretches!" said I fervently.

"Pity them, they have no doubt been crossed in love. And I doubt that they have ever met a specimen like you, little *farouche* Amazon. But the type of Mees Vera also goes far to justify the theory. That is how she betrayed herself—and much more. She could not do without him, she would not—what do you say?—lose him; he, poor man, I think being well content to be lost."

He made a few more turns while I stared into the jeweled flames. Many things were slipping into place.

"Silence is the devil," he announced suddenly. "Let us talk. Of what?"

Then I saw my opportunity, and clawed it. "About—everything!" I said breathlessly. "About why you are here and what Dick has to do with it. There is something I knew he wouldn't be satisfied out of France unless he was working for his country at home."

He dropped on the floor by the fire. His tie was crooked and his hair stood up behind his forehead like the yucca plants behind the beach at home, and he was the image of a wild-eyed pirate and conspirator.

"So you suspected? What exactly?"

"I couldn't think of anything but the usual story," I confessed. "Miss Vera's name might be Austrian."

"Yes."

"And Mrs. Morrison said once that Lieutenant Moor was known to be hard up. I thought that she might be a German agent, bribing him to sell information—get hold of plans of forts or battleships or new war inventions, and betray them. Of course that's hackneyed, like all the detective stories, but it may still be done."

"Clever child. No, it is not that. But the people, you were right. Did you suspect also why Moor was haunting your footsteps? At the beginning, I mean; later, naturally, it was for your own sweet sake," said he, grinning diabolically.

"To find out things about you," I answered boldly.

"Precisely. And—did it occur to you why I found your society so engaging? At the beginning, I mean; later ——"

I drew a long breath. "To hear about him. You did ask questions." Then another light broke. "That story you told me about her, that spook story?"

"It was necessary to interest you in the lady. Many, many things filtered through you. You will forgive us when you know all. You were a little whispering station. Our good Dick sent me continual messages when it was inadvisable that we should be much together, and you delivered them faithfully whether they were labeled 'message' or not."

I could feel myself turn pink down to my toes, which were curled as far as possible under my skirt. I must talk an awful lot.

"But you were of a discretion; you never repeated what you were warned not to repeat. 'Safe as a church,' as Lamboll says. And for a reward ——"

"You are going to tell me?"

"I am going to tell you. Especially as the affair is wound up, all but a detail which will be settled within the next few hours—to-morrow.

"No, it is not the boche this time against whom we are directly working. It is the Bolsheviki. These creatures of the abyss, these men of the chaos who wish to sweep away the dikes that the race has made with such infinite effort and sacrifice—to let the sea in, submerging the gain of a thousand years, like that roaring welter outside there. Against these we are standing, we, the coast guard of civilization."

"But—but I thought they were savages, *canaille*," I cried. My head was turning. Keith Moor, a man with a face as starkly elegant as a Greek vase; Vera Brunne, that piece of finished luxury—agents of the Bolsheviki?

"A spy who resembled a spy would be useless to his principals. Have you ever heard of parlor Bolsheviki?"

I shook my head.

"The resources of the Bolsheviki have been much underestimated. They work in the dark and they work everywhere. Among your blacks in the South; seek when you return and you shall find. Among the workers. Among the Armies. Even I"—he smiled—"even I, as a penniless intellectual, might find a place among them. But lately they have spread, spread, spread like a stench that seeps through walls and ramparts. The leaders of the mob do not necessarily come from the mob. There are many of the great of the earth whom the hope of becoming leaders will seduce. There are others of the great world who are as ready as Bohemians to follow any new thing, to be original, to be startling. More and more in the salons, in the clubs, in the offices of men who write, one hears a word here, a word there in defense and praise of the Bolsheviki. The news centers in Russia? Fog, mist. Who knows what the truth may be? All revolutions start with the blood bath, like an ancient religion. It may be the beginning of a new Utopia, the first real brotherhood of man. You hear it now; you will hear it louder, always more and more, always fiercer—unless it is stopped. It is worse with us than with you. We have learned methods of meeting it. Therefore I am here, coöperating with our Dick and with many others—to stop it!"

"That was why he was attacked the other night?"

"Precisely. They would have found nothing. This afternoon they wasted my petrol so as to keep me away from the hotel while they ransacked my room. At this moment, no doubt ——" His mouth twisted. "We more than fancied that the fair Vera was working for them. She herself put us on the scent of Moor; she would seek him even in public, when they should have been apparent strangers. She knows that she has failed so far, and they will make one determined effort still. I am an amateur of ciphers. They expect to find the key to at least one that interests them. Also there are lists of names they would give much to see. And above all there are documents incriminating those in high places. To recapture them they would risk ——" He spread his hands. "That is what they are here for."

He piled some wood on the fire, and I lounged watching the blossoming of the flames. I loved them; I loved everything. Dick wasn't a slacker. He was if anything in more danger than he would have been in the trenches, and without any hope of recognition. And I was surrounded by a thrilling adventure at last. I was quite happy, with that warm cuddling happiness that comes before you sink under the surface of sleep, while you are enough awake to know that you are asleep. And then I must have sunk.

A vivid dream came. I was huddled into the hot sand of the desert, and Sirocco was loose, pacing up and down, up and down. Occasionally Sirocco paused and regarded me with stirred shadowy eyes, and I wallowed deeper. Then I heard a voice say "Dear child," and Captain de Malakar's replying.

"Yes—'dear child.' Precisely, *mon gars*. A dear child. You—favored of fortune'"

"How did you find us?" I asked, sitting up with a bounce. My hair was dry, and I knew that it was ringleting nicely about my face, because Dick's glance under the coronet of plaster, which recalled the night aspect of Aunt Florine, was approving.

While we drove back to the hotel in his car he told us. The storm was over, and a bleak cold light was striping the sky.

"Minty sent me," said Dick.

"But she didn't know. I took particular pains that she shouldn't."

"Who knows what she knows? I found her in the rain outside my room under the trees. You remember that hollow stump that isn't planted with nasturtiums? It was half full of water, and she was glowering into it and talking to herself: 'Bird an' bees ain't teched it: an' de han' o' man ain't teched it. Clear f'um de sky.'"

"I knew it!" I cried. "I knew she was a witch!"

Captain de Malakar nodded. "Better than the crystal. Well known in Africa."

I shall never be sure whether he believes such things or not.

"When she saw me she commanded: 'Yo' teck yo' foot een yo' han' an' go find Miss Gillie. She need yo'.' 'Where?' said I. 'By dat Gawd-forsaken cabin on de beach road.' Your fire guided me at last, but in the meantime I had wasted hours. You see, I met Moor and he told me he thought that he had seen your car going the opposite way, to the point. I tried that first. I ought to have known better, but it sounded straight." He gave our companion a quick look, rather like a schoolboy who makes a mistake.

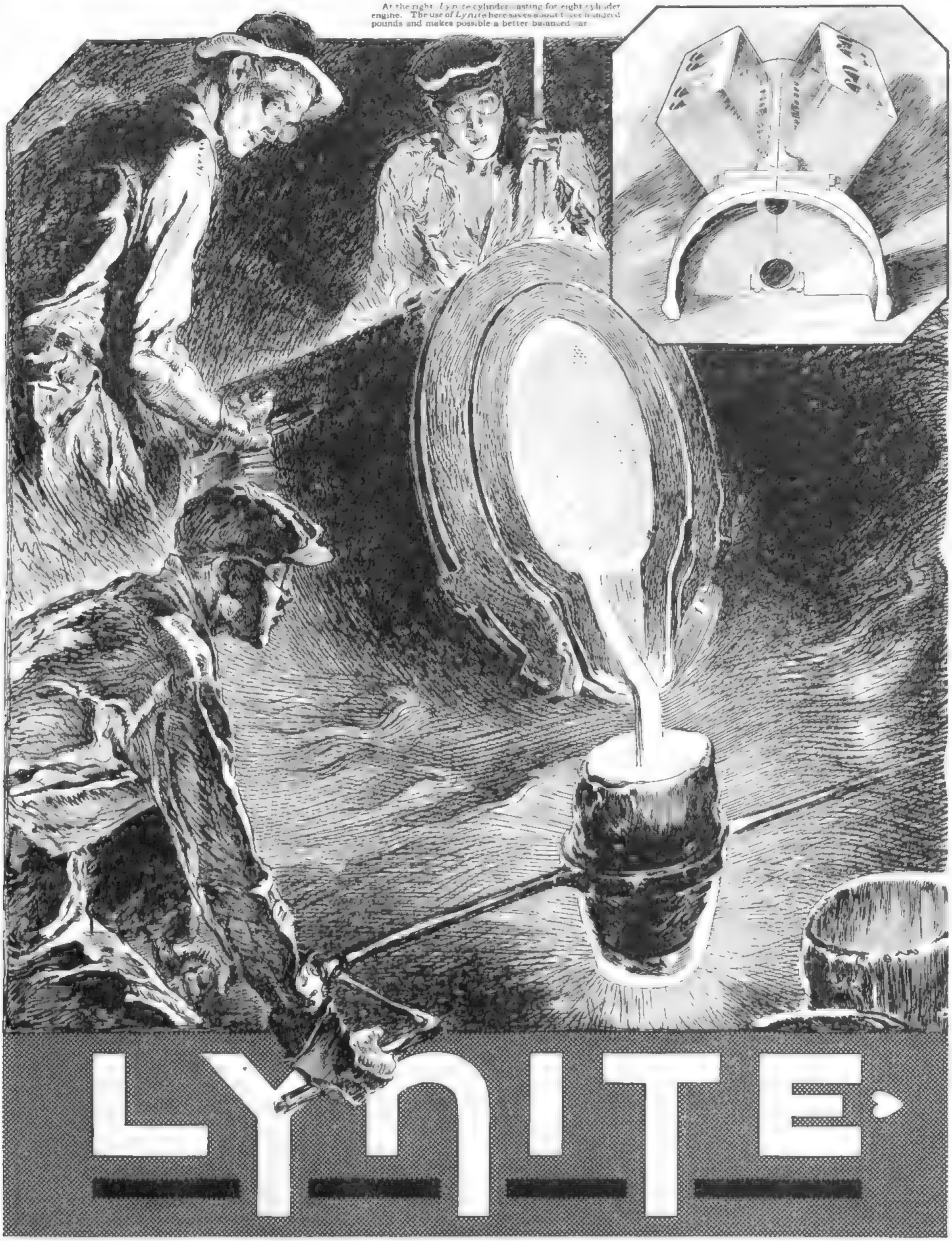
"It may be as well," said Captain de Malakar.

The grounds were as dead as a place can be where the population has sat up all night with a storm and scurried to bed exhausted at dawn. We left the car some distance from the hotel and slipped into the porch of the Garçonnerie. Dick's room opened on it. He turned on a flashlight, hooding it with his cap, and we tiptoed in single file across the floor. Then he suppressed the light and without a sound removed a small picture from the wall, laying it down on a cushioned seat. I thought I recognized a shocking sketch of Cherokee sand dunes that I had given him years ago, and even in that breathless psychic second it occurred to me that there was something providential in the fact that the hotel chambermaid never takes pictures down to dust them.

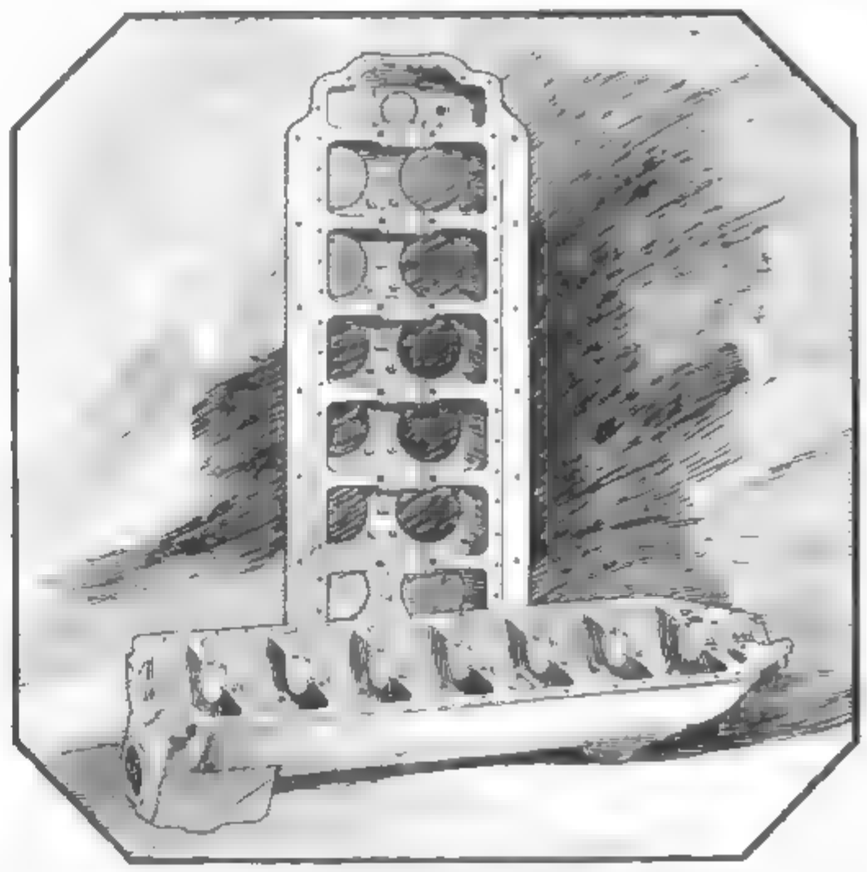
Behind the picture was a hole in the wall, or rather a tracery of holes, and a faint light filtered through them. Dick looked, Captain de Malakar looked, and made room for me.

I knew what I was gazing through—a panel of Indian carving, long-stemmed leaves that ended in double whorls, intricate as filigree. He had shown it once to illustrate some point in decoration. This was, then, his room. All in a second the eye took in a variety of exotic shapes. A Japanese sword on the wall, a tray of ivory netsukes, a prayer rug turned back. The place was in a sort of orderly disorder, piles of papers in the chairs, drawers gaping,

(Concluded on Page 147)


At the right, Lynite cylinder blocks for eight cylinder engine. The use of Lynite here saves about three hundred pounds and makes possible a better balanced car
LYNITE

Lynite Pistons have the strength of cast-iron with one third the weight and twice the heat-conductivity. They mean a livelier, quieter engine, reduced vibration, less carbon



Lynite crankcase and oil pan for Liberty airplane engines. Thirty five parts for these engines were made of *Lynite*

Two Hundred Million Pounds Lighter!

What is it that, with mingled silver sheen and golden glow, pours forth from the melting pot, a radiant spot in the dusk of the foundry?

To the little group of men carefully watching the rising tide in the crucible, it is merely molten metal.

To the men who design and build passenger cars and trucks, however, it is the answer to that demand which rings out loudest and clearest in the automotive world today—the demand for greater operating economy, for more miles per gallon of fuel, more miles per set of tires.

Ask these men about the motor car of tomorrow and they will tell you that while greater swiftness, power and beauty are desirable and likely, greater economy is imperative and certain.

Already a great advance has been made towards this goal. In the past five years more than one hundred million pounds of *Lynite* have been produced in *Lynite* foundries.

More than one hundred million pounds of *Lynite* lightness to replace three hundred million pounds of cast-iron —one hundred million pounds to save two hundred million and thus help seventy car and engine builders set new standards of performance.

To automotive engineers, cast-iron has always been a crude means to the end. They needed its strength, therefore they accepted its weight, all the while looking forward to the day when engines, bodies and other parts could be made many pounds lighter.

And as they looked, *Lynite* metallurgists, metallographers, physicists, chemists, engineers and foundry experts were at work upon this very problem.

To these men, aluminum, with its rare lightness, pointed the way to a solution. But how impart to aluminum the strength, the toughness, the hardness that would enable it to supplant cast-iron?

And if these requirements could be met, how cast it so that the finished part should not only retain the properties of the alloy, but be uniform and free from defects?

With what success *Lynite* Laboratories and *Lynite* foundries answered these questions you can judge from the few facts that follow:—

More than 100 car and engine parts are now made of *Lynite*, among them such vital ones as cylinder castings and pistons.

Builders of the famous British Rolls-Royce engine used 90 *Lynite* parts in their American-built product.

Eighty-five per cent of the aluminum-alloy castings for Liberty engines were made in *Lynite* foundries or to *Lynite* formulæ.

Eighteen car and engine builders have adopted *Lynite* Pistons as standard.

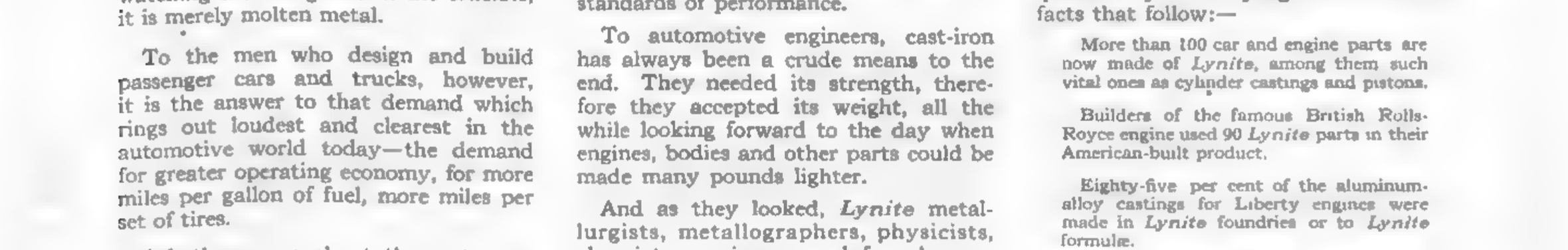
Ten plants are now required to meet the demand for *Lynite*.

The same scientific accuracy and skill used in producing Lynite are also employed in making Lynux Bronzes for bushings, bearings, gears and other castings, large and small

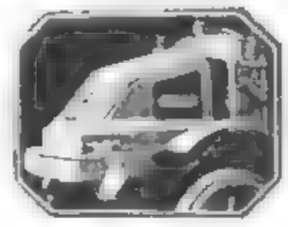
THE ALUMINUM CASTINGS COMPANY

LYNITE and LYNUX Products

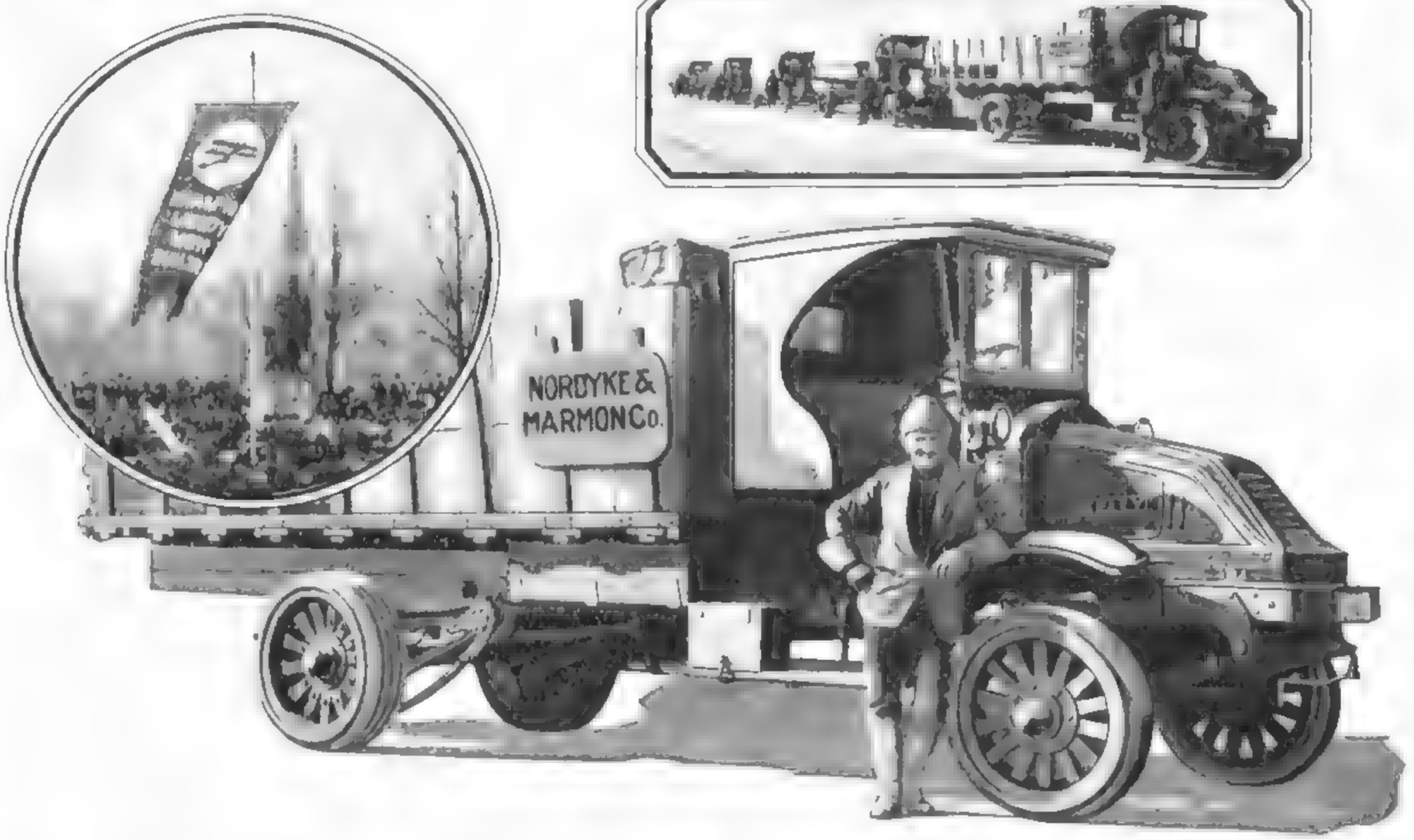
Ten Plants in Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo, Manitowoc, Wis., Fairfield, Conn.



KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS



The Big Brother to the Railroads



Another Testimonial to Kelly-Springfield Stamina

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD trucks successfully met an extraordinary test of dependability when, in 1918, they helped the Nordyke & Marmon Company, builders of the famous Marmon Car, win the Government pennant for maximum production of Liberty Airplane Motors.

The slightest tie-up in the delivery department would have thrown off the highly organized efficiency of the Marmon plant. One truck load of materials delayed between railroad yard and factory, one truck blocking removal from the assembly platforms—and the entire mechanism of production would have been held up.

But the sturdy, dependable Kellys proved their mettle, and won recognition from the Nordyke & Marmon Company as having played an important part in the winning of the pennant.

This dependability of Kelly trucks—this untiring strength under every test—is a direct result of correct, flexible design that has been perfected during twelve years by a great organization concentrating on the single problem of truck construction.

In every industry, in every part of the country, under every condition of road and load—Kelly-Springfield trucks have made good. They *work*—while many others are being *worked upon*.

1½ to 6 ton models

The KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Builders of High Grade Motor Trucks

(Concluded from Page 143)

furniture overturned, but so arranged that it could be set right with a minimum of effort. Directly opposite, near the wall, a teak taboret lay on its side, its disproportionately thick legs and carved paws sprawling helplessly in the air like a Newfoundland puppy's. And with his profile turned to me a man who knelt on the floor was unscrewing one of those paws. A shaded candle in a bronze holder sat on the floor beside him. I had time to notice every little thing, even to the insignia on his uniform.

The claw came off in his hand and he laid it down. From the leg he drew out a cylinder of paper. He worked deliberately, sure of not being disturbed. He unrolled the cylinder and held it under the candle. And then he said in a low piercing tone the very worst thing that I ever heard a man say in my whole life!

"A disappointment, my friend," said Captain de Malakar, stepping through the dividing door and looking down with his amused smile. The candlelight ran a sinister little line along something in his right hand. "What you seek has gone to the place appointed. What you read there is an excerpt from a sacred book of the East: 'And he fell into the pit which he had digged for another.'"

Dick drew me out to the porch. The sun was struggling through the bluish rags of fog like the heart of a fire opal. The dear tang of a sea morning was in the air. He enveloped my cold, cold, shaking little hands in his warm big ones, and began rubbing them consolingly.

"Dick," I quavered. "I beg your pardon. I've got it straight now."

"Girlie," he answered, "don't you think that you'd better get a few more facts straight? Minty said you needed me, and she's a wise old woman. Don't you think you'd better marry me and be done with it?"

"Oh yes, Dick," I faltered. "Oh yes, I think I'd like to ever so much—but promise me—that you—promise me that you won't kiss me—yet."

He put his hands in his pockets and smiled down, just the same quiet old protecting Dick that I had carried my troubles to all my life.

"All right, old lady," he said. "Not until you ask me."

Then the most unaccountable happening of all that wonderful night came. The ground fell away from under my feet, and I walked into his arms and against his cheek because it was literally the only place in the world.

"Dear child," he murmured after a while. "Do you think that you could be on a desert island comfortably with me?"

"Oh, Dick," I said reproachfully. "But I am!"

THE BUSHER REËNLISTS

(Continued from Page 4)

mean wile we could get her something that if she busted it we wouldn't be out no real jack. So Florrie said "You don't suppose I am going to leave her get a hold of the necklace now do you or even show it to her?" So I said "That is a fine way to give a person a xmas present is to buy something and hide it and if that is the system why don't you buy her a couple new undershirts my size and I can wear them and when I have wore them out you can put them away somewheres till she gets old enough to have some sence and then you can hall them out and show them to her and tell her that was what we give her for xmas in 1918."

Well you know how much good it done to argue and finely she picked out a little gold chain and 4 little pearls to go with it and it cost $47.50 but what and the he— ll is $47.50 as long as the baby has a merry xmas.

Well we was shoping all the P. M. but you can bet we didn't go in that smart Alex store where that smart Alex mgr. got so fresh when they offered me that cheap job and we use to spend a lot of jack in there at that but never again and if they want to know why they haven't got no big bill against us like they usually have around xmas time I will tell them and then maybe Mr. Smart will wished he hadn't of been so smart but at that when I seen them floor men on the job today I was tickled to death I turned that job down because the way them women jousled them around I couldn't of never stood for it and I would of felt like busting them in the eye if it had of been me and of course I don't mean that Al as I wouldn't think of hitting a woman but I would of certainly gave them the elbow or accidently parked my heel on a few of their best toes.

Well of course I couldn't buy Florrie no present wile she was along and I half to go back down again tomorrow and try and find something and I haven't the lease idear what will it be and all as I know is that it won't be no pearl necklace for adults. She says she has all ready boughten my present and wait tall I see it. Well I suppose it will be a corset or maybe she will give me a set of false teeth and hide them away somewheres till I come of age to put them on.

Well Al we are sending xmas cards to you and Bertha and I only wished it could be something more but we kind of feel this yr. like we shouldn't ought to spend a whole lot of money what with some of the boys still over in France yet and another liberty loan comeing along some time soon and all and all it don't seem hardly right to be blowing jack for xmas presents but maybe next yr. everything will be different and in the mean wile merry xmas to you and Bertha from the both of us.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, Dec. 31.

FRIEND AL: Well Al they's not much news to write as everything has been going along about like usual and I haven't made it up in my mind yet what line of business to take up though I have got several good offers hanging in the fire you might say and am just playing the waiting game till I decide which 1 looks best as I would be sorry to get in to 1 thing and then find out they was something else opened up that I would like a whole lot better.

One of the things I have got in mind is takeing up newspaper work and writeing articles about baseball or maybe army life and when the baseball season opens maybe I would go out and see the games and write up the reports and you can bet my articles would be different then some of these birds that's reporting the games as I would at lease know what I was writeing about wile you take the most of these here reporters and all the baseball they know you could carry it around in a eye dropper.

But I don't know whether the papers would pay me the kind of money I would want and if not why I am in a position to laugh at them.

Well I got tired of setting around the house today as Florrie was over to her looks garage and the Swede had both the kiddies out to get the air so I walked around a wile and then I hopped on to a 35th. St. car and rode over west and I happened to look out of the window and we was just passing the ball pk. so I didn't have nothing else to do so I give the conductor the highball and jumped off and went up in the office to see if they wasn't maybe some mail for me that some of the boys wrote from France not knowing my home address.

Well they wasn't no mail so I set down and fanned a wile with Harry the secty. of the club and he asked me all about what I seen over acrost the pond and we had quite a talk and finely I thought maybe Comiskey would be sore if he heard I had been up there and hadn't paid my respects but Harry said he wasn't in so then I thought maybe he might of left some word about me and wanted to know if I was going to come back and pitch baseball for him or not but Harry said he hadn't mentioned nothing about it so I guess when the time comes he will just send me my contract and then I will send it back and tell him I have decided to quit baseball and go in to some line of business where they's a future in it.

Because they's no use of a man killing himself pitching baseball and then when your arm gives out you haven't got no business to go in to because business men won't hire a man that's 33 or 34 yrs. old and no experience and besides if a man has got a family like mine why not stay home and enjoy them in the stead of traveling on the road ½ the yr. around you might say. So even if Comiskey should send me a contract calling for $4000.00 per annum I would send it back though that is the lease I would sign up for if I was going to sign at all.

Well Al xmas is over and I only wished you could of been here to see how little Al eat it up. Besides all the junk we give him all of Florrie's friends sent something and all together he must of got about 25 presents in the 1st. place and now he has got about a 100 as everything he got is broke in to 4 peaces and they also sent the baby a load of play things that means as much to her as the hit and run but Florrie says never mind they will be put away till some xmas when she is old enough to enjoy them and then we won't half to buy her nothing new. Well the idear is O.K. Al but it reminds me like when Sept. comes along and a man has got a straw Kelly that looks pretty good and you give it to your wife to take care of till next June and when it comes June you go and buy yourself a new hat.

Well Florrie's present to me was a phonograph and of course that's a mighty fine present and will cost her or whoever pays for it a bunch of jack but between you and I Al I wouldn't be surprised if she was thinking to herself when she bought it that maybe she might turn it on some times when I am not in the house. What I give her is 1 of these here patent shower bath attachments that you can have it put up on a regular bath tub and you can have a regular tub bath or a shower just as you feel like. They cost real money to Al but what's the differents when its your wife?

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, JAN. 16.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I don't know if you have been reading the papers but if you have you probably seen the big news where Kid Gleason has been appointed mgr. of the White Sox. Well old pal that peace of news makes all the differents in the world to your old pal. As you know I had entirely gave up the idear of going back in to baseball and figured where I would take up some other line of business and work myself up to something big and I was just about makeing it up in my mind to accept 1 of the offers I got when this news come out.

Well old pal I haven't no idear how things will come out now as I guess you know what friends I and Gleason are. You know he was asst. mgr. when Callahan had the club and then again the yr. Rowland win the pennant and he seemed to take a fancy to me some way and I guess I may as well come out and say that I was his favorite of any man on the club and I always figured that it was because when he tried his kidding on me I always give him back as good as he sent wile the rest of the boys was a scared of him but he use to kid me just to hear what I would say back to him. Like I time we was playing a double header with the St. Louis club and Jim Scott lose the 1st. game and Callahan said I was to work the 2d. game so I was warming up and Gleason come out and stood behind me and I had eat something that didn't set very good so Gleason asked me how I felt and I said "Not very good. I'm not myself today." So he said "Well then it looks like we would break even on the afternoon." So I said "I will break your jaw in a minute."

But a side from all that he was the 1 man that ever give me the credit for the work I done and if he had of been mgr. of the club he would of pitched me in my regular turn in the stead of playing favorites like them other 2 birds and all as I needed was regular work and I would of made them forget Walsh and all the rest of them big 4 flushers.

Well Al Gleason lives in Philly in the winter so I expect he will either wire me a telegram and ask for my terms or else he will run out here and see me and if they give me $4000.00 per annum I am afraid they won't be nothing for me to do only sign up though I have got several chances to go in to some business at better money than that and with a future to it. But this here is a matter of friendships Al and after all Gleason done for me why if he says the word I can't hardly do nothing only say yes though of course I am not going to sacrifice myself or sign for a nickel less then $4000.00.

You see Al this will be Gleason's 1st yr. as a mgr. and he will want to finish up in the race and I don't care how good a mgr. is he can't win unless he has got the men and beleive me he will need all the pitching strenth he can get a hold of as Cleveland and N. Y. has both strenthened up and the Boston club with all their men back from the service has got enough good ball players to finish 1st. and 2d. both if they was room for all of them to play at once. So that is where friendships comes in Al and I figure that it is up to your old pal to pass up my business chances and show the Kid I am true blue and beleive me I will show him something and I will come pretty near winning that old flag single handed.

So all and all it looks like your old pal wouldn't go in to no business adventure this yr. but I will be out there on the old ball field giveing them the best I have got and I guess the fans won't holler their heads off when I walk out there the 1st. time after what I done in France.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, Feb. 13.

FRIEND AL: Well Al it says in the paper this A. M. that Gleason is comeing to Chi for a few days to see Comiskey and talk over the plans for the training trip and etc. but they's another reason why he is comeing to Chi and maybe you can guess what it is. Well Al that's the way to work it is to wait and let them come to you in the stead of you going to them as when you make them come to you you can pretty near demand whatever you want and they half to come acrost with it.

That's a fine story Al about him comeing to talk over plans for the training trip as I know Comiskey and you could talk to him for 3 wks. about the plans for the training trip and when you got all through talking he would tell you what the plans was for the training trip so you can bet that Gleason isn't comeing all the way out here from Philly to hear himself talk but what he is comeing for is to get some of the boys in line that lives here and when I say some of the boys I don't half to go no further eh Al?

And all the more because I dropped him a letter a couple wks. ago and said I had made all arrangements to go in to business but if he wanted me I would give up my plans and pitch for him provided he give me my figure which is $3600.00 per annum and I never got no answer to the letter and now I know why I didn't get no answer as he is 1 of the kind that would rather set down and do their talking face to face then set down and take the trouble of writeing a letter when he could just as well hop on the old rattler and come out here and see me personly.

Well Al he will be here next wk. and I have left my phone No. over to the ball pk. so as he will know how to get a hold of me and all they will be to it is he will ask me how much I want and I will tell him $3600.00 and he will say sign here.

Well Al Florrie says she don't know if she is glad or sorry that I am going to be back in the old game as she says she don't like to have me away from home so much but still and all she knows I wouldn't be happy unless I was pitching baseball but she also says that if I do get back in to harness and ern a liveing and they's another war breaks out she will probably half to go as she couldn't claim no exemptions on the grounds of a dependant husband. So I said "I guess they won't ask no women to go to war because the minute they heard 1 of them trench rats give their college yell they would all retreat to the equator or somewheres." So she said "They had women in the Russia army and they didn't retreat." So I said "Yes they did only the men retreated so much faster that the women looked like they was standing still."

Jokeing to 1 side Al I will let you know how I come out with Gleason but they's only 1 way I can come out and that is he will be tickled to death to sign me at my own figure because if he trys any monkey business with me I will laugh in his face and Comiskey to, and give up the game for good and take the best offer I have got in some other line.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, Feb. 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I have just came back from the ball pk. and had a long talk with Gleason and the most of it was kidding back and 4th. like usual when the 2 of us gets together but it didn't take no

(Continued on Page 151)

The Utmost in
Made-to-Order Clothes

AUTHORIZED RESIDENT DEALER FOR
THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK

"We told that

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG FOR THE ROYAL TAILORS

to the Marines

COPYRIGHT 1918 BY THE ROYAL TAILORS CHICAGO NEW YORK

You can't taste "Acid-Mouth" But the Litmus Paper tells

You can't tell whether you have "Acid-Mouth" by the *taste*. It does not burn or blister like other acids. No preliminary warning of any sort that your mouth is in an unfavorable acid condition is conveyed to you. All you know is that each year there are new cavities in your teeth to be filled.

Dental authorities believe that 95 in every 100 persons have "Acid-Mouth" and that it is the chief cause of tooth decay. But how will you make sure that you have a condition which you can neither taste, feel, nor see?

Make the Litmus-Paper Test

That is the way to find out

The Litmus Papers are the standard laboratory test papers for determining unfavorable mouth acids. We will send a set of them and a ten-day trial tube of Pebeco free to any person who wants to ascertain whether it is "Acid-Mouth" that is causing the gradual destruction of his or her teeth.

The simplicity of the test especially commends it. You merely place one of the Litmus Papers on your tongue and keep it there until it is moistened. If it remains blue, you are the exceptional one in twenty—you are free from "Acid-Mouth." But if it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth," and your chances for retaining your teeth for life will be greatly lessened unless you check it.

Now make another test and learn how you can counteract "Acid-Mouth." Brush the teeth and gums thoroughly with Pebeco Tooth Paste. Then place a second Litmus Paper on your tongue. This time it will remain blue, therefore proving that Pebeco does counteract the condition.

It is not claimed that Pebeco changes the color of the paper. But Pebeco does stimulate the healthy, abundant flow of normal saliva. And it is the saliva—which, as you know, is naturally alkaline—that turns the Litmus Paper blue, and therefore indicates the power of saliva to neutralize the acid conditions produced in the mouth as the result of fermenting food particles.

Even though you are so fortunate as to be free from "Acid-Mouth," you will value Pebeco Tooth Paste for its keen, refreshing flavor, its healthfully stimulating action on the gums, and its unusual effectiveness in whitening and brightening the teeth and promoting the health of the whole mouth.

Send us your name and address and we will gladly mail the ten-day trial tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers.

Pebeco is sold by druggists everywhere

Made by LEHN & FINK, Inc., 120 William Street, New York

Buy W. S. S.

OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND

(Continued from Page 147)

Wm. A. Pinkerton to see that he is anxious to have me back on the ball club and in a few days they will probably send me a contract at my own figures and then they won't be nothing to do only wait for the rattler to start for the sunny south land.

Well Gleason got in yesterday P. M. and I was expecting him to call up either last night or this A. M. but they didn't no call come and I figured they must of either lost my phone No. over to the office or else the phone was out of order or something and the way the phones has been acting all winter why he might of asked central to give him my No. and the next thing he knew he would be connected with the morgue so any way when they hadn't no call came at noon I jumped on a 35th St. car and went over to the pk. and up in the office and the secty. said Gleason was in talking to Comiskey but he would be through in a little while

Well after about a hr. Gleason come out and seen me setting there and of course he had to start kidding right off of the real so he said "Well here is the big Busher and I hoped you was killed over in France but I suppose even them long distance guns fell short of where you was at." So I said "They reached me all right and they got me in the left arm and wasn't it lucky it wasn't my right arm?" So he said "Its to bad they didn't shoot your head off and made a pitcher out of you." So then he asked me all about the war and if I got in to Germany and I told him no that I got my wounds in June and was invalid home. So he said "You fight just like you pitch and they half to take you out in the 5th. inning." So I asked him if he got my letter and he said he got a letter that looked like it might of came from me so he didn't open it. So I said "Well I don't know if you opened it or not but I just as soon tell you right here what I said in the letter. I told you I was going in to some business but I would stay in baseball another yr. to help you out if you met my figure." So he asked what was my figure, so I told him $3000.00 per annum. So he said how much was I getting in the army and I told him I was getting about $30.00 per mo. most of the time. So he said "Yes you was getting $30.00 per mo. to get up at 5 G. M. and work like a dog all day and eat beans and stew and sleep in a barn nights with a cow and a pig for your roomies and now you want $3000.00 a yr. to live in the best hotels and eat off the fat of the land and about once in every 10 days when we feel like we can afford to loose a ball game why you half to go out there and stand on your feet pretty near ½ the P. M. and if it happens to be July or Aug. you come pretty close to prespireing."

So I said "You are the same old Gleason always trying to kid somebody but jokeing a side I will sign up for $3000.00 or else I will go in to business." So he asked me what business I was going in to and I told him I had an offer from the Stock Yards. So he said "How much do they offer for you on the hoof?"

Well we kidded along back and 4th. like that for a wile and finely he said he was going out somewheres with Comiskey so I asked him if he wasn't going to talk business to me 1st. So he said "I will tell you how it is boy. They have cut down the limit so as each club can't only carry 21 men and that means we won't have no room for bench lizards. But the boss says that on acct. of you haveing went to France and wasn't killed why we will take you south if you want to go and you will get a chance to show if you are a pitcher yet or not and if you are like you use to be why maybe the Stock Yards will keep open long enough to take you when we are through with you and you can tell Armour and Swift and them that I will leave them know whether I want you or not about 3 days after we get to Texas." So I asked him how about salery and he said "The boss will send you a contract in a few days and if I was you I would be satisfied with it."

So it looks now like I was all set for the season Al and Gleason said I would be satisfied with the salery which is just as good as saying it will be $3000.00 as I wouldn't be satisfied with no less, so all I half to do now is wait for the contract and put my name on it and I will be back in the game I love and when a man's heart is in their work how are you going to stop him a specially with the stuff I've got.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, March 8.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I am through with baseball for good and am going in to business and I don't know just yet which proposition I will take that's been offered to me but they's no hurry and I will take the one that looks best when the proper time comes.

I suppose you will be surprised to hear that I have gave up the old game but maybe you won't be so surprised when I tell you what come off today.

Well in the 1st. place when the mail man come this A. M. he brought me a contract from Comiskey and the figures amounted to $2400.00 per annum. How is that Al when I was getting $2500.00 per annum before I went to the war. Well at 1st. I couldn't hardly beleive my eyes but that was the figure all right and finely I thought they must be some mistake so I was going to call up Comiskey and demand an explanation but afterwards I thought maybe I better run over and see him.

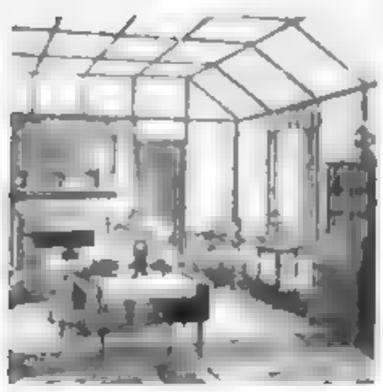
Well Al I went over there and Harry said the boss was busy but he would find out would he see me. Well after a wile Harry come out and said I was to go in the inside office so I went in and Comiskey was setting at his desk and for a wile he didn't look up but finely he turned around and seen me and shook hands and said "Well young man what can I do for you?" So I said "I come to see you about this here contract." So he asked me if I had signed it and I said no I hadn't so he said "Well they's nothing to see me about then." So I said "Yes because I figure they must of been some mistake in the salery you offered me." So he said "Don't you think you are worth it?" So I said "This here contract calls for $2400.00 per annum and I was getting $2500.00 when I quit and enlisted in the war so it looks like you was fineing me $100.00 per annum for fighting for my country." I said "Gleason said he wanted me and would send me a contract that I would be satisfied with." Well Comiskey said "If Gleason said he wanted you he must of been kidding me when I talked to him but if he wants you bad enough to pay the differents between what that contract calls for and what you want why he is welcome but that is up to him."

Well Al it was all as I could do to hold myself in and if he was a younger man it would of been good night Comiskey but I kept a hold of myself and asked him why didn't he trade me to some club where I could get real jack. So he said "Well I will tell you young man I have got just 1 chance to trade you and that is to Washington and if you think Griffith will pay you more money than I will why I will make the trade." Well I told him to not trouble himself as I was through with baseball any way and had decided to go in to some business so he said good luck and I started out but he said "Here you have left your contract and you better take it along with you

(Concluded on Page 155)

I Said "I Have Had the Kind of Experience That I Guess a Whole Lot of Men Would Give Their Right Eye if They Could Brag About It, Playing in the Big League in Baseball and the Big League in War"

Shows how easy it is to apply Neponset Shingles



Showing a beautiful brush effect with Neponset Shingles

1919
1795

124 years
of Manufacturing
Experience back of
Neponset Roofs

NEPONSET

Are You Going to Build or Repair?

IF YOU are going to build a new home or repair the old one, you can't give too much thought and care to the materials for the work. The roof of a house should last long, be fire-safe and as beautiful as it *ought* to be. It is the part of the building that should protect all the other parts against the ravages of time—and the whole contents of the home as well. Neponset Roofs do this. They have proved their quality by more than twenty years of service.

For the new home use Neponset Twin Shingles and *get* that long wear; that permanently beautiful appearance; that resistance to summer sun, winter storm, to fire. If you are going to repair your old roof, lay Neponset Paroid, slate-surfaced, or our pattern roofing right over the old wooden shingles. This is the Neponset economy way, successfully used by hundreds of owners. It saves the cost of removing the worn-out shingles, and the consequent litter around the place.

Neponset Twin Shingles Two handsome colors, natural slate-red and slate-green. Weather won't crack or blow them off—tough, strong, pliable. A time-tested water-proof and fire-safe combination of everlasting asphalt and slate. Self-spacing—the only twin shingle. One man can lay them. Made of the same materials as Neponset Paroid Roofing.

Neponset Paroid Roofing Neponset Paroid solves the problem of roof repairs. It wears, wears, wears. It keeps out all weather. Impregnated with asphalt, surfaced with slate or talc, it is fire-safe, water-proof, tough, strong, flexible. Natural slate-red, slate-gray, slate-green.

Neponset Board (Quartered Oak Finish) Neponset Board makes fine walls for home or office. Needs no decorating.

Neponset Waterproof Building Papers keep out drafts, dampness, and save fuel.

There is a Neponset Roof for every purpose and every purse. For sale by dealers everywhere. Send for booklet.

BIRD & SON, Inc. Established 1795 **279 Neponset St., East Walpole, Massachusetts**

New York 1472 West 76th Street, Chicago, Ill Washington, D. C.

Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

ROOFS

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

YOU are probably acquainted with the "Lift-the-Dot" fastener — if you run a car. It is a snap fastener which locks on three sides, yet opens easily by simply lifting the side with the dot.

This fastener is the leader of the "Dot" Line, which includes half a dozen different types of fasteners. These fasteners are superior, for their various uses, to the ordinary types of fasteners.

The dot on the face of the fastener is our registered trade mark. It indicates goods of our manufacture.

TRADE MARK

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Lift-the-Dot" "Veltex Dot" "Segma Dot"
"Dural Dot" "Anzo Dot" "Common Sense"

The "Dot" Line of fasteners is sold by leading dealers everywhere. If you cannot get them from your dealer, order direct.

In addition to the extensive use of "Lift-the-Dot" fasteners on automobiles, they are coming into very general use for trunks, bags, leather and sporting goods.

TRADE

LIFT *the* DOT

MARK

Fasteners

Lift-the-Dot fasteners are protected by patents, the patents are owned absolutely by us and we will prosecute infringements of our patents or trade marks.

CARR FASTENER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKERS OF THE "DOT" LINE OF FASTENERS

(Concluded from Page 151)

because some times when you leave a contract lay around the house a few days the figures gets so big that you wouldn't hardly know them."

Well I seen he was trying to kid me so I said "All right I will take the contract home and tear it up" and I walked out on him.

Well Al that's all they is to it and I am tickled to death that it has came out the way it has and now I can take the best offer that comes along in some good business line and can stay right here in Chi and be home all the yr. around with Florrie and the kiddies.

As for the White Sox I wished them good luck and beleive me they will need it the way Gleason and Comiskey are trying to run things and they will do well to finish in the same league with Boston and Cleveland and N. Y. but at that I don't believe its Gleason that's doing it and the way I figure is that this is his 1st. yr. as mgr and he is a scared to open his clam and if he had his say he would give me the $2800.00 I am holding out for. But its Comiskey himself that's trying to make a monkey out of me. Well god help his ball club is all as I can say.

As for leaveing them trade me to Washington that would be a sweet club to pitch for Al where the only time they get a run is when the president comes out to see them and he's libel to be in France all summer.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, March 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al this is the last letter you will get from me from Chi for a wile as I am leaveing for Texas with the White Sox tomorrow night. The scheme worked Al and by setting pretty in the boat and keeping my mouth shut I made them come to me.

I suppose you will be surprised to hear that I am going to get back in to harness but wait till I tell you what come off today and you will where they wasn't no other way out.

Well I went over to the stores this A. M. and when I come back the Swede said some man had called me up on the phone. So of course I knew it must of been the ball pk. so I called them up and the secty. answered the phone and I asked him if anybody wanted to talk to me. So he said no but Gleason was there if I wanted to talk to him.

So I said put him on the wire and pretty soon I heard Gleason's voice and he said "Well Jack are you going along with us?" So I said "What about salery?" So he said "You have got your contract haven't you?" So I said "Yes but it don't call for enough jack." So he said "Well if you earn more jack than your contract calls for you will get it." So I said "If that's a bet I'm on."

So he told me to bring my contract along and come over there and I went over and there was a whole bunch of the boys getting ready for the get away and I wished you could of heard them when they seen me stride in to the office. Well Al they was hand shakes all around and you would of thought it was a family union or something.

Well the business was all tended to in a minute and I signed up and I am going to get $2400.00 which is the same money I was getting when I quit and that's going some Al when you think of the way they have been cutting salerys in baseball.

Well Al I am going to show them that they haven't made no mistake and I am going to work my head off for Gleason and Comiskey and the rest of the boys and wile I hate to be away from Florrie and the kiddies, still and all they's nobody on this ball club that lays awake all night crying for their bottle and if Texas don't do nothing else for me it will at lease give me a chance to get a little sleep.

Your pal, JACK.

ANNE TUCKER MEETS THE GREAT

(Concluded from Page 13)

"A few years from now you won't hear them when they talk like that," she said. "You will have learned to smile sympathetically and think of something else till they get rational and interesting."

She went to sleep after that, but I lay awake for a long time, pondering her enigmatic words. When at last I understood them I experienced a new thrill. Her own intellect is so wonderful that she even dares to criticize Man's!

While I am writing of Mrs. Lambert I must tell you of a confidence she made me about her work. I found courage yesterday to ask her how she thought of all the things she wrote, and she frankly said she didn't. She said she merely turned on the ink faucet and a few hours later was surprised or pained or pleased by the result. She said if she had slept well the night before she sometimes found eighteen or twenty written pages on her desk when the flow of ink stopped; but if she had been idiot enough to go to a dinner or reception, there were frequently only four or five pages. At that point the ex-Secretary of State stopped to speak to her, and they talked about different games of solitaire. His favorite is Canfield and hers is Mrs. Mulligan. So I could not ask her the question that burned on my lips, and I'm not sure she would have answered if I had. When it comes to opening the heart, women, I am now sure, are much more reserved than men.

SUNDAY.

I COULD not write in this journal last night, dearest Margie, because Captain Belden thought I ought to walk three miles before going to bed. So we went round and round and round. I had not had much exercise during the day because so many of the passengers had come to talk to us. Mrs. Lambert is the big attraction of the ship. She says the men come to talk to her because each of them is afraid of dropping some thought which the rest will annex. Our part of the deck is the gayest on the boat, and all the interest centers round Mrs. Lambert's chair.

Her manner to me is wonderful. She lets me do everything for her, and she seems determined that I shall meet every man on board. Then she asks me what I think of them, and, though I hesitate to claim it, dearest Margie, there is no doubt that she is interested in my replies. I have even heard her quote them when she did not think I was listening. Sometimes she seems to be studying me; and once, when I was quoting something Captain Belden had said, she broke out suddenly: "Good heavens, Anne Tucker, where is your sense of humor?" But I was quite sure that what I had quoted was not a joke, for Captain Belden rarely laughs, except sometimes at me.

He and Mrs. Lambert have struck up a queer sort of friendship. They wrangle all the time, but they have some friend in common, and now and then they make veiled references to her, as if there was something mysterious about her. They call her the Moon and speak of her satellites, and they talk of how far away she is from this planet, and wonder if she will ever discover that she is living on it. They talk about her a great deal. I wonder if they talk of other things when I am not near—of love and sympathy and understanding.

I had a wonderful talk on these subjects this morning with Pearce Merrick, our Postmaster General during President ——'s administration. He, Mr. Merrick, had a charming manner—so interested and protecting. He told me all about myself—what kind of a girl I am, and the sort of woman I shall be. It was simply marvelous to hear him. Captain Belden interrupted that, too, because he is very fond of Mr. Merrick. They are great friends and spend hours together, but when I asked him what impression I should convey when Mr. Merrick talked to me, he advised me to try to look as if I had once sat in a poker game.

The look in his eyes when he said it was very nice, friendly and almost twinkling. Sometimes I half suspect that he is not always as serious as he seems.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

IT IS strange how hard it is to keep up the record in this journal. Captain Belden said yesterday that I ought to have a program and let my callers put down their names opposite certain hours of the day.

This morning I talked to the Russian Ambassador from nine to ten. I began on class distinctions, but he finished on human magnetism. General Charpentier chatted to me from ten to quarter past eleven, and the English general was there till twelve, followed by Mr. Morrison till one. They take each other by the shoulder and push each other out of the chair, and they laugh like boys while they are doing it.

Right after lunch Mr. Parsons came up for half an hour; but his poor wife is so sick he can't leave her very long. She seems to be getting worse and they are all worried. At three the English ex-Foreign Secretary sat down beside me and talked till five.

When I recall these talks afterward I feel vaguely confused, for they are all so much alike. Not one of these great men will talk of vital topics. I suppose they can't trust one so young and inexperienced. But the talks are wonderful just the same, especially when I can get the two generals to talk of the war and about Captain Belden. They both like him very much, and General Charpentier told me all about his medals.

"But he's a lonely chap," General Charpentier ended sadly. I explained that he really wasn't lonely, that he had told me so himself when I asked him; and the general laughed and patted my hand and changed the subject. I didn't want it changed, but it had to be, for General Charpentier is one born to command. Then he showed me a picture of his wife and four children that he adores. I was surprised, for I had not known he was married, and I remembered how lonely he seemed. But he is very gay now, and keeps saying, "Only two days from home."

The English general showed me his wife, too, and the ex-Foreign Secretary remarked that I made him think of his daughter who is just my age. They all seem much less lonely now, with home so near; but Mr. Morrison and Mr. Adney seemed as lonely as ever last night—for of course we Americans are not "two days from home."

OFF THE FRENCH COAST.

SOON after you get this letter, dearest Margie, I shall be at home again! Forgive me if I have startled you by this abrupt announcement. I hardly know how to tell you what wonderful things have happened. How shall I find words? I can't, so I'll just blurt them out.

The first thrilling fact is that, after all, I am not going to the Peace Conference. Mrs. Parsons is very ill indeed, and we are sailing for home at once, on this same ship. The next thing—but I must describe events as they happened.

Of course I was heart-broken at the thought of going back. We can't even get to Paris. But I feel a strange comfort in the thought that Captain Belden is also coming home, after a fortnight in Paris, where he will go at once to attend to some details for Mr. Parsons. Still, when we talked it over my eyes filled and I could not go on. He looked at me very kindly.

"Poor little Anne," he said; "is it so hard to miss Europe?"

I said it was, and that it wasn't only Europe; but that I should have to go back to Watkins Center now and live there and die there. And I said I hoped I'd die soon, for I simply couldn't stand it after seeing the boundless horizon that had stretched before me for more than a week.

"Poor little Anne!" Captain Belden said again. Then quite suddenly he asked if I liked Boston. I said I did, that I loved it, and that possibly I could get a position there; but that I simply could not endure working for ordinary people after knowing intimately so many of the great. He nodded, and started to speak and stopped.

Then I said: "We'll say good-by now, for I shall not come out in the morning. I simply couldn't stand it."

We were standing by the deck-rail, and a moon the size of a barrel was smiling down at us, and all of a sudden I knew what all those men had meant by talking about being lonely. I was so lonely I couldn't breathe. When I tried to say good-by I gulped like a little child. And the next minute something caught me and held me close, and I felt a cheek against mine and Captain Belden was saying things in my ear in a choking voice.

"Oh, my Anne!" he muttered. "My wonderful, beautiful, adorable little Anne! Marry me, and I'll promise to plant a new celebrity on our hearthstone every evening, to tell you how lonely he is because he can't win you too."

I could tell you more, dearest Margie, but no! Such moments are sacred. And you know what our rhetoric taught us about lovers' hyperbole.

I need only add that as soon as he gets back to America Captain Belden is coming to Watkins Center. You will see him then; and we want you to be my bridesmaid, for I have told him all about you.

In the meantime, while he is doing what he can to help poor Mr. Parsons, Arthur has told me how to fill the dragging hours of waiting. He says I must learn to convey the impression that I have found a door in a convent garden and looked out just once.

I am not quite sure what he meant or how to follow his instructions. But he gave them to me smiling, so the thought has come to me that perhaps that time my Arthur was making a little joke!

The Housewife's Most Precious Possession
When You Move This Year Leave Hard Killing Kitchen Work Behind
You can't realize what a difference a "KITCHEN MAID" Kitchen Cabinet makes in kitchen employment until you actually have one in your kitchen. There's no comparison to judge by. No other cabinet like it. Entirely new departure in cabinet construction. Most sanitary of all cabinets—glass smooth surfaces—rounded, dustless inside corners. No lodging place for dirt. Doesn't grow old and grimy in appearance. Keeps itself and everything it houses immaculately clean. A wonderful advancement. Actually reduces kitchen work and time one-half. Positively pays for itself in savings. Makes kitchen work a joy instead of a "joy killer." "Let the 'KITCHEN MAID' be your Kitchen Aid." Sold at prices that afford greatest Cabinet buying economy by leading furniture and department stores.
Made in beautiful Golden Oak and Snowy White Enamel.
Your dealer's name on request. Handsomely illustrated booklet FREE.
Wasmuth-Endicott Company
Andrews, Indiana
"KITCHEN MAID"
The Smooth Surface Round Corner
KITCHEN CABINET

"I said you would like that snugness at the ankle, didn't I?

"I move we elect EVERWEAR our Family Hosiery; what do you say, Mother?"

So Father adds another to the many thousands of families who have chosen

Everwear TRADE MARK **Hosiery**

because of its distinctive Flexweev fit, its durability and beauty, combined with economy.

That is the way it goes—one member of a family will try a pair of EVERWEAR, and soon the whole family is wearing this dainty, durable hosiery. Start *your* family!

Silk, lisle and cotton, for men, women and children. Your dealer has it. If not, write us.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee

"Remember the Name" — it pays!

Ball Bearings

The Supreme Test

BALL BEARINGS utilize steel balls in carrying loads and stresses so as to resist the negative forces that rob the motor of power it creates, drag against speed and shorten the life of the machine.

That is why racing cars are always equipped with ball bearings.

Ball bearings intensify efficiency and operating economies in machinery of every purpose.

Ball bearings are the last word, the superrefinement, the ultimate factor in maximum mechanical performance. Engineering science claims it, engineering practice proves it.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO.
Bristol, Conn. Detroit, Mich.

SHIPS OF DESTINY

(Concluded from Page 30)

I hear from others the story of this marine officer—one of the few of the American Marines at Belleau Wood who got out alive. He was wounded, to be sure, but out of the fray only a short time when he was back again. He is typical of thousands of others. As he came out of each fight he had cabled his wife. That meant every few weeks. In the interim—back home—she worried alone.

"It was much harder for her than for me," he confides to me. "I knew I was safe from hour to hour. Many times she didn't know for days."

And I thought of that great body of American women back home who fought the great battle with a courage and fortitude known only to those who have suffered similar anxiety.

My marine friend wondered about things in the United States. Having come from the States more recently than he had I was in a position to enlighten him. His questions were interesting. Did the people realize what their boys had been through? Did they know that death literally meant nothing to wave after wave of American troops as they advanced on the enemy from high ground, low ground—from anywhere in France no matter how difficult the terrain or dangerous the odds? Did they know that as a platoon of men went forward to get a machine gun and they fell victims to the rain of the Hun bullets another platoon would sweep right over their fallen comrades till the machine gun was captured? Did they realize how unhesitatingly, even recklessly, our troops offered their lives? Did they still let the politicians run things in America? Were they aware that America had gone through a frightful war, and that hundreds of thousands of her young men had stood face to face with the grim realities of life and death, that things superficial such as the demagoguery and bunkum of those who had talked loudly of patriotism and national honor—but only talked—must soon be uncovered and in their place some real and substantial Americanism erected?

These and many other questions one finds in conversation with returning soldiers. The single fact is that they are thinking—they have been sobered or awakened or stimulated by their experience. They are thinking. And they have a terrible power of penetration. Somehow they see through things.

It is night—and we are in the midst of a sea zone where a few months before submarines hunted incessantly. The moon shines brightly. What a target our ship would make for torpedoes! But now all is changed. The vessel no longer moves furtively along with darkened decks and opaque ports. All is light. And inside there are three moving-picture shows—two in the forward and after holds for the troops, and one in the wardroom for the officers. The movies are diverting, but there is little evidence of genuine amusement. Indeed the first laugh from the whole company comes peculiarly enough on a reel that would, I am sure, have set an American audience on the edge of its chair with excitement. The hero, in Wild West garb, is having a battle royal with bandits on the border. He fights them furiously one by one and wins.

A Taste of Home

But the troops only laugh. It is such a tame thing this idea of action which the movies had been giving and probably are giving American audiences. These men have been sleeping under the thundering roar of big cannon for months, dodging shells behind our lines and up at the Front with an almost studied indifference to the fact that any second, any moment a bullet or shrapnel from an unseen foe might end their days, might detach them from wife and children, might extinguish a life on which fond parents had spent a generation of affection and energy. No wonder the movie only makes them laugh. Some of them tell me afterward they laugh because it is a taste of America, of the country they knew before they went to France, of tame, innocent America that fortunately had only tasted the bitterness of war.

Our doctors report a low sick rate. I accompanied the commanding officers on their inspection of the holds where the men sleep. There is plenty of ventilation and the men look cheerful and satisfied. It isn't so comfortable as the cabins of the officers; it isn't the way many of these boys had crossed the Atlantic in time of peace, but it is far better than the trip they took from America to France when fear of submarines made it imperative to keep portholes closed—it is better indeed than the mud of Brest or the damp ground of Northern France, where water-filled trenches and dugouts were the single habitation of our troops for months.

Our destination is changed again. We are to arrive in New York after all. The wireless room is a busy place as scores of messages are sent to expectant friends and relatives. The reason for the change? The ship has leaky boilers. She must go to New York drydock for repairs. These transports have been running their maximum use without much chance for repairs in port. So short is our tonnage for troops that vessels must be turned round in the smallest possible interval. But haste makes waste—and the much-abused engines and boilers of this transport must be repaired at once. One message from the chief engineer urgently requesting repairs brings a reply from the Navy Department that the transport must dock at New York.

There is a wireless call from one of the American battleships which is a few hundred miles behind us. She asks if any near-by vessels have a serum aboard for spinal meningitis. She sends a message to our naval station at the Azores to get some in readiness and dispatch a tug as the battleship puts in for the precious remedy. Another wireless message tells of storms ahead and the skipper deftly shifts his course.

Good Food in Plenty

We have abandon-ship drill in the afternoon just the same as if the submarines still infested the ocean. There is, of course, some danger of mines—loose floating mines. Paravanes do help a great deal to sweep them up, and our ship is equipped with a set of these mine sweepers, but the lifeboat drill is nevertheless carried on with the same discipline as during wartime. And well it should be. The drill is short and not a bit irksome. Passengers merely learn where their life preservers and boats are. The boats are inspected. Everything moves with the same precision as a fire drill at school.

The ship's company gets accustomed to the thing, and come what may—storm, mine, fire, internal explosion or accident—the chances are the drill defeats panic and means a saving of lives.

The food is remarkably good. It is better than anything we have tasted in France outside of the American Army. Good meals every day and sea air keep everybody in good health. This ship has a fine refrigerating plant and we have fine steaks and potatoes, delicious soups, salads, ice cream, a variety of vegetables and the best white bread of which the Navy bakeshops are capable—which, in the language of the private, is "some bread."

The troops are fed twice a day. They are given the same quantity of food as the officers get in three meals; but with five thousand soldiers aboard a cargo vessel which ordinarily carried about one hundred and fifty passengers the facilities for feeding so large a number of men are limited. The food, it is explained, couldn't be prepared and kept hot and served in three meals. But the men do not complain. They get enough to eat at each meal—all they want. And they have little opportunity for exercise—there are so many crowding the decks. So they retire early—eat a hearty breakfast from about seven-thirty to nine, and a heavy meal during the afternoon—between three and four-thirty o'clock.

To-night there's a band concert. The 164th Infantry Band renders a few selections from Rossini and Grieg and winds up with Sousa. Things seem to brighten up a bit. Bands have played their part in this war—far back of the lines. They never had a chance near the Front. Instead the musicians were usually pressed into service as stretcher bearers. For them the muffled groans of the dying were the grim dirge of this war.

It is Saturday night. The ship's crew furnishes two or three entertainers. A couple of sailors who know the black-face art sing old minstrel songs and crack a few American jests. The spirits of the audience rise. But amusement features have a sense of artificiality. They seem to please—but they do not. Nothing can—except the lifting of suspense, the anxiety to get home to those so long missed in nerve-racking moments under the shadow of death in a foreign land.

It is Sunday. Below decks a Catholic priest in army uniform says mass. Sailors and soldiers worship with him. In another part of the ship a Protestant chaplain conducts services. It is a quaint feeling one has on hearing these hymns rising up from the ship's hold as she plows the sea. One fancies the hymns are sung with more fervor than before, with a note of thankfulness to the Providence that is bringing these men home safely at last.

The afternoon reveals a splendid shimmer of sun across the waves. We are on the thirty-sixth parallel and the weather is like spring. There are a dozen or more nurses aboard. They are very popular. They are the first American girls some of our troops have seen in a year. The nurses do not lack attention.

Most of the officers read all day. They seem to be interested in almost any sort of books, magazines or newspapers they can find. They smoke and read, and smoke and read, and eat and sleep—and talk little. There is none of that swapping of experiences or comparing of views which one finds, for instance, in the smoking compartment of an American Pullman on a trip across the continent. On the whole if one didn't know the type the temptation would arise to characterize these army officers as an unsociable lot. But they are not. They are sick of war. They don't want to talk about it to each other—or to anyone else, at least for a while. Afterward when they have resumed their accustomed pursuits, professions or occupations, when they have blended themselves once more in the life of American cities and towns, they may grow reminiscent of the wonderful days spent in France—their great experience.

The Polar Bear in Trouble

Our radio is now in communication with shore stations in the United States. We have gone far south, but the weather apparently shows no improvement. Storms are sweeping the Atlantic. The big ship takes the seas nicely, but her speed is impaired. She cannot buck the storm. Consequently we shall be delayed getting in. The soldiers seem depressed. But their disappointment over the weather is followed by a disappointment even more serious. Out of the night comes a cry of distress. A steamer is calling for help. She is the Polar Bear, one of the standardized ships built for the Shipping Board. Her steering gear has got out of control. She is helpless in midocean. Many ships answer the call but none seems so near as we are and none seems to have sufficient coal to make the rescue. No orders come from the Navy Department in Washington saying what vessel of the many on the ocean shall go to the aid of the Polar Bear. Every skipper must decide for himself. Captain Cole sits in his cabin waiting anxiously to see whether any other ships are nearer than the President Grant. None is. He has sick and wounded aboard and they must be got to hospitals quickly. He has five thousand troops aboard who are possibly in potential danger of epidemic the longer they are kept at sea—for they are very much crowded. Mothers and fathers back home are patiently waiting for these boys. But there's a crew of fifty American boys on board the Polar Bear who are in great danger. Their ship may be wrecked in the storm. Lifeboats can't live in such a gale.

Captain Cole doesn't hesitate, but orders the President Grant to swing southward. She must go fully two hundred miles out of her course to reach the Polar Bear, and then it's a question of towing the little ship to Bermuda at about four knots an hour. It means delay of at least a week.

Overnight the President Grant steams full speed south and reaches the stranded vessel by noon the next day. Then come the wearisome attempts to get a line to the little ship. She is tossing and rolling at what seem dangerous angles. Every minute the waves appear to envelop the craft. Three times we make a circuit of the Polar Bear endeavoring to drop a line near enough, but each time we fail. Finally night comes on—work must cease. The two vessels toss in the storm all night. The next day the laborious work is resumed. Finally the Polar Bear catches the first line. As a heavier hawser is slowly pulled through the water, however, the two ships are driven in opposite directions by the wind, and the line parts.

Again we wait till morning. But the weather now calms down. The little ship sends word that she may now be able to make repairs. Before the day is over she rigs up an emergency steering gear—and steams toward Bermuda. Our skipper sends congratulations and a message of cheer. Our mere presence has given confidence to the men of the Polar Bear. There's a shout on board as we head once more for New York.

The feeling of relief is reflected in the happy faces of the soldiers at mess. That evening there's a program of boxing and vaudeville entertainment in the hold which the men enjoy very much. A similar set of stunts is given before the officers in the wardroom. Things seem to be much happier.

Fiske's Strange Case

Of all the odd incidents, however, on the boat, none seems to compare with the entanglement of one Cornelius L. Fiske, whose home is in the Bronx, New York. He seems hardly eighteen. He's a prisoner—a deserter. And yet he's been wounded twice and has seen service at Château-Thierry. His story is typical of the American spirit in this war. Originally he enlisted in the Navy as a seaman. When he had made two trips on the President Grant through the war zone and the vessel was not torpedoed or mined Fiske was disappointed. He craved excitement. So when the ship was in Brest he went ashore, doffed his navy uniform, sought out a camp of American Marines and enlisted under an assumed name. He had a twin brother in the Marine Corps who kept his secret.

For nearly a year Fiske served with the Marines under the name of Jones. His war record was excellent. He performed many acts of extraordinary courage. He saw all the principal shows in which the Marines were engaged. When the armistice was signed and Fiske had been twice discharged from a hospital he decided that the excitement was over. No more fighting—the only thing to do therefore was to give oneself up. So he told his superior officer. Technically he had left the naval service for a year. He was dispatched to Brest to be taken aboard the President Grant again. A marine captain traveling home volunteered to be the lad's counsel. The youngster wasn't kept in the brig but given the privileges of a prisoner at large. I hear some of the ship's officers remark that the boy wasn't a deserter. Having enlisted in the Marines, technically he did not desert the naval service at all.

What will happen to Fiske when he is court-martialed? Probably he will be given the minimum penalty for the sake of discipline, but probably also a recommendation will go forth that he be pardoned by the President. He didn't desert because of a lack of courage—his motive was not that of the deserter within the meaning of the law. Really he was only absent without leave from his naval post. Otherwise he served his country for more than a year, risked his life many times and carried away two wounds as a badge of his intrepidity.

It seems like beginning life over again with the many troops who arrive at our seaports nowadays. The individual is free again—he can make his own plans without thought of the state whose call he heeded, the state that took him overseas thousands of miles away. Back he has come to the state whose rights he helped to defend, back to what destiny? To what opportunity? To what rung in the ladder of life? Has he been pushed aside in his absence? Have others forged ahead? Has another taken his job?

Calmly, deliberately, though somewhat anxiously, the returning warrior is tackling this problem every day, and more like him will be doing so for another year perhaps. The war may have been officially over last November, but for hundreds of thousands of our soldiers it is ended only on the day when each of these ships of destiny finally makes port.

The "Big-Bottle" Problem Solved by Illinois Glass Company

For bottling water and all other liquids; for storing grape juice, tomato pulp, etc.—a general utility package—four gallon to twelve gallon capacity

THE forty-six years of bottle improvement of the Illinois Glass Company have led up to this achievement—a huge automatic bottle-making machine, gigantic in size, tremendous in capacity—which has a most important meaning to concerns which bottle water or acids, or store grape juice and other liquids.

THESE bottles are so thoroughly satisfactory in every respect—so absolutely superior to any large bottle heretofore produced—that the Illinois Glass Company takes pride in giving each one its trade-mark, the hallmark of better bottles, the Diamond I.

Write to us *Every user of a container for liquids from 4-gallon in size up to 12-gallon can now be supplied. If you are using jug, keg or tin container, investigate the transparent, sanitary and strong glass package. Put your problems up to us.*

"Look for the 'Diamond I' on Every Bottle You Buy"

Branches East of the Mississippi

New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, Peoria, Louisville, Cincinnati, Atlanta

Illinois Glass Company

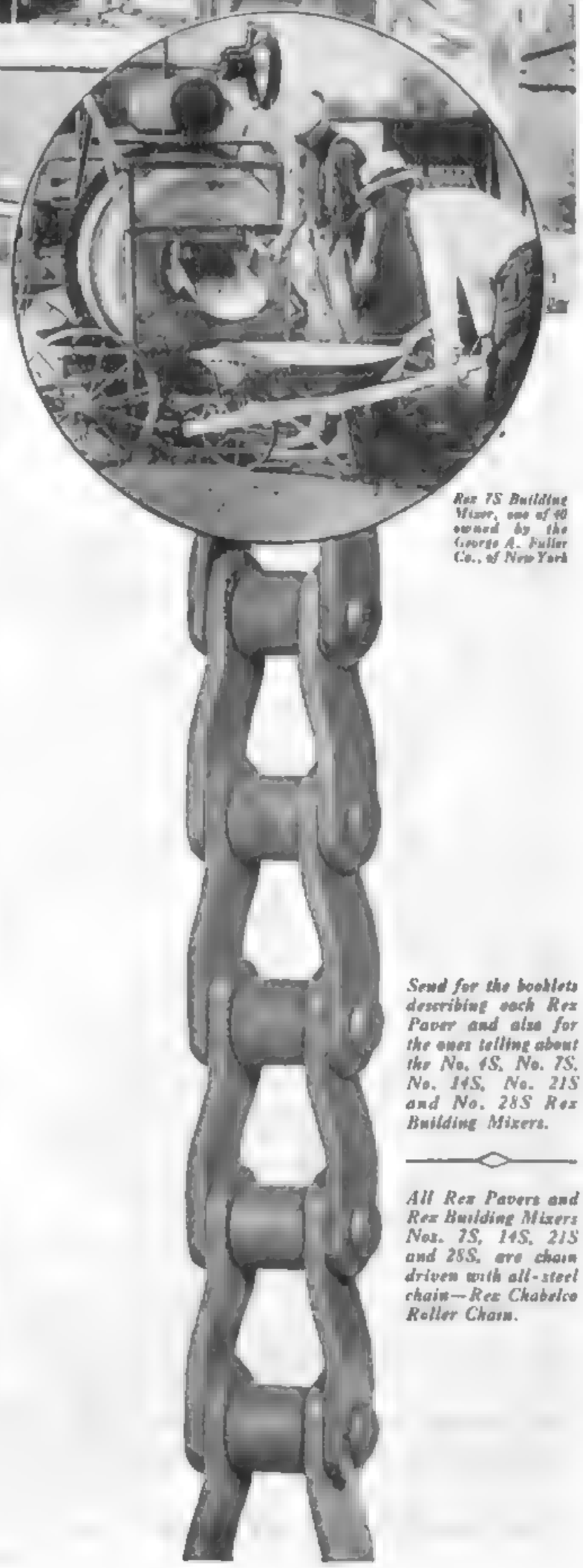
Better bottle makers since 1873

Branches on and West of the Mississippi

San Francisco, Minneapolis, Memphis, Seattle, Portland, St. Paul, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, Dallas

General Offices: - - Alton, Illinois

Rex No. 14E Paver, owned by J. C. Bentley, Elizabeth, N. J., laying concrete roads



Rex 7S Building Mixer, one of 40 owned by the George A. Fuller Co., of New York

Made of the Right Stuff

The only way to find out whether one kind of Paver does better concrete work than another is to work them side by side.

Roadbuilders have found that Rex Pavers lay more yards of concrete per year because they lay off less for repairs.

Every part of them stands the gaff because it has the right stuff in it.

In Rex Pavers 25% of all cast metal parts is malleable iron, 60% is semi-steel, and 15% is Sivyer Electric Steel.

And every part is so get-at-able that necessary adjustments can be made easily and swiftly.

Whether you are going to buy your first paver, or only looking for a pace-maker for your fleet of old ones, you'll want to consider the Rex.

Send for the Rex Booklets describing the Rex 7E, 10E, and 14E Pavers—the numbers indicating the capacity in cubic yards of mixed concrete.

These booklets picture and describe the pavers in detail, giving you an excellent once-over of all their features.

Send for the booklets describing each Rex Paver and also for the ones telling about the No. 4S, No. 7S, No. 14S, No. 21S and No. 28S Rex Building Mixers.

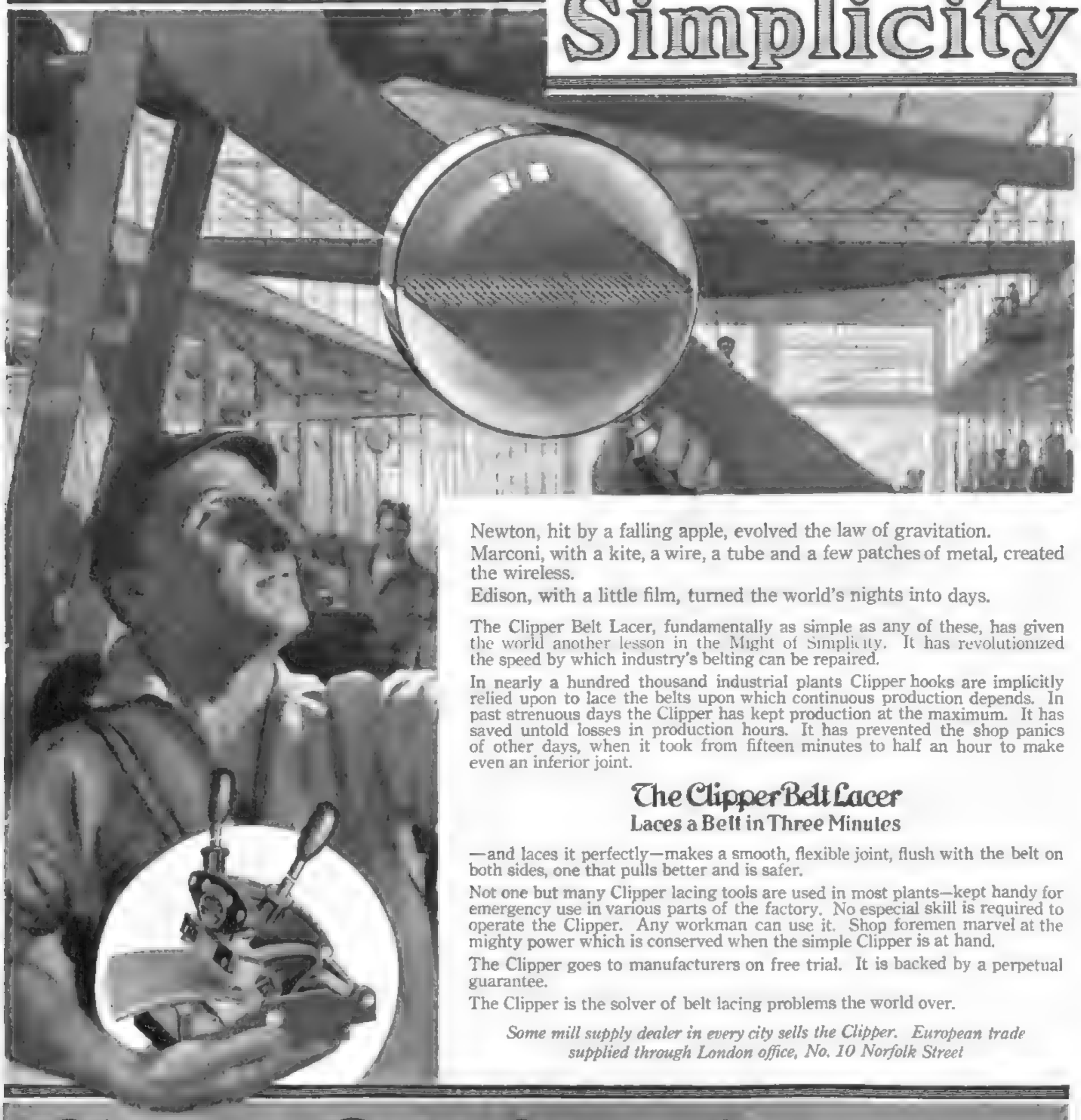
All Rex Pavers and Rex Building Mixers Nos. 7S, 14S, 21S and 28S, are chain driven with all-steel chain—Rex Chabelco Roller Chain.

REX PAVERS AND MIXERS

Rex Chains, Rex Traveling Water Screens,
Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE
NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH

The MIGHT of Simplicity



Newton, hit by a falling apple, evolved the law of gravitation.
Marconi, with a kite, a wire, a tube and a few patches of metal, created the wireless.
Edison, with a little film, turned the world's nights into days.

The Clipper Belt Lacer, fundamentally as simple as any of these, has given the world another lesson in the Might of Simplicity. It has revolutionized the speed by which industry's belting can be repaired.

In nearly a hundred thousand industrial plants Clipper hooks are implicitly relied upon to lace the belts upon which continuous production depends. In past strenuous days the Clipper has kept production at the maximum. It has saved untold losses in production hours. It has prevented the shop panics of other days, when it took from fifteen minutes to half an hour to make even an inferior joint.

The Clipper Belt Lacer
Laces a Belt in Three Minutes

—and laces it perfectly—makes a smooth, flexible joint, flush with the belt on both sides, one that pulls better and is safer.

Not one but many Clipper lacing tools are used in most plants—kept handy for emergency use in various parts of the factory. No especial skill is required to operate the Clipper. Any workman can use it. Shop foremen marvel at the mighty power which is conserved when the simple Clipper is at hand.

The Clipper goes to manufacturers on free trial. It is backed by a perpetual guarantee.

The Clipper is the solver of belt lacing problems the world over.

Some mill supply dealer in every city sells the Clipper. European trade supplied through London office, No. 10 Norfolk Street

Clipper Belt Lacer Company

GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

LONDON, ENGLAND - No. 10 NORFOLK STREET

THE VERY RIGHTEOUS MAN

By Alice L. Tildesley

BUT I don't want to marry her!" protested Dan, slumping deeper into the wheezy old armchair.

"You should have thought of that before you took her away last night," returned his brother.

He looked at his fat old-fashioned watch as he spoke. The watch irritated Dan, much as everything about the Fighting Preacher irritated him. The timepiece never varied. It was always as inevitably right as was its possessor. But he made another struggle against Fate.

"I won't marry her! Why should I wreck my whole life? We didn't do anything but get stalled up there; we didn't get stalled on purpose. Nobody can say we got stalled on purpose. I won't marry her!"

"Oh, yes, you will!"

Dan's eyelids fluttered. His thin white hands clenched so tightly on the arms of the chair that the knuckles stood out in ugly knots. The man who had made his name a symbol of awe and honor in the White North took no notice of him; merely threw back his shoulders and picked up the telephone receiver.

"J. P. Oliver speaking," he said presently. "Tell the convention I may be delayed some forty minutes. Put my address farther down on the program. . . . Yes. Good morning!"

"But, J. P.," began Dan nervously, "I can't marry her!"

The Fighting Preacher replaced the telephone instrument.

"We will dispense with further remarks on that subject."

"But I can't! I can't! Why won't you listen to me? I don't care about her. I couldn't stand being married to her. I'm—I'm in love with somebody else!"

J. P. Oliver—who scouted the formality of Reverend, to which he was justly entitled—frowned down at the youth in the chair. His look was the look that inspired fear in the hearts of the roughest of his flock. Dan's fingers unclosed and closed again convulsively.

"Explain that."

"I—I've told you. You don't —— Don't you believe in p-people being in love when they get married?"

"It is a pleasant adjunct. Were we selecting a wife for you, we should give that some consideration. We are not, however, selecting a wife. You are simply making amends. You will do it of your own free will, Dan Oliver, or we shall try a little persuasion." He thrust his fighting face closer to his young brother's.

The meaning of that flashed upon Dan. J. P. made his converts live up to his standards by force, if necessary. Many were the tales that had drifted South during the ten years of his militant church leadership. It was as easy to him—very likely easier—to knock the wrongdoer down and let his black eye help him repent as to spend hours praying over his lapse from grace. He prayed too. And he worked. He had moments of rare sympathy and tenderness. It was not remarkable, perhaps, that his flock would have followed him into the jaws of death.

"I haven't anything to marry on. I'm not even through school."

"Oh, yes; you're done with school. I'll take you back with me when I go. Until then we'll find a job for you to support your wife."

"I can't. I told you there—there's another girl."

"Well? Go on. You mean you are at present engaged to her?"

"Not exactly. But I love her. I can't marry Elsie Davis when I feel like this. Please, J. P.!"

"She knows you are in love with her?"

"I don't know. I guess so. I don't see how she can help it."

"Have you given her reason to think she has a claim on you?"

"Claim? Oh, you don't know Gloriana or you wouldn't talk about claim. Why, J. P., there isn't a man anywhere but would be paralyzed with joy at getting Gloriana. She's the most wonderful girl!"

"And she's in love with you?"

"Oh, of course she isn't—now! I'm just living in hope that some day ——"

"Then there's no real reason why we shouldn't go ahead with the ceremony." J. P. pressed the bell on the marble-topped table. "I shall expect you to put this Gloriana out of your mind. Do you understand? . . . Oh, Tim; tell the young lady to come here at once. . . . You do understand, Dan?"

"I tell you I love her!"

"Your own free will, or ——"

Dan felt that his knees were shaking, even in the depths of the easy-chair. He was never very brave or very strong. His record on the ball team was far below his college fame as the weaver of rather remarkable verse.

"Won't you let me show you Gloriana? J. P., don't! I'll do it." He suffered acutely, all the same, at the grim contempt on his brother's face.

"Yes; you'll do it!"

A girl entered uncertainly. She was pale under the vague hint of rouge. Her little silk suit was crushed as if she had slept in it—as, indeed, she had. Her eyes had a suspicious redness, which she had tried to disguise with plenteous powder.

"Dan wishes to make amends, Elsie. We shall go at once to the courthouse for the license."

"License?" echoed Elsie.

"I shall perform the ceremony immediately after we secure the license. Get up, Dan. Find your hat. I must be at the convention in half an hour."

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Elsie.

"He's going to make us get married," blurted Dan.

"Married!"

"Yes. J. P., maybe Elsie doesn't want to marry me. Do you, Elsie?" Dan clutched at the idea frantically.

"Look here, Dan Oliver; you speak when you're spoken to. Elsie, take your handkerchief and wipe off that paint and powder. It is neither becoming nor proper to imitate that kind of woman.

"You are to be married to my brother. There is no reason why he should let you live out your life with the past night blotting it. I presume you know the convention adjourned to join in the search?"

Her tears helped the handkerchief to achieve results.

"I didn't know. W-what did papa say?"

"We'll find out after the ceremony. Ready?"

Her eyes slid unhappily from Dan's tragic countenance to the other man's stern one. She was even more afraid of him than Dan had been. They followed him to the smart little car, which seemed as great an anachronism as the telephone to the old-fashioned room they had left.

He should have ridden astride a giant steed. She made one pitiful attempt to restrain him as they shot down the elm-shaded street.

"We've never gone together or—anything! It was just an accident that the car stalled. We kept thinking somebody would come along; and Dan didn't know how to fix it; and it got darker; and ——"

"And the first thing we knew it was daylight and you came buzzing up," finished Dan.

"And do we have to get married?"

The Fighting Preacher ignored that.

"I shall take you both back with me when I go. I hope that won't be long—at the most not more than three months. I can put Dan in the mines or in a trading post, or some such thing. You can make a home for him, Elsie."

"But I hate ice and snow and cold. I couldn't go! I don't like it."

"We are considering what is best, not little personal likes. I wish I could take you right away. I'll speak to the bishop to-day. I had intended doing some work down here first."

"Work in the mines? J. P., I couldn't ——"

The man's dark eyes rested on Dan threateningly and the boy squirmed under them.

It was a relief to draw up before the shining new brick courthouse; but they felt like prisoners under a fearsome jailer as he led them to the license desk. He had to prompt their replies to the clerk's questions. There was the first trace of fellowship between them in their mutual misery at the situation.

"Circuit Court room vacant?" J. P. inquired of the clerk as that individual extended the completed license. "I'll make use of it, then. Get me two witnesses, will you?" He held the door of the Circuit Court room open and they passed in like shackled convicts. He scanned the sheet before him and asked: "I'm right in believing that a girl is of age in this state at eighteen? This one is nineteen, I see. These the witnesses? Come in, gentlemen."

The boy and girl looked about them mutely. The judges' desks, three raised light-oak thrones, fenced in with glittering brass rails, loomed above them. The jury box, with its rows of precise new seats, seemed dismally empty. The queer gated witness stand glowered on their left. The shining surfaces of the counsel tables stretched on to the shining backs of the new benches. They were prisoners themselves, condemned to life terms without a hearing.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together ——" began the Fighting Preacher in his deepest voice. It seemed hardly a moment before he had reached "Do you, Daniel Thomas, take this woman, Elsie Jane ——"

(Continued on Page 167)

GREDAG
A WONDERFUL LUBRICANT

Invented by Dr. Edward G. Acheson, and developed by years of scientific manufacture

Take a small pinch of Gredag, rub it in the palm of your hand and you'll begin to understand why it is so astonishingly efficient.

When you neglect gears, you pay. When you indifferently lubricate them, you pay and pay dearly.

When you lubricate the transmission and differential with Gredag, you will marvel at the change in your car.

Gredag reduces, practically abolishes, gear friction. This takes a great load off the engine. So your car shows greater speed and response.

Gredag is incomparable

—for transmissions
—for differentials
—for the steering
—for grease cups
—for use on the farm
—for all machinery
—for use in industrial plants to save coal and increase efficiency.

The wonderful lubricating qualities of Gredag are due to the special process invented by Edward G. Acheson, Sc. D.; and many years of scientific manufacture have developed this lubricant to a point of amazing efficiency.

Being more expensive to produce, Gredag of course costs slightly more. Only a fraction of a cent more per day, however.

This added cost is forgotten entirely when you discover that Gredag saves almost its weight in silver dollars each year.

GREDAG SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., 280 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
ACHESON PRODUCTS, NIAGARA FALLS

They Analyze the Lining

More self-critical—that's how men are getting. Not only toward outside things but toward the inner unobtrusive things no less. The man of to-day would as soon endure a soiled collar as a holey sock or torn underwear or—a tatter or shine in the lining of his coat. Handsome "insides" are the life-long heritage of the coat with

Granite DOUBLE END Two-Tone
COAT LININGS

GUARANTEE This garment is lined with Granite Double End (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) Two-Tone made by LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., INC., and we hereby guarantee that if the lining is not perfectly whole when the garment is worn out, we will furnish material for a new lining without charge

This lining cannot wear out because of the peculiar and inimitable construction—each filling thread laid over *two* (not one) and under *two* (not one) warp threads. Result—a smooth, wavy surface that sheds friction,—not a succession of sharp ridges which, in other linings, invite friction and speedy disintegration.

The lustrous beauty of the yarns used in Granite Double End comes to the surface and produces a rich, imperishable natural finish, infinitely superior to the pressed-in artificial finish of serge or alpaca. It has the weight of old-fashioned serge but never the shine from iron or wear. The many handsome color combinations are dye-true.

When next you buy a coat or suit ask to see this guarantee in the lining.

Dealers: Analyze the Lining

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., Inc.
881 Broadway, New York
The Mohair House

ATLAS-WHITE

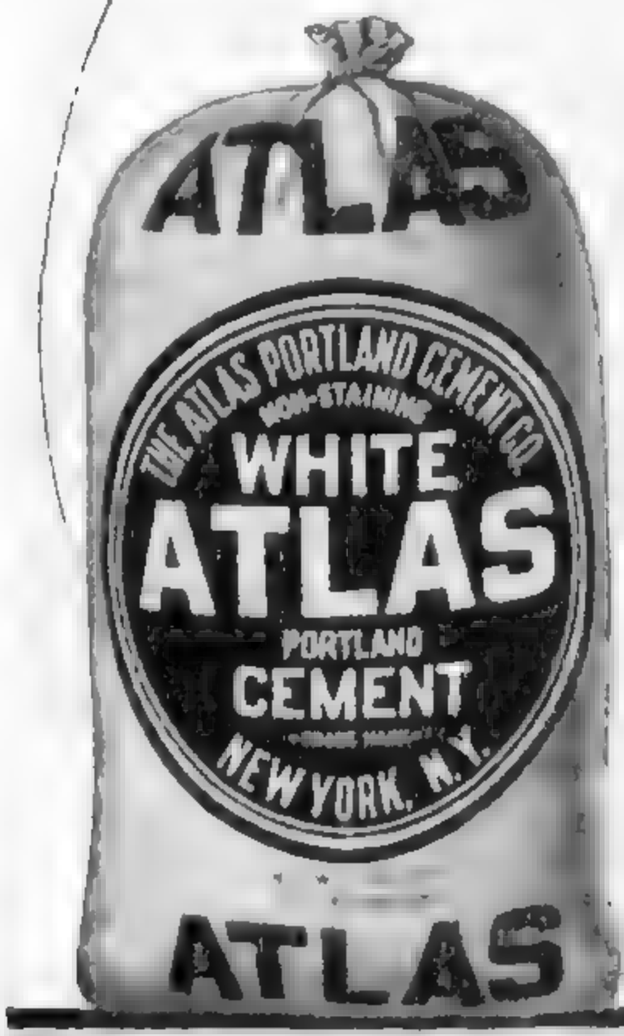
for Modern Homes

THE stucco house is adapted to every requirement of the modern home. It is attractive, fire resisting, reasonable in first cost and durable—requiring no painting or repairs.

The charm of stucco is in the finish coat. With ATLAS-WHITE Cement your own individuality and good taste can be expressed in either brilliant or soft-toned white. By mixing ATLAS-WHITE with granite chips, marble chips or variegated sand and gravel a wide range of charming color tones can be secured.

* * *

Write our nearest office for our book "Information for Home Builders." It illustrates and describes in detail many beautiful stucco homes. We will gladly send you a copy free.



The Atlas Portland Cement Company

New York Boston Philadelphia Savannah
Chicago Dayton Minneapolis Des Moines St. Louis

(Continued from Page 163)

They scarcely knew what they had replied. The girl found herself regarding the preposterously heavy ring with dull surprise. J. P. had taken it from his own little finger. It was too large even for Elsie's thumb. There was a smudge of red next to it, where the rouge had stained; and she wiped it off stealthily.

"We'll go direct to the convention," decided J. P. "Your father is in charge of the program to-day, Elsie. We can see him there." He did not ask whether they had any suggestions to make as to where they would prefer going at the beginning of what should have been their honeymoon.

They threaded their way through the multitude of parked conveyances about the great stone church and up the steep stairs at the west side. They could hear the rumble of Bishop Adee's voice addressing the congregation, the rustle of many sheets of music from the choir benches, the subdued murmur of late-arriving members being directed to seats by correct vestrymen.

Fighting Jack Oliver, as they called him in the place from which he had come, paused in the vestry room and sent a waiting choir boy scurrying for his robes. The bride and groom stood awkwardly and uncomfortably in the doorway while he dressed. The same choir boy was dispatched for Senior Warden Davis, and the white-robed Minister of the Lord spent the interval in going over the notes of his address.

Senior Warden Davis was a dapper little man, with a waxed mustache and an air of extreme gentility. He came in rubbing his hands together and smiling nervously.

"Ah—Mr. Oliver, I—ah—received your message. Most thoughtful of you, I'm sure. Ah ——"

"Papa, I'm married," said Elsie in what might be called the miniature of a wail.

"Married!"

J. P. put away the last of his notes.

"Yes, Mr. Davis. I have just performed the ceremony. It seemed best after last night."

"Last night! Ah—quite so. Quite so."

The senior warden stood there, the nervous smile frozen on his face. He and his wife had had a pretty bad time of it last night. If Elsie hadn't been engaged to sing a solo at that session, and if —— But she had been.

"Where's mamma?" whispered Elsie desperately. She tried to put her father between her and the towering form of the Fighting One.

"I'll send for her at once. She will be—ah—very much pleased, I am sure. Ah—Mr. Oliver, most kind of you—most considerate. Ah—my boy, let me give you my good wishes."

"I want mamma!" Elsie shrank farther away from her recently acquired brother-in-law and looked anything in the world but a happy bride.

"If you and Mrs. Davis will take luncheon with me to-day, we may discuss plans for the children's future," said J. P.; and he might as well have made it a command. "Dan, I'll excuse you from attending sessions to-day. You and Elsie may use the car if you choose. Be at the house this evening for dinner—with your wife."

Dan mumbled a sulky acquiescence. His lids fluttered down over his hostile eyes. He didn't quite dare look at J. P. as he would have liked to look. The older brother paused on his way to the door and gripped the boy's hand. When he had passed on Dan found himself clutching a yellow-backed bill. He thrust it into his pocket crossly. J. P. needn't think he could make up for it that way.

He could hear Mr. Davis softly exulting over the wedding. Even before J. P. had made the Oliver name of world renown, it had been of importance here. And Elsie was the second of five girls.

The senior warden left them to themselves while he sought out the bride's mother. The girl sank into one of the high-backed carved chairs and worried the frogs on her jacket. The boy leaned against the leather-topped table and sulked. The Davises were a long time coming.

"Will he let us get a divorce?" she asked suddenly.

Dan laughed mirthlessly.

"You'd better believe he won't. He's chock-full of old-fashioned talk about 'Whom God hath joined'—and all the rest of it."

Elsie bounced in the chair. "I don't see why you had to come along and ask me to go driving, anyway. You never did it before."

"Why couldn't you have said you wouldn't go?"

"How was I to know you were going to stay out all night?"

"How was I going to know the old engine would break down?"

They glared at each other.

"Well, I just won't go up to his nasty old North and live in the ice. I don't care! I just won't!" She emphasized the sentiment by beating the carved arms with her clenched fists.

"S'pose I want to go up and work in the beastly mines? It's not my idea." He turned his back on her and read intently the program of the convention, which hung on the wall. They didn't speak after that.

Mrs. Davis, a florid-faced woman some three times her husband's size, came brightly in. She was apparently as jubilant as the senior warden had been at the pleasant outcome of the harrowing night. She embraced them both and gushed inordinately over what she was pleased to call their "naughty little love match."

"We'll have a reception and announce it properly to-morrow," she planned. "I'll telephone the caterer and everybody who is anybody. I wonder whether Madam Leslie would hurry up a frock for you, Elsie? Or she might have something in stock. That's the advantage of not being an outsize. . . . You naughty, naughty sly children! I ought to scold you; but I won't. Danny is a darling! At your age, Elsie, I'd have fallen in love with him myself."

She let them go at last, because she was so eager to begin preparations for the reception; and they went out stiffly. Some of the windows had been thrown up, and from the top of the steep stairs they could look directly into the pulpit. J. P. occupied it now. His face was vivid. Dan knew from past experience that his tongue was eloquent with a dreadful eloquence. He towered over the pulpit desk. It came to Dan that he was such as Lucifer might have been before he fell. There was no rustling of music, no murmur of voices, now. They sat spellbound. Dan caught Elsie's sleeve roughly.

"Come on! Let's get out of this. He said we could have the car."

But what would once have been a joy was now a curse. What was the use of driving about aimlessly? There was nowhere to go; nothing to do. It is neither stimulating nor diverting to ride for hours upon hours with someone who has nothing to say. They ate their luncheon—or, rather, they tasted it and refused it—at one of the larger hotels. It was still some time before dinner when they stopped at the old-fashioned frame house and entered.

Tim showed them immediately to the great guest chamber. Mrs. Davis' maid had called with some of Elsie's things, and a gossamer gown, threaded with blue ribbons, lay across one of the pillows of the ponderous bed. A pair of blue satin mules were on the floor, and an intimate-looking concoction of blue silk and lace was spread across the back of a chair. An array of glass and silver toilet articles crowded Dan's simple brushes and comb on the massive bureau.

"Guess you'll want to take a nap," growled Dan after a moment of paralyzed inaction, and withdrew.

He thought Elsie helped him shut the door. Then he went to his old room and threw himself across the bed. If he hadn't seen Elsie come out in her becoming new suit just as Gloriana spun past in her electric, crowded in between the handsomest delegates to the convention —— What in the world had ever made him ask Elsie to get in, anyway? And why on earth did she have to accept? . . .

"Himself says for you to come down right away," stated Tim when the windows had become glimmering oblongs in the dusk and Dan was stiff from lying so long in the same position.

"All right!"

"Himself will begin pawin' the air if ye ain't down instanter," warned Tim, and went along the corridor muttering when Dan told him to go away and shut up; but that didn't prevent Dan's making a lightning change.

Fighting Jack was not in a belligerent mood. He was standing before the tinkly old piano, picking out a tune with one finger, occasionally crashing out a chord with his left hand, his mighty voice almost drowning his efforts:

We march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us!

He stopped when he saw Dan.

"Sit down, Dan. I want to talk to you. Shame you missed this last session! The Bishop from Texas said some things that ought to be thought over by every youngster in the church—or out of it, for that matter. Where's the little girl?"

"In bed, I s'pose."

"Well, you can tell her what I say. But I don't approve of idling in bed in daylight. Davis is going to put you in the factory office until I'm ready to take you with me. Thinks he'll be able to make you useful enough to pay for bothering with you.

"Wanted to give you an allowance and make a monkey of you in general; but I wouldn't have it. I think his family spends every cent as fast as he gets it. You mustn't encourage Elsie to be extravagant."

Dan hadn't followed him that far. He was still repeating "factory office" in a dead tone.

"Of course I shan't be here over three months—if I can manage it, not more than a month. You'll be among red-blooded men. I wish I'd had you there a year ago! You wouldn't be such a ladies' man."

"Listen, J. P. How long before I have to go to the factory?"

"Oh, to-morrow—or Monday, if you want another day's honeymoon."

Dan's lips formed the word Monday soundlessly.

"Can't I finish out the term? Can't I? Please! I'm editor of the Poet's Corner. I'm on the committee for the prom."

"That will do. I said you had finished school. I meant it."

Under the meaning frown Dan lost courage.

"Does Mrs. Davis know you're going to take Elsie back with you?"

"I told her "

"And didn't she kick?"

"She didn't kick, as you call it. Why should she? She could hardly expect a wife to be parted from her husband."

Dan tried again breathlessly.

"What are you going to make me do up there? Mines?"

J. P.'s eyes rested on him not unkindly.

"I'm not taking you to prison, Dan. It's the greatest country in the world. It's God's country. You'll like it. I won't put you in the mines if you're set against 'em. Red Rob might take you out on the trail with him. There's nothing on earth to equal a trip with Red Rob. Come, now; you're going to enjoy it. *I* don't look as if I'd had a bad time of it up there, do I?"

He didn't. He was built on heroic lines. He looked as though he had come, if not from God's country, then from the country of the gods.

"Oh, you're different!"

"You want to be what? Had you any definite idea?"

Dan shook his head. He couldn't tell his secret shy longing to be a poet.

"Then why not spend five years with me while you find out?"

"Five years!" gasped Dan.

"Yes—or longer. Mix with some he-men. Breathe air that's so pure and cold it cuts the little meannesses out of you. You can't imagine how cramped and stifled I feel when I come back to this! Crowded streets; paved walks; thousands of people and not one friendly familiar face! . . . Houses elbowing each other; and air—they call this air!" He was almost talking to himself.

"But I like crowds. I like lights and lots of people; and theaters and dancing—and everything like that."

"That's because you've never seen anything else. I'm not saying I don't care for people, Dan. I do. Why, my people, if I gathered 'em all together, wouldn't go into that old stone church, or into ten stone churches of that size. And I know 'em all. All of them! They mean something to me. . . . I wonder how soon I could go back!"

Elsie interrupted. She had put on a baby-blue frock, with a cluster of pink rose buds at the throat, and curled her honey-colored hair. She had not quite dared to put on her customary touch of rouge.

They rose at sight of her and Dan pulled forward a chair for her unwillingly. The Fighting Preacher took up the telephone receiver. Dan sat down again on the horse-hair lounge. His smoldering eyes glowered at the heroic figure by the table. He wished passionately that he was strong enough and mighty enough to thrash the dictator of his fate.

"Bishop Adee? . . . Will you see me if I come over? J. P. Oliver speaking. . . . After dinner, then? . . . Where is that? . . . Very well, I'll find it. Good evening!"

A touch of the bell brought an apprehensive Tim to the door, and the word Dinner—on J. P.'s lips—had no time to be uttered.

"Right on the table, Yer Riverence. It's meself was comin' to tell yer."

A most uncomfortable meal. Elsie seemed afraid to lift her eyes. She was certainly afraid to use her voice. Dan discovered that he was hungry, but he would not gratify his brother by eating. He messed the food about with his fork and took a meager joy in the little, concerned frown that came between J. P.'s dark eyes.

"Don't you like cherry tart, Dan? Perhaps they've some fresh fruit out there you'd like better. How about it, Tim?" J. P. said once; and the frown grew a little deeper when Dan wouldn't touch the berries that came in at the summons. "You'll let him have something before he goes to bed, Tim. This excitement's taken away his appetite. Or order some ice cream when you feel better." Again his hearty grip left a bill in Dan's fingers. "Don't know how late I'll be, children; but don't wait up for me. Show Elsie where the music is, Dan. Good night!"

He slammed out of the house. They could hear him running down the steps and the clash of the iron gate.

Elsie got out the dusty music and tried a page or two, here and there, until she reached a certain Oriental thing with a weird recurring monotonous melody, which she played over and over. Dan felt that she was playing it on his raw nerves.

"Oh, can that!" he burst out.

"I like it," said his wife without pausing.

"Well, I don't. It's driving me mad."

"I guess you can go out if you want to."

He went and stood beside her and played chopsticks on the upper keys, as violently as he could strike them, until she gave it up and slammed down the cover.

"I hate being tied up to you, Dan Oliver!"

"You don't hate it any worse than I do."

(Continued on Page 171)

When Your Springs Break put on VULCAN QUALITY

The Replacement Spring

THE F. O. STONE BAKING CO.

ATLANTA, GA.

MANAGER'S OFFICE

Jan. 8, 1919

Jenkins Vulcan Spring Co.,
48 Auburn Ave.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen:--

and here is one of the Reasons Why

Please enter our order for the following springs :

4	- #2544	1	- #1851
4	- #2545	1	- #4175
2	- #1850	1	- #4176

You will please advise us which of these springs you have in stock and we will instruct our chauffeur to call for same. Those which you may not have in Atlanta are to be shipped to us from the factory.

In checking over our stock of springs on hand, the writer was agreeably surprised to find, while our cars had broken a great many springs, all of the Vulcan equipment is still intact, and this, in spite of the fact that our cars are used constantly every day and have just gone through a holiday season which meant that our delivery cars were overloaded all the time.

We are using four Ford trucks and before we equipped them with Vulcan springs our mechanic was kept busy renewing the springs. For the past eight months, however, with your equipment, we have not suffered by reason of any broken springs, neither do our cars sag under a heavy load as they did formerly.

After our cars are all equipped with Vulcans we rather feel you will lose us as a customer because it will not be necessary for us to renew springs thereafter.

Very truly yours,

THE F. O. STONE BAKING COMPANY.

JPW:W

IN EVERY TOWN *for* EVERY CAR

There is a VULCAN Spring made to fit Your Car

Ask any of our 7,000 Dealers for it

Jenkins VULCAN Spring Company

FACTORY

RICHMOND, INDIANA

BRANCHES

Atlanta, Ga., 48 Auburn Avenue
Dallas, Texas, 309 Houston Street
Minneapolis, Minn., 1036 Hennepin Avenue
Reading, Pa., 526 Franklin Street
St. Louis, Mo., 1102 Chestnut Street
Sumter, S. C., 29 Caldwell Street

PEERLESS
Two-Power-Range
EIGHT

—*on the contrary,* Right *makes* Might

EVENTS clearly have disproved the theory that "Might Makes Right!"

The opposite is true—has been—ever will be—*right* makes *might.*

In Industry, might cannot make a wrong purpose nor product prevail.

And public consciousness of right will search out and find the source of right, though its light "be hidden under a bushel."

From the beginning and throughout the world-war, the light of Peerless-Eight rightness was "hidden under the bushel" of war-truck production—first British—then American.

But,—virtually alone in conspicuously distinctive performance among motor cars,—the Peerless Two-Power-Range Eight continuously felt the increasing might of public demand for its rightness.

And the big post-war increase in Peerless production, as first announced, did not suffice.

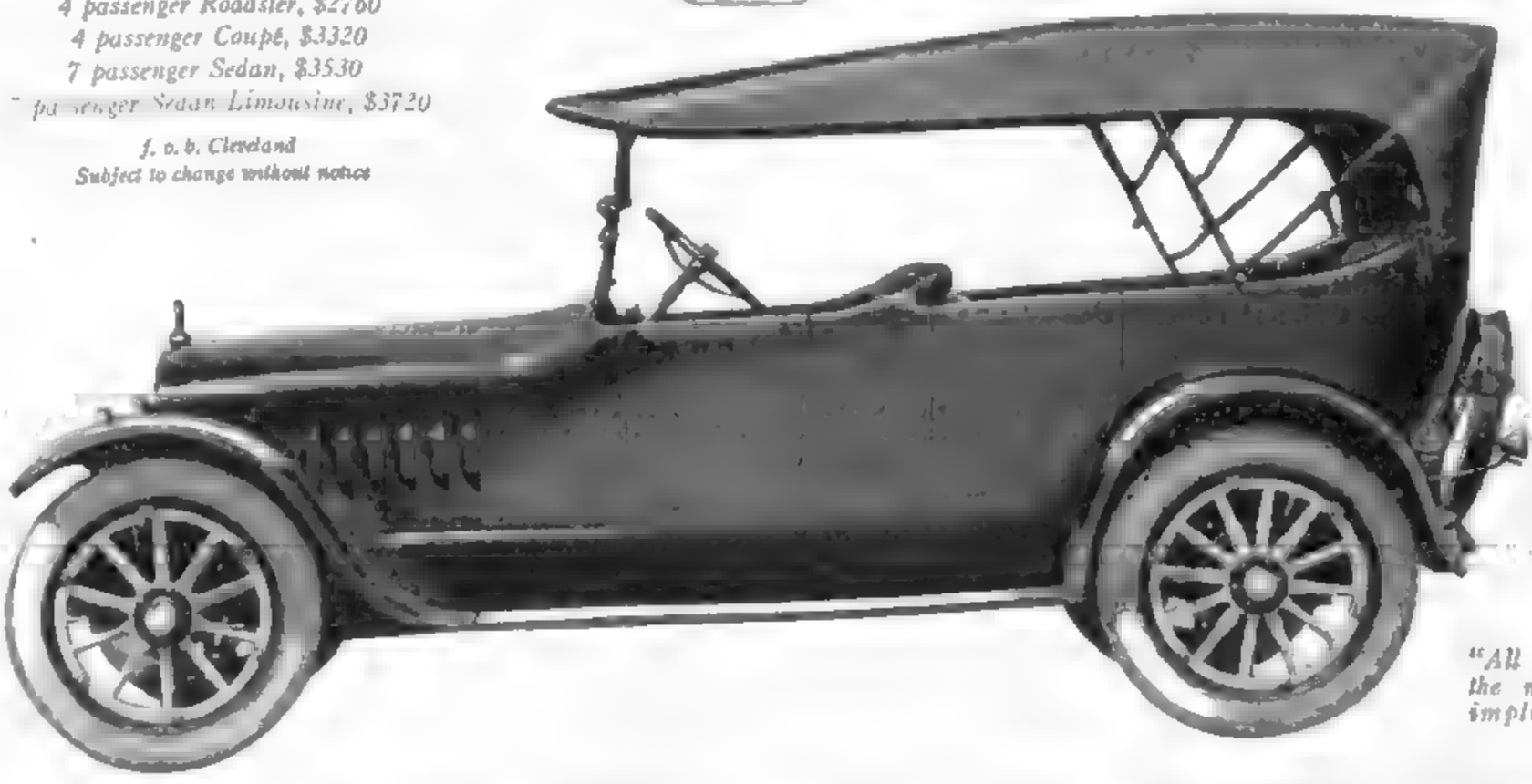
Increase has been added to increase—the substantial Peerless resources and facilities are responding—will continue to respond to the might of public demand for right motor car performance.

Increasing public consciousness of the distinctive virtues of the Two-Power Ranger—those delightful contrasts in performance—with economy—is demonstrating in our expanding production schedules, the might of right.

The Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio

7 passenger Touring, $2760
4 passenger Roadster, $2760
4 passenger Coupé, $3320
7 passenger Sedan, $3530
7 passenger Sedan Limousine, $3720

f. o. b. Cleveland
Subject to change without notice



"All that the name implies"

? Have you tried Tuxedo in the New Tea Foil Package? It has many advantages—Handier—fits the pocket. No digging the tobacco out with the fingers. Keeps the pure fragrance of Tuxedo to the last pipeful. Not quite as much tobacco as in the tin, *but*—10c. ?

Finest Burley Tobacco
Mellow-aged till perfect
+ a dash of *Chocolate*

"Your Nose Knows"

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co
INCORPORATED

Quick Thinking Demands Quick Writing

Whether in Writing, Accounting or Drawing, the pencil which most easily and quickly records your mental processes is

DIXON'S ELDORADO

"the master drawing pencil"

In the 17 perfect degrees of hardness and softness you are assured of a pencil that will make your pencil-work a delight. Leads, strong, responsive and long wearing. The Eldorado makes for genuine economy.

Made in 17 degrees

6B (softest) to 9H (hardest)
HB (medium) for general use.

Get a trial dozen from your dealer, or send 10c for a full-length pencil mentioning dealer's name and whether very soft, soft, medium, hard, or very hard lead is desired.

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Established 1827
Dept. 8-J · Jersey City, N. J.

Canadian Distributors
A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

There is a Dixon-Quality pencil, crayon, and eraser for every purpose

(Continued from Page 167)

She turned her back on him and took up the telephone. For the next half hour all he heard was Elsie's tinkly little voice telling her various friends to look at the paper. W-e-ll, they hadn't quite decided; but they thought they'd go back North with Jack—Mr. Oliver, you know. Mamma was giving them a reception to-morrow. Yes; perhaps it was a little sudden. Papa and mamma had been surprised.

Tim brought in a substantial lunch and Dan took the receiver out of Elsie's hands.

"Got to eat!" he said briefly.

They sat opposite each other at the marble-topped table. Elsie poured the cocoa. She put her head on one side when she selected a lump of sugar. She hummed to herself as she dished out the chicken salad. Dan regarded her gloomily. To sit opposite Elsie all the days of his life! Watch her put her head on one side and hum! . . .

J. P. came back before Tim returned for the things. There was only a scum of chocolate in the cocoa pitcher, a broken roll and bits of lettuce on the tray. Elsie was powdering her nose before the tiny mirror over the desk—the sole one the room boasted. Dan lay back in the wheezy armchair, his feet halfway up the wall, his hand over his eyes. They both started apprehensively when J. P. came in.

"Had your lunch, I see. That's right. Why didn't you go to bed? You must be worn out after last night. Elsie, you look like a ghost!"

The girl scurried to the door as certain small wild animals dart to cover. She panted a fearful "G'night!" at him. They could hear the tap-tap of her heels on the stairs

"It's not necessary to be rude to a woman simply because you've married her," observed J. P.

"I don't know what you mean."

The older brother's lips twitched.

"You had your feet somewhat higher than your head when I came in, I believe. Not very polite, was it? Why didn't you try to make it pleasant for her?"

Dan shrugged his shoulders.

"You wouldn't think it was so funny if you were married to Elsie."

"She's a nice-enough child."

"She's a little cat! I can't bear it! . . . I—Gloriana ——"

"That will do! Put Gloriana—or whatever her name is—out of your mind. Stop thinking about her. Probably she never gave you a thought. You're wrought up. To-morrow ——"

"All the to-morrows in the world can't make me forget Gloriana!"

"You can't do wrong without paying for it."

"I didn't! It wasn't wrong. People's nasty tongues made it wrong. We hate each other. That's more wrong than anything else—hating each other and having to stay married."

"I'm going to take you back with me next week."

"Next week! I won't go!"

The older brother sat down on the arm of the wheezy chair.

"I'm telling you that you needn't go into the factory, Dan. I'm taking you to a wonderful land. You'll have a chance to think things out. But I want you to remember that nobody ever made anything of his life while he spent most of it mourning over what he couldn't get. Why, you might think I was sending you to Siberia! A little time for thought will be good for you both. I know an old stockade ——"

He stopped speaking and threw back his head. His mind followed its own trail—a happy old trail. Dan moved impatiently.

"I don't want to think. I don't want what's good for me. I want—Gloriana!"

J. P. rose and began searching through the old desk. He had not heard. He was still upon the old and happy trail. Presently he came back again, his hands full of yellow-looking photographic prints. He pressed them into Dan's hands.

"This is a view of one part of my favorite country. See that high wall of mountain? Those white splashes are cascades. That is a spruce forest; not very good, but you can see what's meant. Below here is the fiord. You can see that better in this picture. Yes; those are ferns dripping into the water. You can't see 'em here; but there are great clusters of forget-me-nots above that rock. See? Here! Almost a panoramic view—all those gorgeous little islands, with the white gulls dancing over them. . . . Of course you can't really see anything in these little snaps. This mighty hemlock —— Real trees grow in my country. Let me see. I thought there was one —— Oh, here! My pine—a hundred feet high. That's lichen, that drapery gray lichen. It isn't so wonderful in the picture"

"Got any pictures of the cities?"

"Our cities are not like this one. It isn't the cities I love." J. P. smiled.

"They're the only things I love."

The Fighting Preacher gathered up the snapshots in silence. His fingers caressed them as he put them away. He went to the window and stood silently looking up at the far-away stars. But he did not see the stars.

"J. P.!" desperately.

"Yes?"

"I don't have to go on being married to Elsie?"

J. P. came back to earth. His face was again the fighter's face.

"Daniel Oliver, don't you let me hear you say that again! You know what you vowed to-day: 'Love her and keep her till death ——' Good night!"

"But I don't love her ——" began Dan, and his voice died; he went upstairs.

After the porter had put Elsie's traveling hat in a paper bag, and her jacket and satchel into the unoccupied section, she ran her much-ringed fingers through her honey-colored hair and essayed a fearful little smile at her brother-in-law. J. P. responded. He had not had the difficulty with Elsie he had anticipated. She seemed to be a willing little soul. Now Dan was sulking in the smoker.

"Do you care if I—I mean, do you want me to—that is, what do you want me to call you?" stammered Elsie.

"To call me?"

"I've been calling you 'You' for a week," she elucidated.

"I see. How's J. P.?"

"I like Jack better"

"Then have it Jack, by all means. And don't be afraid of me, child. I haven't the reputation for frightening women that you might suppose. And I want you to be happy, you know—you and Dan."

"You're going to live with us, aren't you"—adding, rather self-consciously, "Jack?"

"I shall make my headquarters with you—possibly. You see, I move about from place to place all the time. My flock is a scattered one. Why, the coast line is more than twenty-five thousand miles long. Not that you can follow the coast line exactly. We have a mission near where you are going; so I'll be with you frequently. I haven't missions everywhere. I can get close to them without that. You should see some of my Indians!"

He had seized upon his favorite topic. She heard perhaps more about it than anyone had heard before. He was anxious that she should go to his people with understanding. He taught her to say "*Sagh-a-ya!*"—a greeting to his Indians. He told her tales of their intimate joys and sorrows. He touched upon his wilder white-man members; but not so deeply. She could not have understood about them.

They were both a little annoyed to have Dan join them. Talk faltered. Even he invited them to go on—he wasn't listening; the very jerk of his knee over the arm of the seat, the very lift to his lip, took the spirit out of it. The information J. P. had been imparting concerning a good heart being called a "*klosh tum-tum*" sounded ridiculous before the second auditor.

The Fighting Preacher broke off and bade his young brother take his feet out of the aisle and stop sulking. Then he got up abruptly and left them. He thought he heard Dan's derisive "*Klosh* tummyache eating on him?" as he strode down the aisle.

Elsie was pitifully glad to see him again when he returned to take them to dinner some hours later. She sat beside him and twittered up at him while they ate; and Dan devoted himself to his meal, sitting in solitary state opposite. The one remark he had to make was made at the end of the dinner, while J. P. paid the check. He said:

"You've said 'Ja-ack' exactly thirty-six times since we came in."

"Well, that's his name, isn't it?" flared Elsie.

Dan shrugged expressively and went out without waiting for them. Perhaps he didn't hear Elsie's furious little statement that she liked Jack a thousand times better than she did him. So there!

J. P. heard it; but he thought it was merely a child's angry retort. He took them to the observation platform and explained the difference in constellations in his land. Some youngsters from a university came out and sang. J. P. leaned back and listened, with the suggestion of a smile. Dan sat by the rail, rigidly unhappy. Elsie's hand found its way to J. P.'s arm and lay there. After a while she dared to draw even closer. Her bright head was very near his shoulder. He could hear her singing, with the others, in that tinkly sweet voice of hers:

Oh, my laddie, my laddie! I lo' your verra plaidie!

The porter came out the second time to say that the berths were made up; and the youngsters went laughingly inside, beseeching him in merry chorus to "Call me early, Gramma, dear." J. P. shook himself and rose. He laid a kindly hand on Dan's hair.

"Come, Dan! He's not asleep, is he?"

The boy sprang up.

"Oh, no; I'm not asleep. I should think I'm not!" He went in, a little spasm of unmirthful mirth twitching at the muscles of his face.

J. P. looked down at Elsie with a reappearance of that concerned little frown. He had no idea what was the matter with Dan.

"We'll take him to a doctor before we sail," he said.

There was a glow in her face, as if a light fell on it; but all she said was:

"Yes, Jack."

She trailed him after that. She wanted always to sit beside him and hear him talk. If he went to the smoker she sat drearily waiting for him to come out, almost too happy when he strode along the length of aisle. She stopped quarreling with Dan, and looked out the window and smiled to herself when he growled. The taunt "Here comes Ja-ack!" did not annoy her. She forgot it in the joy of seeing the living presence of the Fighting Preacher.

They took Dan to a doctor on the way to the boat. Elsie sat in the waiting room for half an hour, her hand over the little lump at her throat where lay the huge gold circlet with which she had been married. Dan had bought her a regulation wedding ring; but J. P. had allowed her to keep this, too, smiling a little at the sentiment of the thing. She hardly changed her position, not taking her eyes from the doorway out of which J. P. must sometime reappear.

Dan came out first, his face marred by that cynical smile he affected. He was so thin it was hard to realize that he was a bare two inches shorter than J. P. He looked even thinner in that sloping-shouldered, narrow-waisted coat he thought so stylish.

"Where's Jack?" inquired Elsie.

The smile became a grin.

"Ja-ack is pumping the doctor to see whether I'm going into rapid consumption. Guess he won't dare put me into a mine now. I'd have this doctor to swear it was murder, all right!"

"How are you going to get him to swear anything when you're dead?"

"Lot you'd care if I was!"

She moved impatiently. Surely that was Jack's hand on the other side of the ground-glass door.

"I said you'd care a lot if I was dead! Wouldn't you? You'd be glad. You'd be sporting round like a Merry Widow—you would!"

She raised annoyed brown eyes.

"Well, you do a great deal to make me pleased that you're alive, don't you?"

"Oh, you don't need me to make you pleased. You've got dear Ja-ack! Guess you think it was Ja-ack you married. Guess you both think I'm blind."

"Don't be such a beast, Dan! Of course I like Jack better than you. Who wouldn't? He's nice to me. Besides, you don't care anything about me. S'pose I don't know about Gloriana? Thought I was blind, too, didn't you?"

The door behind Dan opened and they heard J. P.'s hearty voice:

"Yes, yes, doctor. Open air and exercise. Gospel I preach myself."

Dan turned sulkily to the window to light a cigarette. Elsie rose and waited shyly, her eyes bright over the shaggy muff. She was perfectly willing to wait like this, where she could watch the changing lights in his eyes and hear his wonderful voice. He turned to her at last.

"Dan's little wife, doctor. This is Doctor Hewitt, Elsie. You children must be half-starved. Come! Dan, didn't you hear what Doctor Hewitt said about those fags? Give it to me. Got any more? Well, hand 'em over. All of 'em! Now your matches. That's right."

Dan growled under his breath. His face looked like a thundercloud. He dodged his brother's friendly hand and ran out to punch the elevator bell. He did it so continuously that the elevator boy arrived at the floor in a temper. Only J. P.'s glance reduced the youth to silence.

When J. P. walked in on the boy in the stateroom, late that evening, he found him lying in his bunk, thin blue smoke curling about him. The younger Oliver swept the cigarette from his lips, half sat up, and looked about wildly: then, with the little cynical smile, he dropped back on the pillows and replaced the cigarette.

The Fighting Preacher held out his hand for it without comment. After he had extinguished it he sat down on the edge of the bunk and surveyed the mutinous young face.

"You heard what Doctor Hewitt said, didn't you? You understood it? You know you've got to be careful. You mustn't use those things for a while. You did understand, didn't you?"

"I don't care. I'd just as lief die!"

"You aren't going to die. It's simply a matter of fresh air and outdoors. We'll send you trapping and shooting; salmon fishing. I'll put Red Rob in charge of you. But you've got to do your part. You've got to give up that"—with a nod at the cigarette. "Look here; I hate to take things away from you as if you were still ten years old. Won't you let your own common sense keep you straight? Try, Dan. You're not a boy any longer. You mustn't forget you're married."

"You're the one that forgets who's married," mumbled Dan.

His brother lost the significance of that. He was feeling the boy's cheeks for fever. "Not much to-night. You ask for anything you want and they'll send it to you. You can have everything except those. . . . I haven't had that promise yet."

He waited, too, until he got it before he joined Elsie on the deck.

"There's nothing actually wrong with Dan," he reassured her. "He'll be more himself after a month up there." As if she were worrying about Dan!

Because Dan knew that J. P. did worry over him he clung to his stateroom and then to his deck chair, shutting his eyes wearily if his brother came near, or indulging in sarcasm when he could reach Elsie. That wasn't often. She wasn't ill and she spent every possible moment in J. P.'s company. It was Dan's supposed delicacy that made J. P. encourage her in that. Dan needed rest. It must be very lonesome for the little girl. Perhaps she'd like to come with him to see the captain? Would she enjoy a little walk?

He conducted services on board and she played the hymns. She loved doing that. It was apparently the only thing she could do for him. She thought everything he said inspired and thrilling and wonderful. Well, she was not alone in that.

It was night when they reached the old stockade. They had to walk out there along a road that was mostly bog and wet moss, with an occasional rubbed rock. The forest rose blackly on either hand at first. Later there was just the wide sweep of land, stubbled unevenly with stumps of pine and spruce, where the trees had been cut down for firewood—here and there a log lying where it had fallen, already tufted with long grass.

What was left of the stockade loomed at them out of the dusk, old and romantic, the ancient gate rotted and swinging open at one side.

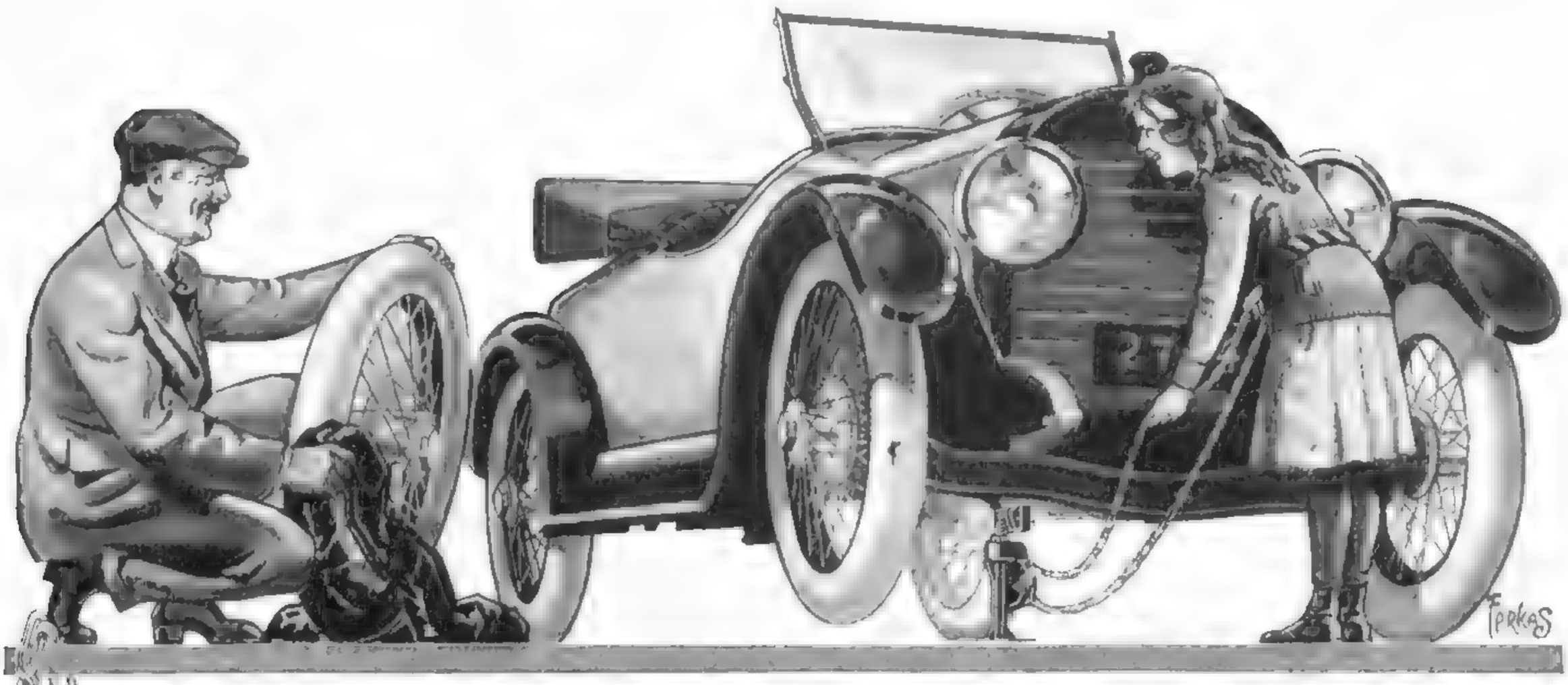
"*Sagh-a-ya!*" greeted a voice, and the Fighting Preacher responded eagerly, joyously. There were two Indians, odd-looking in their North-country clothes. They shook hands with Dan and pressed the girl's white fingers awkwardly. "*Sagh-a-ya!*" she said shyly, and they grunted.

They liked it. They gave her a name at once—a long name. She could not twist her tongue round its liquid syllables, but she knew from J. P.'s stories how great an honor it was. She ventured another shy little speech. It was the only other whole sentence she knew. Dan's lips twisted at the words.

"*Wawa!*" he repeated. "*Delait!* Why don't you put in that *klosh* tummyache?"

"Sh! I said they made a good talk to me. That means I liked their giving me

(Continued on Page 175)



"Goodness, Daddy! You're Slow—The Car is Already Jacked Up!"

Weed Chain-Jack

It's Child's Play to Operate It

Simply a few easy pulls on its chain lifts or lowers the heaviest car while you stand erect. Up or down—there's no labor.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few easy pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car*** pull the chain in opposite direction.

Never gets out of order. Gears and chain wheel protected by a stamped-steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting. ***Has a strong cap,*** providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Quickly adjusted to any required height*** by lifting the screw and spinning the corrugated "collar" shown in the illustration. ***Try it yourself***—you will never be satisfied with any other jack.

The Jack That Saves Your Back

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them, send $7.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $15.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $8.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $16 00 for the Truck size. Try it 10 days. If not satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised With Aux. Step Up	Price
8 inch	8 inches	12½ inches	14½ inches	$ 7 50
10 inch	10 inches	15½ inches	17½ inches	7 50
12 inch	12 inches	18½ inches	No Aux. Step	7 50
12 in. Truck	12 inches	19½ inches	No Aux. Step	15.00

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made without auxiliary step as illustrated. When in operation this step adds two inches to the height of the jack.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

Bridgeport, Connecticut.

In Canada—DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.

LARGEST CHAIN MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

BETTER and more dependable light for your car if you buy your lamps where you see this girl in the window—
"the Girl with the EDISON MAZDA LAMPS"

EDISON MAZDA

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Foiled—

By the Yale Protected Closet

The stealthy, sneaking porch climber never enters through the safely locked front or back door.

IN through a window he goes and quietly takes his pick of jewelry, money, furs and valuables scattered around the house. Even while you may be happily at dinner, totally unconscious of danger.

Make one place *within* your home safe from the burglar who may get in through a window. Select *one* closet. In it place those articles of value you used to leave unguarded in many parts of the house.

Put a Yale Cylinder Night Latch on that closet door and you have a real safe deposit vault — a deadline against the porch climber, slinking intruder and the pilfering servant. They cannot pick, force or tamper with a Yale Cylinder Night Latch—and they *know* it.

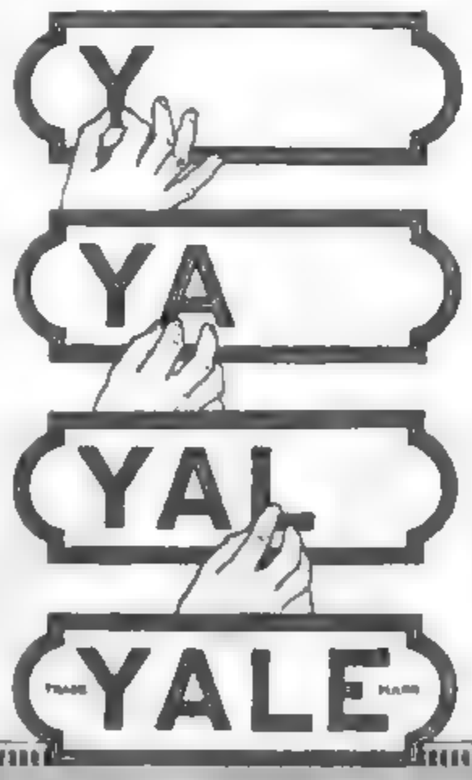
See your hardware dealer today. Ask him for a Yale Cylinder Night Latch. Make sure that the trade-mark "Yale" is on it, install it on the closet door selected—and you have reduced the danger of loss to a minimum.

Yale Cylinder Night Latches are made by the makers of Yale Door Closers, Yale Padlocks, Yale Builders' Hardware, Yale Cabinet Locks, Yale Chain Blocks and Yale Bank Locks.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 E. 40th St., New York City

Chicago Office:
77 East Lake Street

Canadian Yale & Towne, Limited
St. Catharines, Ont.



Plenty That's Hidden But Nothing to Hide

DUBBELBILT

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Suits For Boys

"Cravenette" Finished

TAKE a Boys' DUBBELBILT Suit apart—examine every inch of it. Then you'll realize how it came by its name. From interlinings to buttons it *is doubly built.*

From the famous "Walcloth" fabrics, that furnish its *visible* strength and beauty—to the innermost lining—DUBBELBILT fairly breathes goodness.

Specially shrunk canvas insures its shape. Specially constructed hair-cloth gives a non-breakable front. "SUPERTEX" Interlinings, exclusively woven for DUBBELBILT, and the famous, lustrous "ASHTEX" Linings, guarantee its long life. Patented "GOVERNOR Fasteners" insure easy fit of the knicker knee belt on stout or slender legs.

Priced $15.75 and $19.75
Also the special Economy Grade at $12.75
In sizes 6 to 18 years

Ask your local clothier for DUBBELBILT—mention particularly No. 7180—our famous all wool blue serge. Price $15.75.

If he hasn't it, send us money order and tell us size needed. We'll forward suit to you direct or through your local clothier. Write for beautiful Folder, with styles, patterns and full explanation of DUBBELBILT'S 20 points of supremacy.

DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES, INC.
Broadway at 11th Street Dept. W. New York City

Look for the trademarked DUBBELBILT label in every suit.

Merchants: *We have prepared a few sample shipments of Spring DUBBELBILT Suits. Perhaps we can send you a test assortment on approval. Write us at once.*

(Continued from Page 171)

that name. You mustn't offend them, Dan."

But they weren't listening to Dan. They had eyes and ears only for J. P.

The Olivers had four rooms in the southeast corner of the stockade; solidly built, with windows looking only on the inner court, immense fireplaces, and furniture strong but plainly homemade. Fur skins lay on the floors. Covers of various small pelts sewed together were flung over the beds.

The Indians brought them bowls of hot broth and mugs of coffee. They ate it, sitting about the rough pine table, by the light of glaringly cheap store lamps. The oil smelled a little and the bread was very poor. Dan left the table after the first few mouthfuls and flung himself on the rug before the fire. He hated the place with burning hatred. He hated J. P. for bringing him here, and Elsie as the innocent cause. He hated himself for not defying his brother before it was too late.

"Let him sleep. He's tired—that's all," counseled J. P. "You know what your new name means, Elsie? Little Flower of the Stars. Pretty?"

He was not sentimental about it. He might have been talking to a child. But Dan, listening most unwillingly, fitted all sorts of tender meanings into the words. He felt left out, neglected. The feeling increased when Elsie got out her guitar and restrung it, while J. P. told her stories of this very post in the wilderness, and reached topnotch when the girl began to sing and strum.

They had put out the lamps and only the firelight danced about them—J. P. like a handsome giant in the mighty chair on the right; Elsie on a stool at his side, her hair changed to real gold, her face alight with something besides the flames; Dan glowering on the rug. The music became wistful:

Tell me that you love me,
Answer softly, sweetly, as of old ——

Her voice was very pretty with the soft accompaniment. She looked very pretty herself, prettier than she had ever looked at home, where she had so much competition from really beautiful girls—like Gloriana. At length the giant rose.

"Time for little girls to be in bed," he decreed, and sent her into the next room as summarily as if she had been seven.

He insisted on Dan's taking something sustaining before he followed, and kept him a moment, impressing on him the things he must do to get well.

"All nonsense for a man to look as if he were made entirely of bone. We'll have to see what we can do."

He saw. He could remain only three days; but before he left Dan's future was mapped out carefully and minutely. He was in charge of an individual called Loud Ketchall, who was to initiate him into the mysteries of trapping and salmon fishing and something vaguely called "shoots."

"I'd like to have gotten Red Rob," said J. P. "I don't know this man so well. He's splendid for what you want, of course; but ——" He seemed to forget that Dan was still there, sulkily trying the hammer on his new gun. When he came to himself he began on another subject: "You don't drink, do you? They have a vile concoction here. Shun it as you would the plague! If we hadn't *hootch* I'd have an easier job. Now you try ——"

Dan walked off. He wouldn't listen to the last suddenly thought-of injunction to take care of Elsie.

Fighting Jack hadn't mapped out any future for Elsie. She was simply to make a home for Dan. What he did for her, however, was to swear the Indians to protect her. They were bound to J. P. by the same sort of tie that bound so many of his people—the saving of life or reason, or a loved one.

Elsie went with him as far as he would let her go, and watched him the rest of the stretch of plain trail. There had been no romantic parting—merely a kindly hand on her shoulder and a smiling "Be a good girl!" He was off, with his lordly stride. The fur cap with the tassel, the greatcoat made by the devoted fingers of some of his unnumbered friends, the high boots—yes, it was the wear for him. He fitted into it just as he fitted into the landscape. And he wouldn't be coming back for three months.

Her eyes were faintly red when they sat down to the evening meal. She did not care that Dan made comments on the way she put her head on one side. He couldn't say anything about her humming, because she didn't feel like humming to-night.

It might have been very dreary after that; but it wasn't. In spite of himself, Dan enjoyed the life Loud Ketchall introduced to him. He became as expert with a canoe as any Indian. He knew the haunts of the game they sought; and once he gloated over Loud at a bigger catch. His shoulders broadened and his chest deepened.

Occasionally he wove a gay little verse when he was quite alone.

Elsie hardly noted the change. She lived a queer little life, all her own. Everything was done in relation to Jack Oliver. She spent hours experimenting with the ingredients at hand until the bread was something to be enjoyed and not endured. She concocted new dishes from the slight variety of staples. She brought a dainty hominess to the very masculine rooms. She read a good deal—the much-thumbed books that bore the very straight black signature, J. P. Oliver, on their fly-leaves. Odd reading for her; but she liked to sit in the giant chair that was so decidedly his and con over the things he had thought worth bringing to a spot where it was so hard to bring anything.

She liked to walk along the difficult trails he had followed and pretend that he was walking with her. It was like a holiday when she found the great smooth-rubbed rock where the forget-me-nots grew. She filled her hands with them, held them to her face, and cried a few foolish tears over them. She put a few into the book she was just then reading.

She saw Dan only in the evenings, and he was generally busy with nets and fishing tackle and firearms he favored. She thought he hardly heard her playing her guitar. She never sang to him.

The mail came once a week. They both went to the tiny settlement for it. It was the only thing they ever did together. Elsie insisted on getting the letters. She was always looking for that very straight black writing. J. P. was no correspondent. Beyond the first brief sentences—"Arrived Juneau. Well. Hope you are getting on all right. Be careful at first, Dan. Love. J. P. Oliver"—there was nothing for a month.

It was upon the occasion of the second letter when she realized Dan was on earth and related to her. It was addressed to Dan, and she hardly breathed during the weary length of time it took him to read it. When she finally managed to say "What—what news?" the boy flashed the old cynical smile down at her.

"You're right. It's from Ja-ack! Nothing in it." And he tore it up in very tiny bits before her eyes.

He didn't criticize her mannerisms that night—just sat and looked at her with a repetition of his brother's little frown between his eyes. Then he began to pace the not-over-large room. There were a number of things about him that were like J. P.—slim hips; broad shoulders; the way his hair grew back from his forehead.

He stopped in front of her at last. She was touching the strings of the guitar lightly, bringing a mere ghost of music to life. Her thoughts were as far away as the melody sounded:

When thou art absent night seems unending;
When thou art near me ——

He covered the hand that wandered over the strings with his.

"I don't think you ought to do that," he said abruptly.

"Do what?"

"Oh, you know! Why don't we start it all over? We might just as well."

It was a silly way to put it. Combined with the incident of the torn letter, it only annoyed Elsie.

"Please don't hold my hand," she said crisply. "I'm not used to it."

"You'd be used to it all right if it was Ja-ack!" he flared.

"You haven't any business to say that, Dan Oliver!"

"It's true."

"You know him better than that."

"I guess I know you pretty well! I saw how you looked when I tore up that letter. You don't have to print things out for me in words of one syllable. . . . Where are you going? Oh, all right; go and sulk if you want to."

He didn't try to make up again; in fact, it seemed as if he went out of his way to annoy her.

She was furious with him when they went down for the mail at the end of the week. She wouldn't walk within three feet of him, and the fact that he was whistling gayly did not add to her joy. If there was another letter from Jack she'd open it herself, no matter to whom it was addressed! There was no such letter—just one from her mother and a card from a cousin in Seattle.

"I suppose Gloriana will have a big church wedding," she observed later as they sat down by the fire. She was glad he changed color so swiftly. She wanted to hurt him just as much as he had hurt her. "Oh, dear me! Didn't you know she was to be married? Mamma says he's rich. They announced it the cutest way—little photographs of them put together in a heart for place cards. Mamma says ——"

He had gone out without a word. She went to the window and made out his tall figure moving across the inner court, struggling into his coat as he walked. Oh, well; let him go! She took down the guitar and sang all the love songs she knew—sang them aloud and shamelessly. Nobody could hear her. She didn't care! She didn't care! She didn't care!

Elsie did not hear him come in that night. Perhaps it was just as well. He was asleep across J. P.'s bed, still dressed, when she got up. It was not exactly like sleep either. He seemed a trifle dazed when he woke.

The same thing happened several times in the next two weeks. At the end of that time she knew what it was. Once she tried to talk to him about it. He was ready to leave and was impatient. The knitted peak of his cap wavered in the air as if it was an indicator of his impatience. She seized his cuff that he might not throw her off and escape.

"Jack would be sick if he heard about your drinking, Dan. I should think you'd be ashamed to ——"

"Oh, it's Ja-ack again, is it?"

"He wouldn't let you if he was here. How can you expect to get well?"

"What have I got to get well for? What do you care either? All you ever think of is Ja-ack!"

"You're not doing it because of me. You're doing it because of—of Gloriana."

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"Well, aren't you?"

He wouldn't answer. He jerked himself away and went out. An Indian brought her a scribbled note some hours later to the effect that Dan and Loud were going on the trail; might not be back for a week.

She had the elder Indian take her to the settlement next day; but there was no further word from Dan. And she didn't believe they had gone on the trail. Vague pictures formed in her mind of Dan in various low places, drinking and lying inertly across counters—if they had counters—with no one to see whether his feet were wet.

The third day it began to snow. On the fifth day the Indians had to go for the mail. She couldn't make it in the drifts. She thought they had said it never snowed so early in the season; but she wasn't sure. It might have been that it was an extraordinarily deep snow; that was the worst of their language. When they returned they made some comment. Whether they spoke of water, weather, or what, was unintelligible to Elsie. But she did not really attend to them. They had brought a letter to Dan in that very straight black writing.

She was frightened after she had read it. The writer announced that he was running down for a day or so soon. Dan must be sure to be home. He hoped they had both learned to know the land he loved. Was there a particularly gorgeous sunset there on the first? They had no sunsets like that at home, had they? How was Dan? He mustn't forget to be careful, even if he did feel strong. Give his love to the little girl.

J. P. wouldn't like it if he came in now and didn't find Dan. She sent the Indians out again on a fruitless search. They didn't know where to look. She was crying softly when the door opened.

"Why, child! Why, little girl!"

She didn't know how it happened. She only knew that she was presently sitting pressed close against his mighty heart, his strong arms about her, her tears moistening the collar of his coat.

"There! Tell me about it, child."

His voice was deeper and kinder than she remembered. He continued to hold her while she sobbed out the pitiful little tale. He did not interrupt. She wasn't so unhappy now. Everything in the world was going to be all right because Jack was home again.

Someone came in uncertainly. He closed the door and leaned against it. Then he began to laugh.

They had both risen. Elsie clutched at the back of the giant chair, almost as unsteady as the dreadful figure that leaned against the door and laughed. As for J. P., he was bewildered. He couldn't believe that was his brother.

"Th-they call this the psycho-psychological m-moment, don't they? I guess that's right"

"Dan!"

"Huh? Oh, that's Ja-ack, isn't it? Dear Ja-ack—getting in his work while I'm b-busy. Wanna give me a li'l' talk, don't you, Ja-ack? 'Bout not coveting your neighbor's wife, or something."

"Why, Dan!"

"Oh, yes; act like I couldn't see out of m' eyes when I came in! Keep on and you'll get so you can b'lieve that yourself. N-nice reading for good ol' Bish' Adee! Fav-favorite minister gone to dogs. Z-zample for ev'body—n' all that."

J. P. was across the room in a flash. A dipper of water from the pail standing on the three-legged stool splashed over Dan's dark hair. A shaking followed—a shaking to jar his fine white teeth together. Then he was flung back against the door, panting.

"Now, if you're sober, we'll hear the end of that, Daniel Oliver."

He was sober. He was as white as the drifts that blew against the deep windows. The thin trickle of blood from his lips, bitten in the struggle, stood out with more than ordinary redness. His eyes were like angry fires. His breath came in little gasps. His voice was muffled with fury.

"If you wanna hear it you'll—hear it. M-making my wife love you—and h-hate me! And sit singing love songs to you when you're not here and I am! And holding her in your arms; and —— Oh, my —— Oh, my——"

"You're insulting Elsie, Daniel!"

"You did, didn't you? Didn't you? You did hold her in your arms? I'm not crazy."

"She was crying because she couldn't find you. She's just a little girl. She hasn't any such thoughts ——"

"Bah! Tell that to —— Tell that —— Oh, I wish I could kill you! I wish I hadn't lost my gun. Think you can maul me round any old way. Who am I? Just somebody for you to beat up when you feel like it. I won't stand it. I will kill you! I will!"

He threw himself at J. P. blindly, madly. For a moment it looked as if he might actually accomplish his threat; but only for a moment. The Fighting Preacher knew more than most men about self-defense. It lasted until Dan gave it up. The heavy door jarred to after him.

The elder brother turned back to the girl. She wasn't looking at him this time. She was very carefully braiding the fringe on the tunic of her little blue dress.

"If you will excuse me, Elsie," he said stiffly, "I'll see what I can do with—your husband. He's not himself." He paused in the doorway to add that she had perhaps better go to bed.

"And don't forget your prayers, child. There's something about prayers sometimes ——"

He came back without Dan. She heard him replenishing the fire and wearing a little path across the furs in front of it from where she lay, miserably, in the next room. Occasionally he muttered to himself. Once it sounded like a moan. And then he didn't wear the little path on the fur rug any more. He was so quiet she simply had to tiptoe to the door and look in. He was kneeling by the giant chair, his head bowed on his arms.

It wasn't light when she woke, but she felt that it should have been. It was never very dark here. She heard the scraping of the Indians' homemade snow shovels. She must have been hearing that for a long time.

"Awake, Elsie?" It was J. P.'s voice, a conscious voice. "We're snow-bound; but it's way past breakfast time."

"Where's Dan?"

"He bunked with the Indians. Can't anybody go away—very well."

She was as long as possible about getting dressed. She didn't want to see him. But at last she could delay no longer. The meal was already on the table and the Fighting Preacher awaited her alone.

"Dan doesn't care to join us. Will you excuse him?"

(Concluded on Page 178)

Confidence!

THE confidence of a child is the confidence that knows no danger. Self-preservation is a dormant law at babyhood. Yet fear is one of the earliest instincts. It grips with the coming of stern realities. It grows with the passing years.

Children enjoy their play when fear is absent. Men work better when they know that their lives and limbs are protected. A feeling of confidence—of safety, permeates a factory that is well lighted and its machinery properly guarded.

BENJAMIN PRODUCTS

Promote Industrial Safety

In hundreds of factories Benjamin Products are banishing the fear of accidents and replacing it with the confidence that reflects itself in better and more work.

Over 125,000 avoidable accidents occur every year in American factories due to incorrect illumination alone. Tests show that Benjamin Industrial Lighting installations mean a reduction of 25% in accidents; 12% more production and 25% less spoilage.

Benjamin Lighting Fixtures, Benjamin Punch Press Safety Devices, Benjamin Industrial Signals and various other Benjamin Products make "Safety First" more than a slogan.

The Satisfaction of Safety

means happier and better workers. Dread, apprehension, alarm are deadly. They sap initiative—kill efficiency. Instill confidence in your employees by guarding them; first, because it is a humane thing; second, because it pays. Let us explain the direct application of Benjamin Products to your plant.

Address Chicago Office

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.

CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Canada The Benjamin Electric, Ltd., London, England

Benjamin Products Embrace

- Two-Way Plugs
- Wiring Devices
- Electrical Specialties
- Weatherproof Lighting Apparatus
- Gas and Vapor Proof Lighting Units
- Store and Office Lighting Fixtures
- Marine Lighting and Signaling Apparatus
- Porcelain Enameled Reflectors and Specialties
- Industrial Signals
- Automobile Specialties
- Benjamin Industrial Lighting
- Panel Boards and Cabinets
- Punch Press Efficiency and Safety Devices
- Iron, Brass and Aluminum Castings
- Drawings, Stampings and Spinnings in Sheet Metal
- Consulting and Engineering Service

BENJAMIN

Makers of Things More Useful

How Kreolite Floors Kept Pace With Lunkenheimer

—Total of 54,486 sq. ft. installed since 1911 by this Cincinnati concern

KREOLITE Wood Block floors are as necessary to the modern factory as proper light and sanitation.

They are so permanent and easily installed, that no present-day manufacturing establishment can afford to be without them.

Our engineers can quickly determine a plan of construction; using our specially designed re-surfacing blocks which may be laid over your worn floors without hindering production.

When once laid in place, the long-enduring Kreolite Block floors may be practically forgotten. But their benefits go on indefinitely, for these floors actually "Outlast the factory."

* * *

THE superior qualities and benefits derived from the use of Kreolite Wood Block floors are numerous and lasting.

They are practically wear-proof. Our method of treating and laying makes them so.

The carefully selected blocks are thoroughly impregnated with Kreolite Preservative Oil by our own patented process.

UNDER the direction of our specialists, they are then laid so that only the tough end grain of the wood is exposed to the wear and tear of factory traffic.

Kreolite floors are quiet, resilient, and practically dust-proof. Their influence on the health and spirits of every employee helps increase efficiency and speed up production.

* * *

THE way Kreolite Wood Block floors have kept step with the increasing demands of the Lunkenheimer Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, is characteristic of their appreciation wherever installed.

In 1911 this Company installed their first Kreolite Wood Block floor—400½ sq. ft. Year after year increased business required additional floor space—and more Kreolite floors. Until, in 1917, they had a total of 54,486 sq. ft. in place in various parts of the plant and on driveways and loading platforms. Their conditions are unusual, but Kreolite floors have met them admirably.

Kreolite floors are used throughout the foundry; the grey iron molds being set up directly on the wood blocks with a protective coating of one-half inch of sand.

EVEN though molten metal is continually spilled on the floor, it has no material effect on the floors under these conditions.

The sure, smooth footing afforded by Kreolite floors greatly reduces breakage of cores as they are trucked over its surface. Castings are also handled with greater dispatch.

* * *

THERE is a type of Kreolite floor admirably adapted to your use. Let our Factory Floor Engineers go over your proposition. A request will have our prompt and courteous attention without any obligation on your part.

Kreolite floors are especially adapted for use in machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, areaways, roundhouses, paper mills, tanneries, stables and garages.

Our book on Kreolite Factory Floors will be sent upon request. It contains full details of interest to Construction Engineers, Architects, Industrial Executives and Contractors.

Write for it today.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities.

(Concluded from Page 175)

He was very formal. There was no brotherly pressure of her fingers. He was not silent, however. He talked to her as he might have talked to a stranger not entirely at her ease.

"I regret I cannot leave; but ——" He broke off, with a glance at the darkened window; then he went back to his tale of the Eskimo.

He spent some time in the Indian quarters after that, but came back to Elsie. His eyes rested on her—sorry eyes. Twice he made as if to leave her, but each time returned. At length he brought out a worn little volume and put it gently into her hand. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind reading to me, Elsie."

She opened the book and began. It was not the kind of book that can be read with the mind on something else. After a while, upon turning a page, a yellow-looking flower dropped out. She lost the place, and he turned his attention from the flames.

"Tired?"

"No," she said, because she couldn't just sit there with him; but she paused long enough to put the flower into the ashes.

Presently he varied the program by showing her a collection of recent snapshots, a few bits of ancient pottery, and a recipe someone had given him for making a new caribou dish. Possibly that was a hint for her to try it; but she wouldn't.

After an age it was lunch time, and after another age it was time for dinner. Twice the Fighting Preacher went to the Indian quarters and twice he came back looking white about the lips. When he had built a new fire he took down her guitar and gave it to her. She didn't want it. She wished she dared put it on the leaping blaze. But she took it meekly and played a few of the things he liked.

And then suddenly she found herself playing something else—a weird monotonous air. She couldn't remember, at first, where she had heard it; and just as suddenly she knew. It was that Oriental thing Dan hadn't wanted her to play on their wedding night: *Twing, twang, il loo tum tum* —— It had no words. She swept her hand across the strings and rose. He rose, too, and said "Good night, Elsie!"—with careful politeness.

That was about like all the days. Dan did not come near them. J. P. did his conscientious best to vary the monotony; but Elsie did not help him. And on the evening of the fourth day it happened.

She was picking out an air on the guitar—an air he had painfully remembered and set down on the back of an old envelope; a jigging little thing like an Irish lilt. The Fighting Preacher sat in the giant chair, listening. The little frown never left his brow these days.

A creak of the door made them both look up. The whistle of the wind came more screechingly. There was a glimpse of the high blue-white walls of snow through which the Indians had made their narrow paths. But they did not see that. All they saw was Dan—Dan behind an ugly revolver; a haggard Dan who hadn't shaved lately, or slept either.

It happened very quickly. One minute everything was like that. And then there was J. P. clutching at his chest; Elsie standing with the guitar clasped to her, though she couldn't remember getting up; Dan rubbing the barrel of the revolver with his cuff, and blinking.

J. P. was trying to speak. The words came out between gasps and he had to repeat them. He wanted one of the Indians; but, more than that, he wanted Dan to give him that revolver. He was so insistent that Dan gave it to him.

The Indian knew exactly what to do. Before J. P. temporarily lost consciousness he pressed the weapon into the brown hand and spoke the word "Accidental" several times. Even after that the Indian's beady eyes went from Dan to Elsie suspiciously as he worked. He wouldn't let either of them help.

Elsie, cowering in a corner, longed to hide her eyes and was somehow not able to refrain from watching the Indian probe for the bullet—if that was what he was doing.

Her young husband stood awkwardly by the table. He didn't know what to do next—a foolish position for a man.

The Indian called in his mate to help put the Fighting Preacher to bed. He did no more than grunt at Dan's embarrassed questions; but the second Indian took pity on him.

"No die. Him soon well."

He said something in his own language and went out. Dan turned mutely to Elsie.

"He says that he is getting on all right," she translated.

It was true. Only the next day J. P. sat in the giant chair again. He didn't look as if he had been hurt.

"I'd like to say something, children, if you have time to hear it." As if they had anything else in the world but time! "I've had a chance to think—lately. I've found out a lot. I've bungled things—unforgivably. I'm not used to being wrong, you know. It takes a jolt to show me that I am. But I've had the jolt. I see all the kinds of righteous fool you know I have been. I see exactly what I've done to you, Dan."

Dan muttered unintelligibly. J. P. wandered to something else:

"When I first came up here you were a dear little lad about ten or eleven. Your mother spoiled you rather badly. . . . You knew we had different mothers, Elsie? . . . When I heard of her death I should have come home. I thought, of course, that I was too important to my people. So I had them put you in a school. I let you grow up to suit yourself and thought I'd change you to suit myself when that convention brought me back. If I'd had an eye on you properly you couldn't have gotten into a scrape with Elsie; or perhaps if I'd been more charitable, instead of being so very, very right ——

"Oh, I admit everything is my own fault. I thought I was the one absolutely right man on earth. People did help me think so down there. So I marched you both out to a place you hated and made a drunkard out of the one person I care more for than anything in the world; and—and did something to her that ——" He gave that up. "Now if there is anything you can think of that will undo some of that, you might—you might let me know."

There was no answer.

"You mustn't tell my Indians I didn't fire that shot, Dan," the older man said presently. "They—they're peculiar."

"You're going to get well, aren't you?" Dan's voice was harsh.

"Yes. It's only a scratch."

"You can't get blood poison, can you?"

"No; I can't get anything. I'm all right"—wearily. "Dan, this snow is too early to last—to last like this. It won't be long before you can get South. The boats go ever so much later than this. You can be back home soon. . . . I don't know how we're going to fix things—domestically; but, at any rate, you could go home."

"He could get a divorce from me; but he couldn't have Gloriana. She's married," said Elsie in a very small voice.

"I couldn't have had her, anyway. And I guess I don't want her either."

"Well, you could get somebody—different." He looked very like his brother with that concerned little frown; but he had his own smile—the long-ago smile.

"I don't want anyone different. And I don't hate it here a bit, J. P. I like it. And I was wrong about you. I knew it all the time, of course—only I wanted to blame you for everything; and I was so awfully jealous. . . . But it isn't your fault. You gave me the girl I didn't know I was crazy about. I guess you did all you could! It's my fault for not being decent to her."

They weren't sure they understood him.

"We'll go South for the closed season," he went on. "But I'm coming back. I'm going all the way with you next time. I—I can do the thing I really want to do more than anything else up here. Maybe we can get things fixed so's Elsie can be rid of me."

She took an uncertain step toward him.

"And get—somebody—different"—with a catch between the words. The girl walked noiselessly to her door and opened it. Then: "I don't want anybody different either," she said, and went inside.

Before they could even change their positions she opened it again and her face appeared wistfully within.

"You—you did mean that about being crazy about me, didn't you, Dan?" And she didn't wait for the reply.

The brothers eyed each other, with their identical little frowns. Then they began to smile waveringly; and presently they were very frankly grinning.

"We didn't any of us do anything we can't get over, did we?" said Dan, and was too intent on reaching the recently closed door to hear his brother's response.

Which was perhaps as well. The Fighting Preacher did not make a response. He was looking as the mighty Lucifer might have looked after the Fall.

Comment on the Week

Breathable Air

MODERN warfare inevitably brings about a lively exchange of ideas between Mars and Apollo, usually with a heavy debit balance on Mars' side of the account. When the war is won peaceful industry naturally seeks to recoup itself by appropriating any useful ideas that were originally worked out for purely military purposes.

A striking illustration of this interplay arose just after the Battle of Ypres, when poison gas was first used by the enemy and the Allies felt that they must retaliate with another offensive similar in nature but larger, and on a more deadly scale.

Our technical men found no insurmountable difficulty either in manufacturing poison gas in undreamed-of quantities or in devising effective masks for the protection of our own men against enemy gas. No sooner was the end of the war in sight than industry began to ask what should be done with the gigantic chlorine plants which had been hastily erected for purely military purposes. The answer was not far to seek, for chlorine has other uses than that of killing Germans. For one thing, it is largely employed as a bleaching agent, and it is a decided advantage to industry to have these immense chlorine plants to turn to for a cheap and abundant supply of bleaching agents.

During the last year of the war no other small piece of military accouterment loomed so large in the limelight as the gas mask. What, then, could be more natural or logical than attempts to adopt it for use in civil life, to protect workers from the effects of illuminating or natural gas or from the irritating gases of blast furnaces? So thorough had been the instruction and drill in the use of gas masks that every returned soldier came back with a sublime faith in his mask, not only for the purpose for which it was intended, but also for making it safe to breathe any atmosphere in which the wearer might find himself.

So many inquiries have been received at Washington as to the protective efficacy of gas masks for industrial use in mines and elsewhere that the Bureau of Mines has felt called upon to issue a solemn warning against dependence upon military gas masks for immunity against the invisible poisons commonly met with in mining and in the distribution of natural and artificial gas.

This warning deserves to be heeded. The finely divided and highly purified charcoal in gas masks is quite capable of absorbing a certain percentage of noxious gas out of the air that passes through it; but if the air does not contain sufficient oxygen to sustain life the gas mask will not make good the shortage. Moreover, the percentages of irritating gases present in indoor factory atmosphere are vastly higher than those to be met during a gas attack in the field. It is the oxygen in the air that keeps us alive, and no substitute for it is known.

Some years ago, when the New York Subway was first opened to the public, sanitary engineers made a long series of very interesting and elaborate experiments for the purpose of guiding them in the matter of subway ventilation. Their report laid great stress upon one very important physiological principle: It emphasized the fact that a comparatively slight alteration of the percentage of oxygen in the air has a very great effect upon its respirability.

Speaking in round numbers, what we call pure air contains just under twenty per cent of oxygen mixed with eighty per cent of nitrogen, to which are added traces of carbonic acid gas and certain rare inert elements which are more interesting to the chemist than to the physiologist.

The nitrogen in the air serves only to tone down and dilute the rather irritating oxygen. If we impoverish one hundred volumes of air by a single volume of oxygen we diminish the oxidizing power of that atmosphere by about five per cent; and our systems are so delicately tuned to a definite percentage of oxygen that even this difference would be strongly felt. Impoverish the same atmosphere by a very few more volumes of oxygen and it would be unable to sustain human life for any considerable period. The principle pointed out by the sanitary experts of the Subway readily accounts for the difference in effect between sleeping in a seemingly well-ventilated room with the windows closed and one in which open windows permit a through draft.

At the Quai d'Orsay

QUITE conceivably the gentlemen who have been assembling daily at the Quai d'Orsay to fabricate, for the first time in history, a league of nations are not such bunglers and blunderers as we have been inclined to think them. The task before them has been to construct and evolve from discordant elements, in the course of a few months, an artificial state, which has other states for its private citizens. It is, without exception, the most momentous task statesmen have ever undertaken.

The planning and devising of ideal states is a matter that has engaged some of the best minds of all time; and yet none of these minds nor any group of minds has succeeded in devising even an ideal city-state that would function according to specifications, mitigate the struggle for existence and make all its citizens prosperous and happy.

Something like twenty-three hundred years ago a patient theorist spent some of the best years of his life in attempting to formulate the conditions for such a state. Three hundred years later another man, of different race and nation, made a somewhat similar attempt. Neither succeeded; yet neither was a half-baked theorist.

One of these state inventors was a man of such vigorous thought and such powerful intellect that he still reaches down over twenty-three centuries and molds the conclusions of thinkers, philosophers and preachers everywhere. The second, besides being a consummate politician, a notable orator, a book collector and a society man, was one of the ablest lawyers of his time. The former was Plato; the latter, Cicero.

An eminent French critic of our own day correctly points out two of the great practical defects of these ideal paper commonwealths: first, they do not take sufficient account of the human element of the passions, weaknesses and vagaries of men; second, the ideal state is constructed with such neat delicacy and fragility that any attempt to correct its faults or to adapt it to working conditions disturbs its very underpinning and causes the whole house of cards to topple over. Yet it should not be concluded that if the world takes time enough it cannot have an effective and highly useful league of nations.

Great advances in civilization are rarely made by leaps and bounds. There is scarcely a useful invention or discovery in modern life that was not many years in process of perfection. Consider, for example, the history of vaccination, of the germ theory, of the steam engine, of the telephone, of wireless telegraphy. Nature herself does not reach perfection in her early trials. A great many thousand years elapsed before the little three-toed eohippus became the noble thoroughbred horse of to-day.

Even with the help of such geniuses as Burbank, Nature spent uncounted centuries transmuting the wretched little sour apple, the size of a horse-chestnut, into the great crimson specimens from the Yakima country, which fetch ten cents apiece on the Atlantic Seaboard.

And so there is much to be said even for a rather weak league of nations; for if it be permanent it is better—very much better—than none at all. It is, at least, a tangible fabric, susceptible of alteration and improvement until it gradually becomes more nearly adapted to the needs of its member nations and their weaker dependents.

"You don't look old or cross with those glasses, Daddy"

At last Daddy has found the perfect glasses for near and far vision.

No longer does he have to remove his reading glasses—or awkwardly peer over them—every time he wants to see distant objects. No longer does he fuss with two pairs of glasses; and no longer does he wear the old-fashioned bifocals with their unsightly seam or hump that made him look old and cross.

Like many thousands of men and women, Daddy has found eye-glass comfort and efficiency in KRYPTOKS (*pronounced Crip-tocks*). His eyes are now young in looks as well as in usefulness.

If *you* need glasses for near and far vision, you too, will find KRYPTOKS a revelation in comfort and convenience. Your eyes will be constantly in focus with everything within your range of vision.

Through the lower part of KRYPTOK Glasses, you can read the smallest type clearly; through the upper part, you can see distant objects with equal clearness. KRYPTOKS give to the eyes the natural eyesight of youth—enable you to adjust your vision instantly from near to far.

No one can tell that you are wearing near-and-far vision glasses because KRYPTOKS are entirely free from seam or hump; their surfaces are clear, smooth and even. In appearance they are just like single-vision glasses. That is why they are universally known as "the invisible bifocals."

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

Write for Booklet—Everyone who needs glasses for near and far vision (bifocals) will be interested in the information contained in our booklet, "The Eyeglass Experiences of Benjamin Franklin Brown." Write for your copy; please give, if possible, the name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, INC., 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

FOR EASTER BREAKFAST—

This ham of finest flavor

On Easter morning how briskly everyone comes down to breakfast, with eager appetite!

And how perfect, then, is a savory breakfast of Swift's Premium Ham! For the texture of this ham is delicately tender, and its especially long, slow cure has given it an unusual sweetness of flavor.

When you see the Swift's Premium wrapper and brand you are sure of getting this delicious, skillfully-cured ham.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham

'Ever-Ready'

'Radio' Blades 6 for 40¢

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

Men, mettle and matter were tested in those trenches of France. *So were safety razors.*

Three-day growths and barbed wire beards had to be conquered with the half-hearted assistance of cold water and tin mirrors.

'Ever-Ready' experts worked for nine months in the laboratories in search of a better process for tempering cutting-steel. We wanted a steel that would not alone grind to a finer cutting-edge than any known, but that would *hold* this edge through repeated shaves.

Experiment 'X 3 X' proved successful. 'X 3 X' became the identifying name of the new 'Ever-Ready' 'Radio' Blade.

'Radio' Blades, 6 for 40c

Millions of 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razors and millions upon millions of *'X 3 X' Temper* Blades went to the fighting boys.

This new blade did all that was asked of it—it made the cool, clean, safe shave a comfortable possibility amid front-line hardships.

If you own an 'Ever-Ready' you'll be happy to know about these new *'X 3 X' Temper* 'Radio' Blades—6 for 40c.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor $1

Don't let the fact that you already have a safety razor of some kind deter you from spending one dollar for this real perfect shaving instrument.

The 'Ever-Ready' is the best razor regardless of price and because of its great blades has the lowest "upkeep" cost. The beautiful heavy nickel frame is guaranteed for ten years. The outfit is complete in a substantial case for $1.00.

'Ever-Ready' Razors and Blades Sold the World Over

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, Inc., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Makers of the famous 'Ever-Ready' Shaving Brushes

A DISTINGUISHED SERVICE LABEL

PERFECT FITTING **MUNSING WEAR** UNION SUITS

Keep Cool and Comfortable in Hot Weather

Here's How to do it.

Slip into a summer Munsingwear Union Suit.

Once under it's cover and you test it's sheer, cool, non-irritating hospitality, you can side track a season of hot weather.

Try a suit and see.

You'll be surprised with what ease, freedom, and genuine comfort you breeze thru the blistering summer days.

Work or play, in summer Munsingwear you are less conscious of that sticky, sultry, next to the skin, feeling.

Summer Munsingwear fits like an untroubled conscience.

Millions—men, women, children—depend upon Munsingwear to give them the utmost in summer Union Suit satisfaction. They ask for

PERFECT FITTING **MUNSING WEAR** UNION SUITS

This nation wide popularity is due to the fact that first, last, and all the time Munsingwear is Qualitywear.

When you buy Munsingwear you can depend upon perfection of fit, finish, and fabric.

It's a Munsingwear habit to outwash, outwear, outlast expectations.

Summer Munsingwear is made in many different styles, sizes, fabrics, both light and medium weight.

The form fitting garments for men, women, children may be had in a large variety of styles, sizes, fabrics.

Men's athletic suits are made in both form fitting knitted fabrics and loose fitting woven garments, accurately sized and carefully finished.

There's a leading merchant in nearly every city and town of importance in the United States who can supply you with Munsingwear in any desired size and style.

Let Munsingwear Cover You With Satisfaction.

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR ALWAYS SAY MUNSINGWEAR